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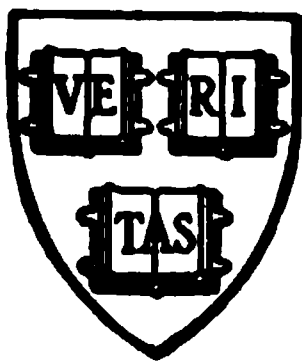
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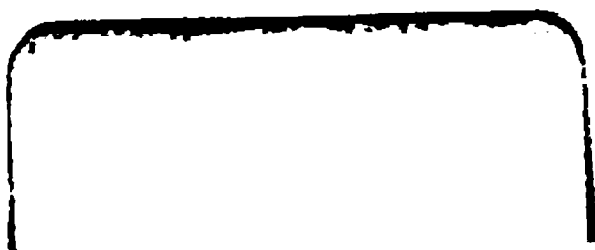
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# PATTISON'S ESSAYS

**VOL. I.**

**a**

**London**  
**HENRY FROWDE**



**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE**  
**AMEN CORNER, E.C.**

# “ESSAYS”

BY THE LATE

MARK PATTISON,

SOMETIME RECTOR OF LINCOLN COLLEGE

*COLLECTED AND ARRANGED*

BY

HENRY NETTLESHIP, M.A.

CORPUS PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

VOL. I //

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1889

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## PREFACE.

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WITH one exception, the Essays in these volumes are a selection of what seemed to be the most generally interesting and valuable among the many papers and articles published by Mr. Pattison between the years 1845 and 1882. The exception is the fragment on the Life of Joseph Scaliger, which occupies pages 196-243 of the first volume. This is printed from the author's manuscript, and forms part of his unfinished Life of Scaliger; the only part which was in a sufficiently advanced state to be given to the public. Its character, and its relation to the preceding essay on Scaliger, are fully explained in a note prefixed by Mr. R. C. Christie.

The rest of the articles and essays are reprinted, in most cases after some editorial revision and correction, in the shape in which Mr. Pattison left them. A large number of them were found among his papers collected together in their printed form; a circumstance which lends some colour to the supposition that he may have intended to republish them himself. There were very few additional notes or corrections, except in one case, that of the Essay on *Tendencies of Religious Thought in England* etc., originally published in *Essays and Reviews* (1860). This Essay he had apparently intended to rewrite in a much fuller form. He left, towards this new edition, a page of introduction, one or two slight corrections, and a number of illustrations and references collected from a wide field of literature.



The essay on *Oxford Studies*, published in 1855, it has been thought advisable, in consideration of its historical and literary interest, to reprint without abridgment, although many of the views expressed in it have been for some time embodied in University legislation, while the maturer judgment of its author on the whole subject is contained in his *Suggestions on Academical Organization* (1868).

Professor E. A. Freeman has read over the articles on *Gregory of Tours* and on *Early Intercourse between England and Germany*. The articles on *Antecedents of the Reformation*, *The Stephenses*, *Muretus*, *Joseph Scaliger* (including the fragment), *Huet*, and *Montaigne* have been thoroughly revised by Mr. Christie and Mr. I. Bywater; those on the *Tendencies of Religious Thought in England* and on *Warburton* by Mr. Leslie Stephen; that on *Pope* by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. W. J. Courthope. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn has added some important supplementary notes to the essays upon *Calvin* and upon the *State of Theology in Germany*. An index of names has been contributed by Mr. C. E. Doble, who has also carefully read through the whole of the proofs, and occasionally supplied valuable corrections. For general editorial superintendence the present writer is responsible.

Such undoubted errors as have been noticed have been silently corrected; and in cases where a modification of any view expressed by Mr. Pattison, or an additional remark or illustration, seemed to be imperatively called for, a note has been added in brackets [ ] at the foot of the page.

The essays have been arranged, so far as was possible, according to the connection of their subjects. Those which treat of the history of philology and education have been printed together, and form the bulk of the first volume. In the same way those which deal with the

history of religious thought succeed each other in the second volume. In all cases the date of the essay, and the name of the book or periodical in which it was first given to the world, are printed at the foot of the left-hand page.

The thanks of the editors are due to Lady Dilke for her permission to publish these papers; and, for the same reason, to the editors and publishers of the various periodicals in which many of them originally appeared.

HENRY NETTLESHIP.

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Besides the Essays reprinted in these volumes, Mr. Pattison left in manuscript a Life of the elder Scaliger, and was also the author of the following published articles:—

- |        |  |                                |
|--------|--|--------------------------------|
| 1842.  | Earliest English Poetry . . . . .              | <i>British Critic.</i>         |
| 1845.  | Wordsworth's Diary in France . . . . .         | <i>Christian Remembrancer.</i> |
| 1846.  | Church Poetry . . . . .                        | <i>The same.</i>               |
|        | The Oxford Bede . . . . .                      | <i>The same.</i>               |
|        | Thiers's <i>Consulate and Empire</i> . . . . . | <i>The same.</i>               |
|        | The Sugar Duties . . . . .                     | <i>The same.</i>               |
| 1848.  | Mill's Political Economy . . . . .             | Uncertain in what periodical.  |
| 1853.  | Diary of Casaubon . . . . .                    | <i>Quarterly Review.</i>       |
| 1857—  | The Birmingham Congress. . . . .               | <i>Fraser's Magazine.</i>      |
| 1863.  | Popular Education in Prussia . . . . .         | <i>Westminster Review.</i>     |
|        | Mackay's <i>Tübingen School</i> . . . . .      | <i>The same.</i>               |
| 1876.— | The Religion of Positivism. . . . .            | <i>Contemporary Review.</i>    |
|        | Philosophy in Oxford . . . . .                 | <i>Mind.</i>                   |
| 1877.  | The Age of Reason . . . . .                    | <i>Fortnightly Review.</i>     |
|        | — Evolution and Positivism . . . . .           | <i>The same.</i>               |
|        | — Books and Critics . . . . .                  | <i>The same.</i>               |
| 1881.  | The Thing that might be . . . . .              | <i>North American Review.</i>  |

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I.  
*GREGORY OF TOURS*<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. IX, 1845.)

**W**HETHER or no there be any perfect ideal of historical composition, the one best form of writing history for all ages and countries, if we look to experience, we find that in fact each age has ever had a fashion of its own, differing from that which preceded and followed it. We do not speak of writers contemporary with the events they write of. Such, even though the most jejune of annalists, must always have an interest independent of their form. But we speak of regular history, complete accounts of nations or countries, compiled in later times from books and records. Such history is a distinct species of composition, a work of art, having its own principles of taste to be guided and judged by.

Such history, almost more than any other branch of literature, varies with the age that produces it. Contemporary history never dies; Thucydides and Clarendon are immortal; but, on the other hand, no reputation is so fleeting as that of the 'standard' historian of his day. A review of the historical literature of any nation will discover an endless series of decay and reproduction. The fate of the historian is like those of the dynasties he writes of; they spring up and flourish, and bear rule and seem established for ever; but time goes on, their strength

<sup>1</sup> MICHELET. *History of France. Part I.* Translated by G. H. SMITH, F.G.S. London: Whittaker. 1844.

THIERRY. *Narratives of the Merovingian Era.* Translated. London: Whittaker. 1844.

passes away, and at last some young and vigorous usurper comes and pushes them from their throne. It is not because new facts are continually accumulating, because criticism is growing more rigid, or even because style varies; but because ideas change, the whole mode and manner of looking at things alters with every age; and so every generation requires facts to be recast in its own mould, demands that the history of its forefathers be rewritten from its own point of view. When Hume superseded Echard, his admiring contemporaries little thought that Hume himself would so rapidly become obsolete. Hooke was considered to have exhausted the history of the Roman Republic, and his *Roman History* to be the final book on the subject; but great as is the distance between him and Arnold, it is inevitable, in the course of things, that the next century will have to compose its own 'History of Rome.' And these mutations of popular favour involve the smaller satellites as well as the great planets of the historical heaven; Mrs. Trimmer and Goldsmith pale before the rising light of Keightley and Mrs. Markham, as the subs of office quit their desks when premiers deliver up their portfolios.

Our own immediate age is confessedly rich in works of the historical class. Poetry we have almost none, and but little philosophy; but history has attracted great attention among us. If among the varied merits of the successful writers of history who have appeared within the last twenty years, we were to select one trait which seems above others to be a common characteristic, it would be their vivid descriptive character, their painting their narrative to the eye. The personages of the story go through their parts before us like actors on the stage, with a rich and strongly-drawn background of scenery. We may call this kind of history pictorial history. All writers, who are themselves gifted with strong imaginations, are masters of description; but with us this style is not a native gift, or

a happy genius, but the result of art, to be learnt like other arts, or rather is attained by going through a uniform mechanical process. Take two or three old chroniclers, rapidly select the striking bits, such as will tell, translate them in a quaint antique phrase ; and whenever any town is mentioned, get the description of it out of the nearest county history, and the business is done. The herd of superficial writers is, however, the index of the public taste. No reader can be insensible to the spell which such a master-hand as Thierry's wields by means of his graphic narration.

If we are right in thinking that this *picturesque* character is the common feature of our historians now, we may venture further to assert that it is not accidentally so, that it is no isolated fact, but only one instance of our whole moral condition. So prevailing a taste is something more than one of those transient fluctuating fashions which change with each generation of general readers. It is a tendency deeply seated in the mind of our age.

An attention, then, to external form, to accuracy of representation, is characteristic of an age of refinement. Such an age implies two things : a state of leisure and tranquillity, and a deficiency of moral energy, arising chiefly from the smoothness with which the current of social life runs down. Leisure gives a wide extent of knowledge and information. Generations of antiquaries have heaped together vast piles of facts, and have thus provided an abundance of raw material ready for our use. The philologist is the historian's pioneer ; and no one can pretend fitly to write of any period who has not made himself master of all the facts concerning it ; and then the second of the two causes we have named, the quiet and even tenour of existence, will determine our interest towards the secondary rather than the primary objects of knowledge. A time of peace and security inevitably tends to foster an umbratile and academic science. Curiosity is withdrawn from the

momentous questions which have interest only for noble souls ; and an attenuated pedantry coldly wonders at the 'little importance of the points theologians have been ready to die for.' Then is the age of little, well-informed minds. It is only when the contest between good and evil becomes sharp and deadly, when men are forced into daily and hourly action in matters where they cannot be indifferent spectators,—it is only in entering heart and soul into the dust and heat of the Church's war with the world,—that the mind comes within the sphere of great principles, and begins to feel their imperious right to control its movements.

When religion and the interests of the soul are the subjects of debate, the sparks of human energy are kindled as by a charm, and spread with the rapidity of an electric fluid. Opinions work upon actions, and actions re-act upon opinions ; the defence of truth or error stirs up the moral powers, and leads men on to deeds of vigour ; and the effects of active zeal reflect upon the opinions and systems of men, and raise them to those heights of speculative and logical abstraction, which are the wonder of beholders, and the enigma of future generations.—*Life of S. Germanus*, p. 14.

It would be leading us too far from our subject to show that an over-estimation of the trappings of social life is a prevalent turn of mind among us now. How it pervades all art, painting, engraving, architecture ; how it has driven all true acting from the stage ; how some have even sought to find an instance to their purpose in Shakspeare himself ; for that his Romans are true Romans,—his barons, the genuine Norman barons ;—Shakspeare, who seems to have purposely outraged costume, to have wantonly trampled on historical proprieties, as if for the purpose of showing that the true greatness of the dramatist lies in exhibiting man,—the broad traits of human character,—not the peculiarities of national manners.

If, however, it be the fact, that this taste be thus prevalent and deeply seated, the writer of history must conform to it, and endeavour to use it in the best way it admits of being used.

*Christian Remembrancer*, 1845.]

Now, as we well know that mere chronology, or the retention in the memory of facts, is often mistaken for history, and yet that all that is true is, that such dry knowledge is only the alphabet of history; so, though this pictorial history is far from being the proper end of historical science, yet is it a most valuable assistance in the study. 'That we do not understand the ancients unless we frame distinct notions of such objects of their everyday life, as we have in common with them, under the forms their eyes were accustomed to; that we should go totally astray if, on reading of a Roman house, a Roman ship, Roman dress, or the interior of a Roman household, we conceived the same notions which answer to those words in our own days,' as Niebuhr says, is indisputable; but we need continually to remember that such fidelity of conception is but the vehicle of the truths which history seeks to teach us. We must steer between two opposite faults; we must not yield too much to imagination, which is to turn poet; nor, on the other hand, must we confine ourselves to bare cataloguing of facts, which is to act the antiquary instead of the historian. Both these extremes are deviations from the true path of history, but far from being both equally faulty. The former is the generous error of an early and simple age; the latter, the mean vice of a late and refined one. The former is the tendency of buoyant and high-hearted youth; the latter, of plodding and calculating middle-life. In youth, the ideal is all-in-all to us; and the imagination is all-sufficient to furnish and body forth the shapes which Poetry has drawn for us. Poetry is then the mind's natural aliment; we scorn facts, and prefer the true to the actual. But society will not listen to what it mocks at as 'mere theory'; and genius, which seems the common inheritance of the young and ardent, after being often cruelly overthrown by unexpected demands of proof and data for its assertions, either retires altogether from the attempt to make itself heard, or vents itself in the half-



reserve of poetry, or more commonly descends into the arena of life to contend now on unequal terms against the sharp pettifogging intellect by which the world's prizes are carried off.

The same distinction obtains between an early and a late age of the world, as between the youth and manhood of the man. An early age dressed history in the garb of fancy; it conceived the externals of man and the forms of art, of which it read or heard, no otherwise than those which it saw every day before its eyes. The Italian painters of the sixteenth century drew the twelve patriarchs and the senators of old Rome both equally in the robe of the citizen of Florence, or the Apostles in a Dominican's gown. Petrarch looks on Stefano Colonna as an old patrician, and on Rienzi as a tribune of the people. As in Dante's eyes Virgil was a Lombard; or as in the Middle Ages the Parthenon was identified with the Temple of the Unknown God, and the Temple of Theseus was supposed a church of St. George. The richness of the Gothic genius thus suffusing with its own hues and colouring, and so blending into one all ages, nations, and faiths, as in the harmonious variety of one of its gorgeous windows, symbolizes the universal triumph of Christianity. In this case, the mind, manly and vigorous, looks at the essential, rather than the accident; at the man, rather than his dress. It goes direct to the substance of history, to that which is really philosophical in it, and neglects only the shell and husk of history. Its conscience is more active than its taste. It looks at actions to see what may be their ethic content; what instruction for practice they afford. It is a wise, but not a learned age.

But the tendency of a highly civilized age is to be learned and informed rather than wise. Its points of contact with the history of past times are many, but they are all on the surface; it just misses the few deep points on which the life and heart of the old age was centred. It

attends to the externals of history, to 'the transitory forms which it assumes, rather than to the principles of permanent application which it includes.' Correctness of costume is its great aim in writing history. Hence its personages are like the figures in Madame Tussaud's exhibition, strong likenesses, but of the body and clothes, not of the soul. They are works of ingenuity, not of art. Last of all, a dry, dusty, and soulless antiquarianism comes in and quenches the lamp of history. More than one able historian has made shipwreck on this shoal. In a laborious anxiety to be correct, they have evaporated away all the spirit of their book. It is a much worse symptom when this spirit invades the sacred history of the Church. It has done so, we fear, among us to a pernicious extent. A nation, indifferent to the creeds, is seized with a sudden passion for ecclesiastical art. We read Bingham, and fancy we are studying ecclesiastical history. Descriptions of religious ceremonies, the interior of monasteries, the dress and food of the monks, are favourite reading with people who are quite unable to follow, even in thought, the interior purpose, the inward life, the description of whose outward forms is their every-day study. Far more respectable and consistent indeed than this fashionable coxcombry, which pollutes by its patronizing dilettantism the relics of Middle Age art, while it spurns the religion which inspired that art, and can alone give it meaning, was the honest ferocity of the sixteenth century which broke painted windows, defaced coats of arms, cut up illuminated missals, and violated sepulchral monuments—just as the Turks had done at Constantinople—because they bore the image and print of 'the Beast.'

At the head of the class of the pictorial historians stands Augustin Thierry<sup>1</sup>. He is no mere antiquary. His graphic narrative has all the vividness that art can give to description of what the describer has not actually witnessed. Yet he

<sup>1</sup> His brother Amédée Thierry has written a laborious History of the Gauls.

never loses himself in mere ornamental description for description's sake. He uses it for the sake of giving relief to the events. He paints to the understanding through the eye. He stands thus midway between the contemporary historian of the old age, and the modern antiquarian historian, in the same way as Rubens stands between the old masters, and the miniature Dutch school. For the Flemish artist, transcendent as his merit is, has more affinity with the latter school, which is yet so far beneath him, than with the former. If, then, the error be guarded against of thinking this knowledge of the external desirable for its own sake—of treating history as if it were a series of *tableaux vivans* intended to please the eye, the picturesque is one of the most happy and appropriate of the forms in which history can clothe itself. It is naturally a great help to a right understanding of the inward thing. 'For myself I have seemed,' says one who is certainly not chargeable with neglect of the substantials of historical science, 'to gain a far more lively impression of what James I was, ever since I read those humorous scenes in the Fortunes of Nigel which remind one so forcibly that he spoke a broad Scotch dialect<sup>1</sup>.'

And it is not only the most fitting form, but some degree of it may be safely said to be the indispensable form for modern readers. Perspective is not essential to a picture as a work of art: yet how grotesque and insupportable would be a modern painting which should neglect it! The eye once accustomed to it cannot dispense with it. No one now reads Machiavel or Mitford; yet, notwithstanding all the vast additions made since they wrote to our just knowledge of Greece and Rome, which of the more recent historians who have so far surpassed them in accuracy of detail, in scholarship, in familiarity with the habits and temper of the classical nations, have come near them in the vigour and truth which they threw into that history, in

<sup>1</sup> Arnold's *Lectures* [p. 67, ed. 1849].

*Christian Remembrancer*, 1845.]

drawing from it lessons of practical wisdom and statesman-like policy?

We can well understand how a mind, which either by training or accident has habitually thus cultivated imagination in connexion with historical study, will find one of its highest pleasures in actually visiting the scenes which have been long familiar to it in books. This is the richest reward of the student of history, one of the advantages which his pursuit has over those of a more abstract nature, when he is thus enabled to fix and localize the events on which he speculates, to verify and give material substance to what were otherwise the shadows of names and places. It is this that gives its chief charm to travel. Indeed, the instinct of pilgrimage, as it has been said, belongs not exclusively to religion at all. 'It is the simplest dictate of our nature, though piety has consecrated the practice, and marked it for her own. Patriotism, poetry, philanthropy, all the arts and all the finer feelings, have their pilgrimages, their hallowed spots of intense interest, their haunts of fancy and of inspiration. It is the first impulse of every genuine affection, the tendency of the heart in its fervent youthhood; and nothing but the cold scepticism of an age which Edmund Burke so truly designated as that of calculators and economists, could scoff at the enthusiasm that feeds on [noble] ruins, that visits with emotion the battle-field, and the ivied abbey, Shakspeare's grave, or Galileo's cell, or Runymede, or Marathon<sup>1</sup>.'

The truth is, that that magnetic influence which irresistibly draws our feet to spots on which our imagination has long fed, is an instinct of our nature, and that in this, as in other respects, the Church did but take into her service, and propose a fitting object to, an impulse which will vent itself in some form or other. There have been pilgrims both before and since the ages of faith, the ages when the Church bore sway over every action of life. Only she

<sup>1</sup> Prout's *Reliques* [i. 72, ed. 1836].

sent them to the tombs of saints, and martyrs, and filled their paths with sacred associations, instead of leaving them to roam at will in search of the relics of pagans or infidels, with Byron or Rousseau in their pockets as the companions of their way. The Church cannot be said to have created pilgrimages, or even to have encouraged them—she suffered them, and gave them a direction which might, at least, edify. But ‘qui multum peregrinantur, raro sanctificantur’ is her doctrine. At the same time she conceived doubtless, that she might do much worse than in proposing to our imitation the example of those unknown Three, the earliest Christian pilgrims, for whose guidance and consolation in their journey a new star was created—and in directing the footsteps of her children more especially to that land which has been hallowed for ever by the presence of one, who is the Lord, whose servants the saints and martyrs are.

This is a task quite distinct from a love of grand scenery—a love of nature. For this we must go to particular spots of the earth, where there are mountains, rocks, lakes. North America or South Africa, lands the least interesting to the historical traveller, will supply the richest objects to the lover of scenery. It is the old historical lands of Europe that the lover of history longs to explore. None of these are more attractive to him than France. Its natural scenery, pre-eminently in Western Europe at least, is tame, and uniform; but rich beyond all others in the traces of the men of old, and the associations of the past. For ourselves, at least were we younger, we could gaze for hours with Froissart on our knee, over that boundless plain of Languedoc, convicted of all guide-books of being arid, brown, and wholly uninteresting. This old Languedoc, Roman and Gothic still. ‘Descend from Cahors,’ says Michelet, ‘its slopes clothed with vines, and you will find yourself in the country of the mulberries. Spread before you a landscape of some thirty or forty leagues, a vast ocean of tillage, a

confused mass, losing itself in the vapour of the distant horizon, above which rises the fantastic outline of the Pyrenees with their silvery peaks. Oxen, yoked together by the horns, slowly, beneath the eye of an ardent sun, labour this fertile valley. At mid-day, a storm ; the ground becomes a lake ; in an hour the sun has restored it to its state of dust. At night you enter some big dull town ; Toulouse if you will. At the first sound of that nasal accent you might think yourself in Italy ; and look at the faces of the people, they are not French, quite another thing, Moorish perhaps, or Spanish.'

Nor, we hope, are we singular. Among the shoals of the frivolous and dissipated which this country annually discharges upon the Continent, there are, we would hope, to be found some few thoughtful travellers who are attracted to foreign lands by a love of the localities associated with the memory of the great and the saintly of ancient times. Such is perhaps the nearest approach we may make to the motives of the Christian pilgrim. Such a voyager, if it has ever been his hap to turn his feet to Orleans, and descending to the water-side to embark in one of the tiny iron steamers belonging to M. Larochejacquelein, glide with sinuous course down the Loire, its banks still clad with the broom which gives their title to the Plantagenets, the sunny and laughing landscape once only gloomily broken as we sweep beneath the frowning Blois ; such a voyager will seldom feel this spell upon his spirit more powerfully than when, before sunset of a long summer's day, the little vessel is moored to the quay of Tours.

What a host of thoughts and images that one name carries ! The ecclesiastical capital of early France—what Canterbury was to England—the depository of the wonder-working remains of the Apostle of Gaul, the light of the Western Church in the fourth century. The virtue of St. Martin's precious relics was in most active operation during the fifth and sixth centuries. The miracles and

power of the saint called forth the devotion and munificence of the people, poor and rich alike, and Tours became the centre round which churches, monasteries, and religious foundations crowded. Of all this what now remains? The healing power had been long withdrawn, and at last Providence was pleased to permit the body itself which He had so highly endowed to be dishonoured and carried off. With it went the splendour which had accumulated round it. The Huguenots had pillaged the shrine; the Revolution swept it away altogether. Of the vast basilica of St. Martin, of whose abbey the king of France was abbot, and a crowd of the great of all lands were canons, two towers are all that remains. The church of St. Julian, equal in size to most cathedrals, was in 1842 a coach-house, and at the very time we are now writing is placarded with bills, 'To be let or sold.' Grope among those vineyards and orchards in the little village over the bridge, you may detect an archway, and a piece of a wall; that was the abbey of Marmoutier, founded by St. Martin himself. All this is familiar enough to us in our own country—but it strikes us more in one which is still to so great an extent catholic as France. Are the Church's saints in this respect like the heroes of the world, that there may come a time when they shall be as though they had never been? when all that the Church retains of them is the memory of their example; and that a book is a more enduring legacy than a saintly life, and a body gifted with miraculous power?

For so it is, that while the Church of France possesses not a vestige of St. Martin, another saint of the same city of Tours has left a book which is not only esteemed in the Church, but has had the honour, which the actions of saints so seldom have, of commanding the respect of the world. The 'History of the Franks' of St. Gregory is not only a most valuable monument of the history of the early French monarchy, but it is the only one. It is in



this respect like Bede's 'History of the English Nation,' though widely different from it in other respects. But for Bede we should know nothing of the early history of the Saxons in England—without Gregory of Tours, we should be equally ignorant of the first settlement of the Franks in Gaul. But in all other points it is a complete contrast to Bede. In the first place, the style of Bede, if not elegant Latin, is yet correct, sufficiently classical. It is a written style, such as was learnt in the cloister schools by the help of Donatus and the *Rhetorica* of Cicero, and matured by reading the Latin fathers, St. Augustine, and St. Ambrose. St. Gregory of Tours has no style, barely grammar; barbarisms and solecisms of all kinds abound, and the brevity and conciseness with which events most important to the understanding of his narrative are related, if they do not make his meaning obscure, at least exact great attention in a reader who wishes not to overlook anything. In the opening he 'prays pardon of his readers if he should in letter or syllable infringe the art of grammar, with which he is indeed not fully imbued.' In fact, Bede is writing in a dead language, Gregory in a living. Bede no doubt spoke it and heard it spoken every day in cloister, but then he had learned to do so from books; Saxon came first and readiest to his lips; while the Latin which Gregory writes is, with little difference, his native tongue. The difference is not less in the matter of the two histories. Bede viewed the world only from the retirement of his cell. He knew events chiefly as they appeared in books. Even the history of his own time is drawn from what was communicated to him. So that, however correct it may be, it wants that truth of delineation which can only be given by one who has been himself an agent in the scenes he describes. This St. Gregory was. For the ten books of which his history consists may be divided, as regards the authority on which it rests, into four portions. 1. All that precedes the arrival of the Franks in Thuringia is little



more than a short chronological epitome of the history of the world derived from some of the compendious chronicles then in use, and abounding in errors. 2. From this period to the middle of the sixth century his materials are chiefly Sulpicius Alexander, the letters of Sidonius, St. Remigius, and the Gesta of the saints of the period. 3. For the generation preceding his own time his authority is tradition, chiefly that of his uncle St. Gallus and St. Avitus, in whose house St. Gregory was brought up. 4. For the last forty or fifty years he describes what he himself was and knew, and in which he played an active part.

This is therefore the most valuable part of the book. He occupied the see of Tours twenty-three years, from 573 to 596. The value and interest of the last five books of his history which are occupied with this period, we should rate far higher than any part of the writer who stands in a similar relation to our own history, and with whom we have already compared him. They are not the learned and accurate arrangement of the annals of the several Frankish kingdoms, the successions of the bishops, royal houses, etc., all which is indeed most valuable to the antiquary, but dry and profitless to others. On the contrary, they present a living stirring picture of the Church and State of those days: the rude violence, and unscrupulous cunning of the Merovingian princes; their ambition and lawless passions; brought into contact with a moral power claiming their obedience, and forcing from them a sort of recognition of its claims, while they at the same time endeavoured by some clumsy expedient, or grotesque ruse, to evade it. The Church studying the barbarian temper for the purpose of winning it to Christ; often obliged to give way, but never compromising principle; always yielding as to brute force, not out of a timid complaisance; managing, coaxing the despot, as a fond nurse an overgrown and dangerous child, not fawning upon him as on a patron who has much to give. For no chair of

dignified ease was a bishop's throne in the sixth century. To do one's duty thoroughly is not easy in the most peaceable times. But then a conscientious bishop might be truly said to place his life in jeopardy every hour. Not even within the precincts of a Turkish seraglio were the knife and poison-cup more lavishly employed than by Fredegonde.

This genuine female barbarian possessed herself of the poor king of Neustria, more a theologian and grammarian than a prince ; who owed to the crimes his queen perpetrated in his name, the title of the Frankish Nero. She made him first strangle his legitimate spouse Galswinthe ; her sons-in-law followed ; then the rival king of Ostrasia, Sighebert. This terrible woman, surrounded by men whom her genius for murder had fascinated, deranging their minds by drugged beverages, beautiful and deadly, devoted to pagan superstitions, might be taken for a Scandinavian Walkirie<sup>1</sup>.

Such was the true and patient policy of the Church, and such the situation of those bishops who were faithful to their Master's calling. For there were without doubt many of a very different stamp, as the following narrative will show, while it will at the same time give a far better idea of the state of things under the Merovingian princes, than any comments of ours. Gregory himself is the chief actor, and exhibits in a situation of the utmost difficulty and peril, a union of prudence, tact, firmness, and unshrinking principle, which may furnish an example for a Christian bishop in all ages.

It may just be premised for the sake of making our story more intelligible, that the Franks had now been in Gaul about a century (the event we are about to narrate occurred in the year 577), and that the footing on which they stood with regard to the old Gallo-Roman population was now pretty well understood on both sides. The Franks were the stronger, and therefore the masters ; the Romans were the more able, and therefore indispensable to their masters, who

<sup>1</sup> Michelet, i. 227.

were thus obliged to use them well. And this good usage was not entirely dependent on the caprice of the Frank, but was secured by law, if that could be called security which he had the power of violating whenever he chose. They were something in the relation of the Turk and the Greek in Greece, before the Greek revolution; with this important difference, that the Frank owed submission to the religion of the vanquished party, and learned with implicit belief his faith from the mouth of the Roman priest<sup>1</sup>.

In a territorial point of view, the Frank empire was divided into three portions—which the chronicles, latinizing the Frank terms, call the kingdoms of Neustria, Austrasia, and Burgundia. Tours was comprehended in Neustria, which, under Chilperic, extended from the Meuse almost to the present southern limits of France. Chilperic's capital was Soissons. Sighebert, king of Austrasia, or the East, which extended from Bar-sur-Aube into Bohemia<sup>2</sup>, had lately fallen a victim to Fredegonde's assassins, and the throne was occupied by a minor, whose mother, the famous Brunchilde, governed as regent for him. Merovig, a son of Chilperic, but not of Fredegonde, had married Sighebert's widow, Brunchilde. Sighebert was his uncle, and marriage with his uncle's widow was forbidden by the law of God, the canons of the Church. It was also, but for quite another reason, highly displeasing to his father Chilperic. Merovig however found one who was willing, from personal attachment to himself, to violate the canons, and to brave Chilperic's, or rather Fredegonde's resentment, by performing the marriage sacrament between himself and the Austrasian queen. This was the bishop of Rouen, Praetextatus, who from the day when he had held the young prince over the baptismal font, had felt for him

<sup>1</sup> This analogy will hardly hold good; Romans held the highest secular offices, and Franks were beginning to hold bishoprics. [E. A. F.]

<sup>2</sup> It is hard to fix any definite border; the name was barely coming in in Gregory's day. [E. A. F.]

*Christian Remembrancer*, 1845.]

one of those devoted unreasoning attachments, of which only a mother or nurse is thought capable.

This was Praetextatus's offence. It was Fredegonde's object to punish him for it. And the surest and least obnoxious means of doing so seemed to be, by bringing him to a regular trial before a synod of bishops for his flagrant infraction of the canon law, in giving the marriage benediction to persons related in the degree in which Merovig and Brunchilde were.

### THE TRIAL OF PRAETEXTATUS.

The bishops within the limits of the kingdom of Neustria were summoned to meet in synod, at Paris, at the latter end of the spring of 577. Chilperic and Fredegonde journeyed from their capital, Soissons, to attend it in person. The assembly was to be held in the church of St. Genoveva, which crowned a height at no great distance from the Island City, then confined within the two arms of the Seine. The church had been built by Clovis, at the time of his departure for the war against the Visigoths. Arrived at the destined spot, he hurled his battleaxe straight before him, that the length of the edifice might remain a standing monument of the vigour of the Frank conqueror's right arm. It was one of those basilicas of the fifth and sixth centuries, built in imitation of the earlier Roman basilicas, more remarkable for the richness of their decorations than for beauty of architectural proportions. Its interior was ornamented with marble columns, and a profusion of paint, carving, and gilding, like one of the Jesuits' churches of the seventeenth century. Its roof was sheeted, like St. Peter's, with copper.

On the appointed day, forty-five prelates were assembled within its walls. The king, attended by some of his leudes, armed only with their swords, entered, but the body of inferior Franks who had followed him from Soissons posted themselves, fully armed, outside, under the portico,

occupying all the entrances. Under such circumstances an obnoxious criminal stood, we might suppose, small chance of justice. On entering, the king begged the attention of the synod to two bales of stuffs, and a sack of coin, which figured prominently on the pavement of the church, observing that they would prove of great importance in the course of the inquiry.

The accused was now brought forward. The king rose, and instead of addressing himself to the judges, turned towards his adversary, and thus bluntly apostrophized him:—‘And what wert thou thinking of, O bishop, when thou didst marry my enemy, Merovig, (for such he is, rather than my son,) to his aunt, Brunchilde? Knewest thou not what the canons enact touching this thing? And not only herein hast thou offended, but, moreover, in that thou hast plotted my death, in concert with him. Thou hast stirred up the son to become his father’s enemy; thou hast seduced my people by bribes; and thou hast sought to deliver my kingdom into the hands of another.’ At these words, the Frank warriors who crowded the doors of the basilica, raised a fierce shout of indignation, demanding the death of the traitor to their king; and as their fury kindled, they pushed into the nave of the building, and showed an inclination of executing at once the sentence they had pronounced against the accused. The bishops, in alarm, quitted their seats, and it required all the personal influence of the king to check the turbulence of his irritated followers, which he was not sorry, perhaps, to have exhibited *in terrorem* to the assembly.

When order was in some measure restored, the criminal was allowed to answer in his own behalf. Not at all disconcerted by the scene that had just occurred, the wily Roman undertook to justify himself. He could not deny the fact of the uncanonical marriage, but he turned all his defence to vindicate himself from the charge of treason. Then Chilperic summoned his witnesses. Several persons

of Frank origin came forward, and producing different objects of value, declared that they had been given to them by the bishop, on condition of their promising fidelity to Merovig. Praetextatus, not at all disconcerted, replied, 'True, you have received presents from me more than once, but they were not given you with any view of expelling the king from his kingdom. But when you had bestowed valuable horses, or other things of like richness upon me, how could I do otherwise than make you some kind of return for them?' No more substantial evidence being producible against the bishop, the synod broke up, and the king retired to his residence, not a little chagrined at having failed, with so many advantages in his favour, in procuring a conviction.

The bishops were withdrawn to the sacristy of the church, and were conversing in separate groups familiarly enough, but with an awkward reserve on the main subject. They distrusted one another. They knew what they ought to think of the business in hand. It was evident that the king sought the ruin of Praetextatus, and wished to make them his instruments in effecting his purpose. They would have refused their co-operation if they dared; but they knew how dangerous it would be to do so.

While they were in this mood, they were surprised by the abrupt entrance of Aetius, the Archdeacon of Paris. Entering with equal suddenness on the thorny subject which they were delicately shunning in their conversation among themselves—'Hearken, O bishops<sup>1</sup> of the Lord!' he cried; 'the present occasion is one of infinite moment for you. According as you shall now act, you will either cover yourselves with the renown of a good name, or you will forfeit, in the face of all men, the character of faithful ministers of God, if you betray a brother to destruction.' But the spirit of timid reserve still kept the bishops silent, and this generous appeal met no response.

<sup>1</sup> 'Sacerdotes,' a word which Gregory commonly confines to bishops. [E. A. F.]

The indignation of one among them was, however, roused by their pusillanimous silence. Gregory of Tours, finding that no one of more age or weight than himself spoke, came forward and said, 'Holy bishops of God, and you particularly, who are thought to enjoy a larger share of the king's intimacy, hearken to me. Do you now give the king godly counsel, and such as is fitting a bishop should give; lest, now, this minister of God perish, by reason of the king's displeasure, for which God shall assuredly punish the king, and his realm. Remember, I pray you, what saith the prophet, "If the watchman see a man's iniquity, and tell him it not, behold he is guilty of the death of him that dieth."' (Ezek. xxxiii. 6.) And he reminded them of the cases of Chlodomir, and the Emperor Maximus, whose fate was considered a providential judgment on acts of violence they had committed against two Christian bishops. The bishops made no answer, and one by one they crept away, one part to withdraw themselves from the storm which they saw now inevitable; another party, chiefly consisting of those of Frankish race, to make their court to the king, by betraying the events of their private conclave.

Chilperic was speedily informed that the man he had to fear was the bishop of Tours. A messenger was immediately despatched to summon 'his enemy' into his presence. Gregory obeyed, and followed his conductor with a calm and composed mind. He found the king in the open air, sitting under a hut formed of the branches of trees, in the midst of the encampment of his warriors. Berthramn, the licentious bishop of Bordeaux, and Ragenemod, the bishop of Paris, who had been playing the honourable part of informer against their colleague, were at his side. Before them was a long table, on which were bread and other meats, to be presented, according to the Frank custom, to each new visitor.

'Thou, O bishop,' said the king, in an angry tone,

*Christian Remembrancer*, 1845.]

'shouldest deal justice to all men ; but, behold, I receive it not at thy hands. Thou art ready to become a partner in this man's evil deeds. And so I find fulfilled in thee that proverb, "The crow pecketh not out the crow's eye."'

'If any one of us, O king,' answered Gregory, 'transgresses the path of righteousness, he may be set right by thee ; but if it is thou that transgressest, who shall set thee right ? We may, indeed, tell thee thy fault, and if thou wilt thou hearest ; but if thou wilt not hear, who is there that shall pass sentence on thee, save Him who has declared that He is Justice itself ?'

'Nay, verily,' said Chilperic, 'of all the rest I obtain justice, but of thee only can I not. This will I do, therefore, that thy injustice may be made apparent before all the people. I will call together all the men of Tours, and I will say to them, Raise your voice now against Gregory the bishop, and cry aloud that he is unjust, and rendereth justice to no man. And when they shall cry, then will I too cry to them ; I who am a king cannot have justice at his hands, how then should you, who are beneath me ?'

This flimsy hypocrisy, by which he who was all-powerful sought to pass himself off as the victim of others' injustice, inspired Gregory with a contempt which he could not dissemble, and he replied—'If I am unjust, it is in nothing of which thou knowest. He to Whom the secrets of all hearts are open, alone knows my conscience. As for the clamours of the people which thou mayest excite, they are nought, for all men will know that they cry at thy bidding. But what need of more words ? thou hast the law and the canons ; examine them diligently, and know if thou transgressest them that the judgment of God awaits thee.'

The king, with the craft with which a barbarian knows how to conceal his passion when he pleases, assumed an air of familiarity, and pointing to a mess of pottage which stood among the viands on the board, said with an air of gentleness, 'See a mess prepared specially for thee ;



nought hath gone into it save peas and some fowl.' This was intended to flatter the bishop's vanity, as though it was matter of notoriety that he abstained from more solid food. But Gregory was not the dupe of this stratagem, and bowing, in token of refusal, he answered, 'My meat ought to be to do the will of God, and not to take delight in delicate meats. Thou who chargest others with injustice, begin by promising that thou too wilt abide by the law and the canons, and we may then credit that it is justice that thou seekest.' Unwilling to break openly with the Bishop of Tours, whose great popularity at Tours, and indeed all over France, made him a person of much consideration, Chilperic lifted his hands, and calling the Almighty to witness, swore that he would not in anything trespass against the law and the canons. Then Gregory advanced to the table, and took a morsel of bread, and drank some wine, a ceremony of hospitality which could not be omitted without giving great offence. After this he retired to his lodging in the Church of St. Julian.

In the course of that night, after they had chanted nocturns, the bishop was roused by a loud and continued knocking at the door of the house. Sending down a servant to ascertain the cause, he was told that messengers from Queen Fredegonde desired to see him. Being admitted to his presence they saluted him in the queen's name, and told him that they were sent to pray him not to show himself obstinately bent on thwarting her wish in the matter now before the council. If he would declare against Praetextatus, and nothing more was needed to ensure his fall, they were authorized to promise him two hundred pounds of silver. With his habitual calmness and self-command, Gregory replied that he had but one voice amongst many, and that even if he were to give way, it would be far from deciding the matter. The messengers rejoined that it was all that was needed, for that they had already gained the votes of all the rest. Without changing

his tone the bishop replied, 'If the queen would give me a thousand pounds in gold and silver, it would be impossible for me to do anything but what the Lord commands me. All that I can promise is, to join the other bishops in all that they shall decide in conformity with the canon law.' The messengers misunderstood these words, either from their ignorance of what was meant by the canon law, or from supposing that by 'the Lord' (*Dominus*) the bishop intended the king, who was often so styled in ordinary language. They accordingly withdrew to carry to the queen this favourable report of the bishop's intentions.

The members of the synod were betimes next morning in the church, and the king, recovered from his disappointment, was equally punctual. In order to reconcile his oath of the previous evening with the accomplishment of the vengeance meditated against Praetextatus, he brought to bear all his literary and theological knowledge. He had been diving into the collection of the canons, and had pitched upon one which enacted the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted on a clerk, that of deposition. All that was now needed was to bring a charge against the Bishop of Rouen, of such a nature as should fall within this penalty. This caused Chilperic no great embarrassment. When the judges and the accused had taken their places, the king, with the gravity of a doctor expounding ecclesiastical law, began: 'A bishop, convicted of theft, shall be degraded from his episcopal functions. That is the Church canon.' The synod was amazed at this opening, and all the members demanded with one voice who it was who was charged with the crime of theft. 'It is he,' said the king, turning to Praetextatus, 'he himself; and have you not seen the matters of which he has robbed me?'

The members of the council now remembered the bales and the bag of money which the king had pointed out to them at the opening of the sitting. Unexpected and

barefaced as was this new attack, Praetextatus replied with patience, 'You must, I think, recollect that when Queen Brunchilde took her departure from Rouen, I went to you and informed you that she had deposited in my custody five bales of considerable size and weight; and that since then her servants had frequently demanded that they should be given up to them, but that I had always refused, not wishing to do anything without your sanction. Your answer to me at the time was, "Have nothing to do with these goods, but let them return to her to whom they belong, that they become not a cause of quarrel between me and my nephew." Immediately on my return to Rouen, I put one of the packages into the hands of the servants, which was as much as they could convey away at one time. When they returned for another, I again consulted your magnificence, and you gave the same answer as before: "Get rid of these goods, O bishop, lest they become an occasion of quarrel!" Thus they carried away two more of the bales, leaving two still with me. How, then, do you now charge me with theft and robbery, as to goods which I stole not, but which were put into my keeping?'

'If, then, it was a deposit intrusted to your keeping,' retorted the king, giving without scruple another turn to his accusation, 'how came you to open one of the bales, and to abstract from it a piece of gold tissue, which you cut into small pieces, and distributed them among the men whom you had engaged in the plot against me?'

'These men of whom you speak had, as I have before said, made me presents; and having by me at the moment nothing else to offer them in return, I took that, and do not reproach myself now for having done so; for I regard as my own all that belongs to my son Merovig, whom I took out of the fount of baptism<sup>1</sup>.'

The king knew not what to say in answer to such a

<sup>1</sup> This, it should be borne in mind, was the closest of ties at the time. Men who heeded no other tie heeded this. [E. A. F.]

genuine expression of paternal regard on the part of the aged bishop towards the young prince. Chilperic's resources were exhausted ; and the assurance he had at first displayed was now succeeded by an air of embarrassment and confusion ; he broke up the sitting abruptly, and withdrew disconcerted and discontent. Above all, he dreaded the encounter with Fredegonde. Probably instigated by her reproaches, he soon after summoned to his presence those members of the council who were most at his command, and among others, Berthramn and Raghenemod. 'I confess,' said he, 'I am beaten by the answers the bishop has made, and well I wot he has spoken the truth. Whither, then, shall I now turn, that the queen's vengeance may be satisfied? Go ye, all of you, to him, and say to him, as if from yourselves, Thou knowest, brother, that the king, Chilperic, is a good and merciful prince, and is readily inclined to show mercy ; humble thyself, therefore, now before him, and confess that thou hast committed that with which thou art now charged ; then will we throw ourselves at his feet, and beg for thy pardon.'

Whether the bishops persuaded their credulous and feeble colleague that the king, tired of the prosecution, was only anxious to extricate himself from it, without the disgrace of a defeat,—or whether they wrought on his fears by representing to him that his innocence, however manifest, could not save him from the royal vengeance, if he obstinately persisted in braving it,—Praetextatus, well acquainted himself with the timidity and servility of his judges, did not reject the proposal thus made to him. It was at best, he might think, a last resource, when all others should fail. His pretended friends, receiving the thanks of the man whom they were betraying, returned to the king to announce the success of their mission. The accused, they said, having come into the snare that had been laid for him, would make a full confession on the first appeal made to him. Thus Chilperic was delivered from the necessity

of inventing any new expedient to assure the success of the procedure.

The next morning, at the opening of the sitting, the king, as if merely resuming the broken thread of the previous day's argument, said, pointing to the witnesses who were by, 'If all you intended was to make a present to these men, how came you to demand an oath of them to the purpose that they would be faithful to Merovig?' Though his conscience must have been unstrung by the secret engagement he had made with the bishops, Praetextatus, by an instinct of shame which, for the time, overcame his fears, revolted from the falsehood which he had bargained to tell against himself. 'I begged them only,' was his answer, 'that they would be on terms of private friendship with him ; and for his good I would not have appealed to men only, but would have called down, if I could, the angels from heaven, being, as he is, my spiritual son by baptism.'

At these words, which seemed to indicate a purpose on the part of Praetextatus of persevering in his defence, the king's anger broke forth into a violence which so terrified the helpless old man, that all at once, falling on his knees before the king, he cried out, 'I have indeed, O most merciful king, sinned against Heaven and thee ; I am a wicked murderer ! I have conceived the thought of killing thee, and of placing thy son on thy throne.' As soon as the king saw his adversary at his feet, his anger passed away, and hypocrisy recovered its command. Feigning to be overpowered by his emotions, he now, in his turn, threw himself on his knees before the bishops, 'Do ye hear, ye men of religion, the criminal himself avow his execrable attempt?' The bishops sprang from their seats, and hastened to raise the king to his feet ; those who were not in the secret melted to tears, the others laughing inwardly at the scene that was being acted before them. As soon as Chilperic had recovered himself, as if unable

any longer to bear the sight of one who had pleaded guilty to so great a crime, he ordered Praetextatus to be removed from the church. He himself followed shortly after, as if to leave the council to deliberate upon the sentence it had now to give.

Immediately on his return to his palace, the king despatched to the synod the volume of the canons which had formed the object of his study the preceding night. This was probably the collection made by Dionysius Exiguus, in 525, for it contained the Apostolical Canons, which were not as yet admitted as part of ecclesiastical law in the Gallic Church. The twenty-first of these canons was the same which Chilperic had pronounced with so much emphasis at the first meeting. This article had attracted his notice for no other reason, than because it enacted the penalty of deposition. But as the crimes against which it enacted this penalty, viz. those of theft, adultery, and perjury, as the king had himself previously quoted it, did not happen to suit the present case, Chilperic had simply erased the word 'theft' from the parchment, and substituted that of 'murder.' This truly barbarian trick escaped detection at the time on the part of the bishops, unacquainted, as most of them were, with a collection which had not long been in existence, and was of no authority among them. The Bishop of Tours was even the only one who exclaimed against the appeal to a novel code, and who made a fruitless effort to engage his colleagues to decline the authority of the pretended Apostolical Canons.

This they would not do. Condemned Praetextatus must be, and what did it signify by what semblance of law or justice, when all for whose opinion they cared, the king, Fredegonde, and the Frank warriors, would look at the sentence, not at the grounds on which it professed to rest. This artifice would do, since they could bethink themselves of no better. The mock deliberation terminated, the

parties were called in again to hear the sentence pronounced. The fatal article having been read, the Bishop of Bordeaux, acting as president of the council, addressed the accused: 'Hearken, my brother, thou mayst now no longer continue in communion with us, and in the enjoyment of our love, unless it shall please the king to admit thee again into his royal favour, which thou hast now lost.'

At this judgment, pronounced by the lips of a man who, the evening before, had practised so basely on his unsuspecting simplicity, the condemned stood mute with surprise. The king, not content with his victory, sought for some further aggravation of his ignominious sentence. He demanded that his robe should be torn off his back in the church; and when this insult was demurred to on the part of the bishops, he required that they should read over his head the 108th Psalm, which contains the maledictions applied by St. Peter, in the Acts, to Judas Iscariot.

This was the extreme and terrible punishment, usual only in cases of sacrilege. Once again the voice of the dauntless Gregory was lifted in behalf of the deserted and friendless Praetextatus, and he reminded the king of his oath not to act in anything against the canons. Finding his proposal not entertained readily by the rest of the bishops, Chilperic was fain to content himself with now requiring that the judgment which had been given should be entered on record, and a clause inserted that the deposition should be perpetual. Gregory's former success encouraged him to withstand the king's wishes again on this point. The sentence, accordingly, of simple deposition stood as at first pronounced.

Praetextatus was then handed over to some of the king's guards, and conducted to a prison outside the walls of the city, the ruins of which long after remained on the left bank of the Seine. He made an attempt to escape during the night, in which he failed, and was cruelly beaten by the

soldiers who had the custody of him. In a day or two, he was sent into exile, or *transported*, the usual Frank punishment for offenders of any rank or consideration. The place of his exile was an island adjacent to the city of Coutances—probably Jersey; then inhabited only, if at all, by pirates, and serving as a kind of Siberia for the kingdom of Neustria.



## II.

# *EARLY INTERCOURSE OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY*<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Westminster Review*, April, 1861.)

THE name of Dr. Pauli is already naturalized in our historical literature as an esteemed, though not a popular narrator of English story; as a writer of painstaking research, who goes back beyond the printed annalists to original and documentary authorities. The volume he here presents to his German readers of our national history, embraces some episodical topics which could not be introduced into the columns of his 'History of England' without overloading his pages. He has thrown this superfetation of his historical work into twelve essays. They relate almost without exception to the Plantagenet period, and should be read as excursions to accompany his text. The nature of them may be gathered from the titles.

1. Canterbury. Conversion and Pilgrimage. 2. Monks and Friars. 3. Parliament in the Fourteenth Century. 5. The Emperor Louis IV and King Edward III. 7. Gower and Chaucer. 8. Wiclif. 9. Henry V, and King Sigismund. 10. The Maid of Orleans. 11. Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester. 12. London in the Middle Ages (with a plan).

The very titles will show that these fragments are designed for the German, rather than the English reader.

<sup>1</sup> *Bilder aus Alt-England.* Von REINHOLD PAULI. Gotha: Perthes. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

*Westminster Review*, 1861.]

The materials are derived from books already accessible to us. There are few traces of fresh research or new matter produced. Some of the papers are mere *résumés* of English books, as the first on Canterbury is derived, verbatim, from Dr. Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury. In others, original matter supplements a rather flat treatment of trite themes; and even when travelling over the best-worn ground, Dr. Pauli's study of first-hand sources gives a security to his step and a correctness to his language, which induces the reader to trust him. Nos. 4 and 6, it will be noticed, are omitted in our list. One treats of England's earliest relations to Austria and Prussia; the other of the Steelyard. These essays have a character of originality beyond their companions. And though No. 6 appeared in part some years ago in the Bremen *Sonntagsblatt*, and was at the time noticed in some English periodicals, the information contained in both will probably be new to the greater part of our readers, and well deserves the devotion of a few pages to it.

One great merit of Dr. Pauli's history is that, in writing even of the middle ages, he makes us feel their bearing on our own age. With most historians the past is the bygone. We may be interested in the Plantagenets, because they were Kings of England, and we are Englishmen. We have parliamentary government and representative institutions; and it is curious to look back to times when things were so different; to an epoch when what was called a parliament was an assembly entirely different from that with whose incapacity we are familiar. Such is the spirit in which the history of our ancestors is ordinarily propounded to us. With Dr. Pauli, things are different. When he tells us what was doing in the thirteenth or the fourteenth century, we are made to feel that it had a bearing—remote indeed, but real—on what is being done now. The current of English life has been constant and continuous. As the child is father to the man, the

nineteenth century is what it is as the sequel, not of the eighteenth only, but of all the centuries that have preceded it. It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate this truth of the continuity of history into a falsehood; but Dr. Pauli does not exaggerate it; he lets it just be felt through his narrative—no more.

If any one part of the English system rather than another could be claimed as a modern growth, it is her foreign policy. The Reformation, by creating an entirely new political interest, the Protestant interest, and a new classification of the States of Europe into Protestant and Catholic, must, it should seem, have revolutionized our foreign policy. This, however, is only very partially the case. The physical conditions of our island home, the preponderance of our commercial interests, and lastly, our national character, have been ever the weightiest influences in determining our continental connexions. These material and moral interests have outweighed the religious tie. But these interests have been all along the same, and existed before the Reformation no less than since. When England, in common with the rest of Europe, was Catholic, these interests drew us towards North Germany, and away from France. The attraction has been neither greater nor less since North Germany, in common with England, has become Protestant. Our island has indeed been conquered by Italians, and conquered by French. But only Jutes, Angles, Saxons, and Danes, emigrants from Northern Europe, have succeeded in nationalizing themselves here. The Norman element itself was half Danish, and was soon absorbed in the earlier Saxon race.

A good history of our foreign policy from the earliest period would be very useful. The apathy shown on that topic by the middle class of this country is the result of ignorance. Where they know the bearings of a question of foreign politics, they are by no means indifferent. They are enthusiastic for Garibaldi; for a war between an

oppressed people and an oppressing tyrant is a situation which it requires no historical knowledge to comprehend. But when, instead of a national insurrection, it comes to diplomacy, our ideas get confused. Simple fighting John Bull can understand, but in a negotiation he can't see his way. Hence it is that kings in the old times, and cabinet ministers in modern, have been allowed to trifle with our interests, and to fool away our resources without a murmur on the part of the people. At other times the people themselves, incapable of discerning where their true interest lay, have cheered on their government into French wars and continental alliances which wasted our strength and incumbered us with debt.

One of Dr. Pauli's dissertations is devoted to tracing the various connexions of England with Germany during the feudal times. It is very slight and cursory. The writer allows himself to be led by his materials, rather than takes the pains necessary to collect the materials required to elucidate the subject. He has happened, however, to light upon some records which have never been produced before, or which do not appear in our ordinary histories. Henry II laid the foundation of a true foreign policy for England. The position of this sovereign, as having to struggle against the advance of the Romanizing principle in Europe, led him almost inevitably to look for support to the old Saxon institutions of the realm. The same influence led him abroad to marry his daughter to Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick. When, however, on the fall of Otto IV, the posterity of Henry the Lion lost the imperial crown, and by the partition of their Saxon territory reduced the position of their house in North Germany, England began to look in another quarter for support against France and the Pope. In 1235, Isabella, the sister of Henry III, was married to the Hohenstauffen emperor, the hereditary foe of Rome, Frederic II. This was a step in the right direction. But the weakness of

Henry III would not suffer him to commit himself heartily to a Ghibelline policy. The crown of England, always at strife, and often at open war, with its own barons, had a continued tendency to support itself by alliance with the Church. The idea of a powerful coalition of northern princes to resist the encroachments of Rome, backed by France, was not yet understood in England as the true national policy.

There was, however, always a Ghibelline party and a Ghibelline feeling in the nation. After the overthrow of the Hohenstauffen, the Ghibelline candidate for the empire, Alonzo the Wise of Castile, had the favour, if not the support, of England. Even after the German princes had elected Rudolf of Hapsburg to the imperial crown (1273), Edward I makes a pressing application to the Pope in favour of Alonzo. He still professes to address Alonzo as 'King of the Romans,' and promises him counsel and aid against Rudolf 'Count of Almaine<sup>1</sup>.' In the course of another year, however, better information was obtained in England as to the character and position of Rudolf of Hapsburg. German historians have complained that so little notice is to be found of Rudolf in contemporary annals out of Germany. The English State-paper Office has supplied Dr. Pauli with convincing evidence of the close attention which was paid in England to every step and movement of the new emperor.

In 1276, we find the Emperor and the King of England in constant communication; it grows more and more friendly as they perceive that they have so many interests in common. We find no further mention of Alonzo. Very shortly a treaty is on foot for a matrimonial alliance between the houses of Plantagenet and Hapsburg. It was the design of Rudolf to endow his second and favourite son, Hartmann, with a splendid sovereignty in South Germany. He designed to consolidate the possessions of

<sup>1</sup> *Alemannia*, that is, *Suabia*.

his house in Swabia, Alsace, and Switzerland, and to annex to them those districts of the ancient kingdom of Arles which he could recover for the empire, and to erect the whole into a new principality, of which Hartmann was to be king. The match, brilliant for Edward I, was not without its advantages for the emperor. It is true that Edward's possessions in Languedoc were much restricted in comparison of those which his ancestors had once held. The territories of the King of England were no longer conterminous with the kingdom of Arles. But the mother of Edward I was the daughter of a Count of Provence, her uncles and cousins were Princes of Savoy. It would occasion no surprise, then, if the first overtures for this match came from the side of Hapsburg. This is not certain ; but Dr. Pauli thinks it may be inferred from the fact, that the earliest notice on the subject which has fallen in his way is an instruction to an English envoy at the court of the emperor, to tender particular thanks to Anne, Rudolf's queen, for the felicitous suggestion. Immediately, i. e. in September, 1277, the Bishop of Basle and another were sent to England with full powers to negotiate the match. By the rich presents made by Edward to the two envoys on their arrival, it is easy to see how much importance was attached to the alliance on the English side. A special envoy, Grandison, Bishop of Verdun, was sent off to Vienna. The preliminaries were signed in London in January, 1278. Edward, on his side, is to give the moderate portion of 10,000 marks with his daughter. Rudolf, on his part, is to give the bride a present of 2000*l.*, to invest Hartmann with lands to the capital value of 10,000*l.*, and to promise to use his utmost exertions to get him elected King of the Romans so soon as he himself shall have received the imperial crown from the Pope ; and further to prevail with the princes of the empire to recognise him as King of Arles. These conditions were not only accepted and ratified at Vienna,

but a further addition was voluntarily made by Rudolf. He assigns 1000 marks yearly as pinmoney to his son's wife, secured upon the Swiss possessions of his house. Edward, with his accustomed prudence, requires his ambassador to observe the young prince, and to inform himself of his character and disposition ; but, above all, to send to England exact particulars of the estates and lands of which it was proposed that Hartmann should be put in possession.

So far all went rapidly forward. But when everything was agreed upon, delay intervened, a delay which has seemed so unaccountable that it has been supposed that the emperor was not in earnest in his proposal of the match. The whole tenor of the preceding negotiations negatives such a supposition. The splendid settlement which Rudolf was ready to make upon his son, shows how highly he valued the English alliance. But his attention was diverted elsewhere by the quarrels in which he was engaged on the eastern side of Germany, and especially with Ottocar, King of Bohemia. And the fact that the English princess was, as Dr. Pauli reminds us, only born in 1272, and therefore at the definitive conclusion of the treaty only six years of age, is of itself a sufficient explanation. Dr. Pauli produces the despatch in which a request for the postponement of the betrothal proceeds from the English court. The imperial envoys had been instructed to propose 8th September, 1278, for the ceremony.

So far from being surprised at delay, we are rather surprised that, after the lapse of a year or two, Edward should begin to evince a little impatience. We say a year or two, because Dr. Pauli is very confused in his dates, and more than once gives the day and the month, without remembering to add the year of an event. We should like to know the date of the letter which the young Hartmann addresses to his father and lord,—so he styles

the King of England—but Dr. Pauli only informs us that it was written on the 10th of September. In this letter he ‘offers, with true filial reverence, his best thanks to the King for his goodness in promoting his marriage. He promises to become ever more worthy of his fatherly affection, more obedient, and desirous to please him. He is now on the point of setting out for Austria to join his father, to be present at the ceremony of the investiture of his elder brother with the Duchy. He expects to be back by All Saints, and will then await at Basle the arrival of the expected English courier.’ The letter is that of a boy, dictated by his preceptor. The preceptor was one Magister Peter, who, whatever his other qualifications may have been, had not earned his promotion by his Latin style. The turgid and fulsome language of this letter, which Master Peter is himself to bring to England, seems to show that it was not first in the seventeenth century that the German courts learned the *Perrückensprache*.

During this pause in the fulfilment of the treaty, the friendly intercourse between the two courts is not interrupted.

The decisive battle of the Marchfield, which made Rudolf undisputed master of the Austrian provinces, was fought on the 26th of August, 1278.

We find, from a household-book of Edward I, that, on 30th October, Herthelm, king-at-arms of the ‘King of Almaine,’ receives a present on bringing the tidings of the great victory. On the following 8th November, Edward writes to his ambassador at Vienna, to say that he would have written himself to congratulate Rudolf, were it not, that before he could do so, the great news was already in every mouth, and a letter would have seemed to be out of date. The interest excited in England by events passing in so distant a quarter as Moravia, was, it seems, quite as general in the thirteenth century as it would be now.



As time went on, the English court grew impatient. On the German side there seems to have been some consciousness of not having redeemed their engagements. The Bishop of Basle (presumably in 1281), writes semi-officially to the King a letter of excuse. 'He had, in more than one interview, pressed upon the young prince to require of his father the settlement of the promised income. He, the Bishop, must confess that the delay was hardly excusable. On the first occasion the prince's journey to England had been put off by indisposition, a second time by urgent affairs. Since then his delay in setting out was due to pure procrastination and dilatoriness. This he could not excuse, but it was truly not his (the Bishop's) fault; and he hoped the King, whose steady temper and prudence were known to all the world, would not on this account withdraw his royal favour from him. He would gladly come to England again in the business, were he not so loaded with debt, incurred in the campaign against the King of Bohemia, and were he not in expectation of being summoned by his sovereign to his aid in his impending campaign against Hungary.'

At last the young Landgrave was ready. On the Sunday before Christmas, 21st December, 1281, he embarked on the Rhine at Breisach, in Baden. A thick fog, as usual at that season, rested on the river; they had not dropt further than Rheinau when their barge came too close in shore, and its mast was caught in the branch of a tree. The frail craft capsized, and Hartmann, with nearly every soul on board, went down in her.

The catastrophe was immediately announced in England; but it was not till 17th August, 1282, that Rudolf, who felt deeply the tragical loss of his favourite son, himself communicated with Edward. His letter is then only one of ceremony, to excuse his long silence and to renew the assurance of his friendship, which was not diminished by the sorrowful event.

This, however, for nearly two centuries, was the only approximation between an English dynasty and the House of Austria. The Hapsburg influence lay in South Germany, and was weak in the North. The attraction of England was towards North Germany, to the Guelph and Saxon houses. The marriage of Mary with Philip II is the only instance of a union of any English dynasty with the Hapsburg family.

With Northern Germany our connexion was, from the earliest times, most intimate; our intercourse close and constant. Here it was based, not on intermarriage between royal houses, but on the solid footing of commercial interests. It is only in quite recent times that the old bonds of relationship, and community of material interests, have been cemented by dynastic alliances. Our commercial relations with the Baltic cities began with the very earliest existence of those towns, and soon shot up into one of our leading national objects. These later intermarriages seem the natural consequence of the occupancy of the English throne, in the eighteenth century, by the line of Hanover. Dr. Pauli, however, to whose strong historical vision a vista of a few centuries is nothing, sees in them but the sequel of the day when Otto the Great wedded Alfred's grand-daughter. He reminds us that the white horse of the arms of the county of Kent appears also in those of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and that it is nothing more than that ocean-horse (*see-rappe*) in which the poetic fancy of the sea-roving Saxons saw an emblem of their high-prowed vessels.

Our commercial historians, Macpherson (*Annals of Commerce*), etc., date the German Guildhall in London from the concession of Henry III. This is not strictly correct; it was the Hanseatic confederacy which obtained privileges from Henry III. Long before the existence of the Hanse, long before they fixed their factories in Lisbon, Bergen, and Novogorod, a corporation of German merchants was

established, with privileges on the Thames. The laws of Ethelred (978-1016) guarantee to those merchants who come hither in ships from the Emperor's country, the same privileges of trade as are enjoyed by the subjects of the realm. In acknowledgment of this concession they shall be bound to deliver for the King's use at Christmas and Easter, two pieces of gray and one piece of brown cloth, ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two kegs of vinegar. The payment in kind, and not in money, looks like a customary acknowledgment from an old-established guild, and not the imposition of a new tax. We see too that it is assumed that they winter in England.

Hallam dates the establishment of the Cologne merchants in London in 1220. This again is much too late a date. Dr. Pauli cites a patent of Henry II (as usual, without the date), in which he assures to the men of Cologne *the house they possess* in London, with all the wares it contains, and licenses the sale of Rhenish wine at the same price as French is sold at. Richard I, after his return, hastening home, rested one day in Cologne, and in return for the magnificent reception prepared him by the city, he releases the citizens from the quit-rent of two shillings, which they were bound to pay annually for their Guildhall in the city of London. All this was in the century preceding the formation of the Hanseatic federation.

In the following century one North German city after another obtains similar royal letters. King John admits Bremen to the same rights as Cologne. Then follows Hamburg, then Lübeck, and in the course of Henry III's reign, Rostock, Wismar, Stralsund, Greifswald. Finally, in 1260, in spite of the murmurs and jealousy of the men of Cologne, a general patent is issued conferring equal trading privileges upon all 'merchants of Almaine who possess the house in London known as the German

Guildhall' (*Aula Teutonicorum*). This original factory and staple of the German merchants, vulgarly called 'The Steelyard' (*Stahlhof*), still stands on the banks of the Thames, not far above the landing quay of the steamers, above London Bridge. It was till quite recent times the property of the German towns, and was distinguishable by the style of its architecture, its green shutters, and two or three green trees, forcibly recalling to the spectator similar establishments in many an old Baltic seaport.

The German traders were, then, fixed in England from unknown antiquity. But it was not till the fourteenth century that their guild rose into wealth and importance of the first rank. In the reign of Edward III they had almost a practical monopoly of our carrying trade, as the Italians in Lombard-street had of the money market. The Germans would not meddle with usury; they confined themselves to importing the raw produce of Norway and the Baltic, and the fruits of Spain and Portugal.

During Edward's wars our commerce with France was wholly broken off. English wool and leather were exported exclusively to Flanders. Edward's foreign policy led him to draw closer the ties which connected our country with Germany. He granted new privileges to the Hanse association, for which they were always ready to pay handsomely. Edward himself travelled up the Rhine in 1338, and had an interview with the Emperor Louis IV, at Coblentz. A few years later, 1345, came the failure of the great Italian bankers, the Bardi, at Florence, owing to their heavy loans to England, which were not repaid. Undeterred by Edward's repudiation, the Steelyard stepped in. Some of the large German houses in London, the Tide-mann, the brothers Reule, the Clippings, advanced large sums, taking care, however, to secure themselves by mortgages of parts of the public revenue. The Tidemann farmed for many years the tin-mines belonging to the

Duchy of Cornwall. The Crown jewels had been pledged in Cologne for a sum of money; when the day came, Edward was not in a condition to redeem them. The Steelyard advanced what was required, and restored the jewels. From this time forward the Germans began to supplant the Jews and Lombards as negotiators of loans to the Crown. The victories of Crecy and Poitiers may be said to have been won by German capital.

With the end of the French wars the flourishing period of the Hanse traders in London closed. The decline of their greatness was owing in great measure to the rivalry of native enterprise. Hitherto there had been no English merchants who could pretend to vie with the great German houses. But as soon as the French trade was again opened, it fell naturally into the hands of English ship-owners. In spite of the destructive struggle between the Red and White Roses, a race of native merchants rapidly rose to wealth and consequence. The opening of the Indies, East and West, revolutionized the channels and the direction of commerce. English enterprise was awakened, and English shipping began to push and elbow the Hanseatic, even in their own northern seas. In place of the frail craft which had served for the coasting trade for the Mediterranean and the Baltic, mighty galleons now navigated the Atlantic. The Hanse had overlived itself. Even the size of their vessels had increased; they could no longer pass London Bridge and cast anchor before their Steelyard as formerly. In other respects the Hanse confederation showed no capacity for coping with the new age, and the gigantic spirit of enterprise which was kindled in England and Spain. In proportion as they declined in vigour, the German traders in London insisted with more pertinacity upon the letter of the charters and privileges they had obtained. The English merchant-adventurer sought in the German and Livonian towns of the Baltic the same advantages which were accorded in the harbours

of England to the trader of Lübeck or Dantzic. To his astonishment and disgust, he found himself not permitted even to trade there on any terms, sometimes forbidden even to land. The Hanseatic traders would not understand reciprocity. They imported their own goods duty-free into England; they would not suffer the English merchant to import his wool, even at a high duty, into a Hanse port. Several seizures of English cargoes led to reprisals on our part; reprisals led to a naval war. The unequal contest, for such it then seemed, of England's infant navy against the ancient consolidated maritime supremacy of the Hanseatic Confederacy, raged with great fury for several years of the fifteenth century. Trade throughout the whole of Northern Europe suffered enormously, the destruction of property on both sides was vast. In vain Cabinets endeavoured to mediate; the Hanse would be satisfied with nothing less than free admission to English ports, and exclusion of the English Company from theirs. The English insisted that the Germans should pay the same duties as other nations, since they chose to prohibit English traders from access to their ports. An action for damages done to English merchants was brought against the Steelyard Company, and they were cast in an enormous amount, 13,520*l.* sterling. As they could not, or would not pay, several of the leading merchants were thrown into gaol, and the buildings of the Company seized in execution. The venerable Corporation was in danger of losing at once its old privileges and its property,—nay, the quarrel with England might have led to a more serious catastrophe, nothing less than the fall of the whole Hanse Confederation. For at the very moment when these things occurred, about 1470, an internal dispute had broken out between the western members headed by Cologne, and the Baltic cities represented by Lübeck. The moderation of the English Parliament composed the storm. The House of Commons took the matter in hand. The

happy circumstance that it was in Hanse vessels that Edward IV effected his victorious return to England in 1471, promoted the desire for an amicable arrangement. In 1474 peace was concluded at Utrecht; the German merchants received back both their privileges and their premises on the banks of the Thames.

Once again, in 1597, the citizens of Elbing and Stade dared to put in force their old exclusive policy, and drove the English traders from their port. But the relative strength of the parties was now inverted. Elizabeth's government was not to be trifled with. Drake and Norris in a very short time brought in sixty Hanse vessels as prizes; the Steelyard was seized and turned into a depôt for the Admiralty; the Hanse yielded. The Steelyard Company received back their old Guildhall, in the quiet possession of which they were never again disturbed by Government. Their premises indeed shared in the general destruction by the great fire of 1666. When the Company proceeded to rebuild, they no longer did so in the massive and imposing style of the fourteenth century. Heavy vaulting and strong outer walls for defence were discarded. With the exception of a dwelling-house for the master of the Steelyard, the remainder of the area was covered with warehouses and wharves no way different from those on either side of them. But the Hanse no longer existed, and these warehouses were let to private firms. The free towns of Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg, as heirs of the corporate estate of the Hanseatic League, became possessed of the Steelyard premises. They had no use for them, and in 1853 they were sold to some English Company for the sum of 72,500*l*.

Has the reader seen the Arthushof at Dantzic? If he has, he may form to himself some notion of what the principal building of the Steelyard must have been before 1666. This was the Great Hall, serving for a council-chamber on days of general convocation, and as a

*Westminster Review*, 1861.]



banqueting-room for the oft-recurring festivities. Round the apartment, in recesses, and on every projecting ledge of the heavy wainscot, was displayed in close array the silver and pewter plate, with many a choice gem of workmanship, presents to the Corporation from all parts of the Continent. Among the portraits which hung above were two allegorical pieces by Master Hans Holbein, representing the Triumph of Riches and the Triumph of Poverty respectively. On one side of the Guildhall rose a tower, with a fireproof chamber for the muniments and jewels of especial value; on the other, a stone-vaulted kitchen, where dinner could be dressed for an army of guests. On the west side of the hall was the garden, where a vine or two and some of the finer sorts of fruit were trained, and where, in German fashion, on summer evenings, the elder merchants sat over their pipe and beaker of Rhine wine, while the younger amused themselves with claiſh, or *kegelspiel*. The greater part of the area was covered with the lofty warehouses, with booths for the exhibition of samples on the groundfloor, stretching down to the quay. Here every German merchant settled in London had his separate office. Broad landing quays covered with cranes lined the river bank. On the opposite, or northern side, towards Thames Street, ran a lofty, massive front with three fortified and portcullised gateways; over each was an inscription in the German text, in which the moral is better than the point. High above, the Imperial double eagle figured in all its ugliness, like a scarecrow nailed to a barn door. On the three other sides, thick walls and turrets at the angles gave the whole the aspect and the reality of a fortress—a little citadel in the heart of the city. On more than one memorable occasion, the German merchants owed the preservation of life and property to these defences. In the great communistic uprising under Wat Tyler in 1381, when no man of rank or property was safe, the Esterlings—so the English called the Hanse



traders—lay in security behind their walls, while the Flemish and other foreign residents fell helpless victims to the rage of the populace.

One corner of the Thames Street frontage was occupied by a wine-house. Here, as early as the fourteenth century, the wines of Germany and the delicacies of Northern Europe were at the call of the Londoner who chose to pay for them. In the reign of James I, at a time when the world of fashion had not yet migrated wholly to the west-end, the 'Steelyard Tavern' was one of the favourite haunts of the gallants. Not only the German relished for his breakfast the good things, the smoked reindeer tongue, the caviare and the salted lachs, here provided; the nobleman and the bishop, the privy councillor and the judge, even the lord chancellor himself, might be met with. 'Let us go to the Stilliard, and drink Rhenish wine,' says one of the characters in 'Pierce Pennyless.' The lover of the Elizabethan drama will readily recal many such allusions. To this day a spirit-shop bearing the name of the 'Steelyard' preserves the site, but not the reputation, of the old German house.

In the booths which lined the interior of the court might be purchased all the choicest articles of luxury, before the New World poured in so many objects hitherto unknown to Europe. On the wharves the bulkier commodities might be inspected. Norway sent her iron; Poland and Lithuania, hemp, tallow, wax, and furs. Many a cargo of salt cod for Lent, or for victualling the Navy, was there; before all, the herring, which had not then migrated from the Baltic, and which was accordingly a special delicacy. Sometimes might be found a rare Livonian falcon, for which the English noble was ready to give any price. Rhine wine, and cloths from Flanders, of course formed staple articles. From Spain and Portugal were drawn, besides the products of the Peninsula, oriental articles, figs, dates, and almonds, cinnamon, and all kinds of spices, colours, drugs, even gold-dust and jewels. Such com-

modities, however, as these found little market as yet in a barbarous country like England, and they were chiefly forwarded to Hamburg or Lübeck. The export trade of the Steelyard was no less extensive than its import; it consisted chiefly in raw produce, wool and hides, corn, beer, and cheese.

The Corporation had its constitution, not materially differing from those of other guilds. Every master had an equal voice in their assemblies; every year they elected from their body an alderman, who was assisted in the business of administering their affairs by a committee of nine members, in which every Hanse Town was in its turn represented, according to a fixed cycle. By this body all the affairs of the little world were managed. The inmates of the Steelyard were submitted to an almost monastic discipline. Masters and journeymen alike were obliged to remain single. Peace and order were maintained by police regulations of German minuteness and strictness. A blow or an abusive expression subjected the offender to a fine. Severer penalties awaited drunkenness, dissipation, or dicing. The gates were closed at nine o'clock, and on no pretext opened after that hour. The duties of the guild towards the country and city of which they were denizens were strictly defined, and most religiously attended to. Every master was under an obligation, the same as the natives, to keep an iron helmet and harness, and all arms pertaining to a complete furnishing for war. The Germans had their post assigned them in the ward of the city. The maintenance and repair of the northern gate, Bishopsgate, was assigned to them. This obligation they discharged far down into Protestant and peaceful times, long after London had ceased to fear a foreign foe, and the Bishop's Gate had become only a relic of antiquarian curiosity.

All this material wealth and splendour was of course in official connexion with the Church. The Steelyard, however, had no chapel within its limits; it was parochial,

and the Corporation attended the neighbouring church of Allhallows. It has been even said that this church was built by the Germans, which however was not the case ; but they maintained in it an altar, and had their own masses said in it on special days. The Reformation did not dissolve the connexion. The Steelyard passed with the rest of the parish by the same easy gradations from the old to the new faith ; another proof how entirely the German aliens were rooted in English soil. It might have been anticipated that Luther's doctrines would have made their way early among this little colony of his countrymen. This was not the case ; the Corporation of the Steelyard were too well to do in the world to be other than thoroughly English and thoroughly Anglican. In 1526 Sir Thomas More made, as Chancellor, a domiciliary visit in search of heretical books. He was not very successful ; for though he found several copies of the Old and New Testament, they were all in Latin. Some books of prayers, though in German, were not Lutheran. The members of the Corporation took an oath at the Cross of St. Paul's that they were not heretics, nor harboured heretics among them. As soon, however, as the Reformation was legally established in England we find the Germans, notwithstanding the language, attending the preachings in Allhallows. Several long rows of benches in the nave were appropriated to them and maintained at their charges. Several painted windows, in which the double eagle held a conspicuous place, were given by them. When the church was restored after the fire, they presented to it that carved oak screen which still separates the nave from the choir. It was the work of a Hamburg artist. Over the door leading to the altar the imperial eagle is again emblazoned, surmounted by the royal arms of England. The inconvenience of service and sermons in the English language was strongly felt. After the great fire, they presented a petition to Charles II, that

one of the city churches which it was not intended to rebuild, should be made over to them. A royal brief of 1673 assigned to them the little Trinity church which was close to the Steelyard. From that time forward the German settlers in London have enjoyed a service in their own language.

There are now three or four German Protestant churches in London, of which this of the little Trinity is the mother-church.

Dynastic alliances and commercial relations form the two most important chapters in a history of the intercourse between England and Germany. There are others which lie among the byways of history, about which much might still be recovered by minute research. One such is suggested to us in Chaucer's description of his Knight; who

Ful ofte time hadde the bord bygonne

Aboven alle naciouns *in Pruce.*

*In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce*

No cristen man so ofte of his degre.

After the fall of Acre in 1291, the East was closed to the arms of the Christians. The warrior of chivalry, panting for adventure against Paynim hosts, had to seek his opportunity nearer home. In two opposite corners of Europe, a holy war of Christian against infidel was still waged; in Spain against the Moors, in Prussia against the Lithuanians. The latter of these permanent crusades was carried on by the Teutonic Order. The Teutonic knights had been transplanted from Palestine to the more national service of extending the frontier of Christendom and of Germany at the expense of the heathen Lithuanians and Prussians as early as 1227. In 1235 Hermann von Salza, Grand-Master of the Order, was in England. He came to negotiate the marriage of Henry's sister Isabella with the emperor; but he used the opportunity to make known the

nature of the service in which he and his knights were engaged, and to enlist English sympathy in the struggle they were carrying on on the Baltic plains. As a token of this sympathy, and an offering in the cause of the Church, he obtained from the English treasury a warrant for an annual payment of forty marks in furtherance of the good cause, a payment which continued to be made for centuries. It was not, however, till the fourteenth century, that English knights were attracted in any considerable numbers to 'reyse in Pruce,' by way of fulfilling their vow of fighting against the infidels. In the commercial treaty of Marienburg (1388) between Richard II and the Grand-Master, Conrad Zöllner von Rotenstein, the English King brings forward as a fact which ought not ungratefully to be overlooked by the other party, how many English knights and squires, without regarding harm of life and substance, had travelled beyond the seas to the aid of the Teutonic Order against the unbelievers.

It was only two years after this treaty that an expedition set out from England on a grander scale than ordinary. A prince of the blood, Henry, Earl of Derby, eldest son of John of Gaunt, was the crusading knight. He was not the first of his house who had been in 'Pruce'; his grandfather, Henry of Lancaster, had made the same expedition before him. Prudential reasons made it advisable just then that the young Henry should absent himself from the realm, where he had taken too active a part in the opposition to the misgovernment of Richard II. But all his life through, Henry IV nourished a secret desire to fight for the Cross, and believed he should die at Jerusalem. In the summer of 1390 he took ship, accompanied with several hundred knights and men-at-arms. They reached Dantzic on the 10th of August. Here he fitted himself out with all necessaries for an autumn campaign against the Lithuanians, who were supported by the Poles. Foreign knights, who had been invited, came gradually in

from all parts of Germany and France. When all was ready their baggage was sent off by the Haff to Königsberg, and the knightly troop proceeded by land as far as Memel. Here, on the 27th of August, they encountered the foe, and a smart but indecisive battle was fought. September was spent in the siege of Wilna, which the season obliged them to quit, and by the 20th of October the Earl of Derby was back in Königsberg. We hear of at least one of his knights having fallen in the field; but the earl had made captive three youths, sons of a Lettish noble. The four following months were passed in Königsberg. The Christmas festival, from Christmas Day to the Epiphany, was spent in carousal and amusements as usual in the English court. The earl had already become weary of crusading, but would not quit the country without seeing something more of it. In February 1391 he left Königsberg, passed by Bromberg and Elbing to Marienburg, and so from Dirschau, down the Vistula, to Dantzic. Here he was detained by indisposition the whole of the month of March. It was on the 12th of March that the election of a new Grand-Master took place at Marienburg. Conrad von Wallenrod was the choice of the chapter. We find him making the English earl, in acknowledgment of his services, the usual present of falcons. While in Dantzic, Henry received a courier to announce that his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, had set off to join him, but had landed in Norway, and for some reason or other returned home; he also received intelligence that his countess had presented him with a son, afterwards Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

Easter was spent in Dantzic, and the earl made Easter offerings of princely munificence to the three principal churches of the city, in acknowledgment of the absolution from his vow which he had obtained from the Pope. He took ship at Dantzic, and after a prosperous voyage landed in Hull, from whence he hastened to his castle of

Bolingbroke. Ten years later, the Earl of Derby mounted the throne of England. On the frequent occasions when questions relating to the Baltic trade, and the privileges of the Hanse came before the Council, Henry's personal acquaintance with Prussian affairs was of material service. He was the last sovereign of England who has ever travelled further than Berlin. The relations between England and the Baltic cities during his reign deserve inquiry. The researches of the antiquaries of England and Germany may still bring to light matter of interest upon this chapter of our history.

*Westminster Review*, 1861.]

### III.

## *ANTECEDENTS OF THE REFORMATION*<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1859.)

TO prove that a jest is a jest, to enforce a *bon mot* by a historical argument, and to insist that the laughable shall be laughed at, is a task no man would willingly set himself. As soon as a joke wants explaining it is a proof that it had better be forgotten.

But there are *jeux-d'esprit* which have done more in their day than make men laugh; which have told upon society or the course of public events. When this is the case, they have ceased to be *facetiae*, and deserve our serious consideration. The wit may be evaporated, and the caricature cold, but a truth remains behind.

The *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* have long passed out of the category of fun into that of earnest. They are now not even amusing; but they are more instructive than piles of the controversial pamphlets of the same date. They require a commentary however; and though possessing none of the profundity of Rabelais, they are almost as inexplicable without a key. The general reader will probably be satisfied with an abstract. Let him take our word for it, he loses little by neglecting the original. It would certainly cost him far more time to master it than it is worth.

This opinion is indeed opposed to the high-flown praises we find in many writers of the humour of the *Epistolae*.

<sup>1</sup> *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*. New Edition. By PROFESSOR BÖCKING. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1858.



From Paulus Jovius, who calls it 'the most delightful specimen of raillery' (*jucundissimum satirae illudentis genus*), down to David Strauss, Hutten's latest biographer, we find the wit of the Epistles extolled with an hyperbole that ensures disappointment. We may fatigue ourselves in vain without being able to catch the point of view from which Sir W. Hamilton could describe these 'Epistles' as 'a masterpiece of wit.'

The truth is, that all such judgments on the part of modern critics are judgments not only after the event, but from it. That the Epistolae amused their own generation is undoubted; though the story of Erasmus having burst an imposthume on the face with laughter at them, be, like all the best stories, fiction. But no product of human ingenuity is so transient as a jest. Taste in the ridiculous changes as rapidly as in dress. The grandsons of those who had enjoyed the salt of Plautus, thought their ancestors stupid boors for having done so. We have all read of that old Earl of Norwich, whose conceits, brilliant in the Court of Charles I, were found insufferable thirty years afterwards, in that of Charles II. Like perfume, the more subtle and ethereal a piece of humour is, the less is it portable. Like Burgundy, it will not cross the sea. When we read of the effect produced on their contemporaries by the Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, we may be sure that a shot which told so well was skilfully aimed; that the writer knew the temper of his countrymen, and how to tickle them. His drawing is very rude, his puppets clumsy bits of wood, but they were recognised by those before whom they were played off. The audience were all primed for the jest, and a very thin jest served them. The times and the temper of the public mind in the year 1516 made the fortune of the Epistolae, which it is idle to compare with a Falstaff, or even a Sancho.

Low as we must rate their humour, their historical interest places them among the foremost facts of the

period when the great Reformation drama is about to open. Their influence, however, on the turn of events is very variously estimated. While Sir W. Hamilton, in exaggerating terms, affirms of 'this tremendous satire, that it scattered dismay and ruin in its explosion, giving the victory to Reuchlin over the Friars, and to *Luther over the Court of Rome*,' Hallam, on the other side, contemptuously says that 'in the mighty movement of the Reformation, the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* had about as much effect as the *Mariage de Figaro* on the French Revolution.' Herder, moderately, only claims for them to have 'effected for Germany incomparably more than *Hudibras* for England,' whatever that may be. And Ranke, in his spirit of judicial compromise, thinks that though 'not a work of high creative genius, they had yet a vast influence.'

They did produce some effect. But it must be acknowledged, in strict impartiality, that it was owing almost entirely to the temper of the public mind, and little to the intrinsic humour of the piece. A brief account shall be given of the occasion on which the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* were produced. The Prelude to the great Reformation movement will never lose its interest. But it appears to arise before us, at the present crisis of opinion in Europe, with a daily increasing attraction. Thoughtful men, who can read the signs of our times, are becoming aware of the close analogy which the existing conflict of opinion bears to that which was going on in the times just before Luther. The more human activity is forcibly thwarted and checked in a political direction, the more it is directed inwards on first principles. The 'repressive measures' so loudly called for, and so vigorously applied, have this effect at least. They tie down feverish irritability, and anticipate aimless explosions. But the volcanic matter beneath is not extinguished. Instead of breaking out in flashes on the surface of politics, it feeds on the vitals of opinion. Thus the analogies of the last century, with its

superficial scepticism and clash of constitutional theories, fail us. To find a historical parallel, we are driven back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and to that time of sullen ferment in which the abortive movement of Protestantism was preparing in the public mind.

We are apt to regard the 'Reformation' as a revolution in Theology and Church arrangements. It became so. And the importance of that after-birth has thrown into the background the true issue as it was originally joined between the friends of progress and its enemies. To find this issue as it stood in its less complex forms, we must look to Germany before Luther. The universities of Germany, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, found themselves invaded by a number of men who were dissatisfied with the level of culture, and with the amount of attainment possessed by the authorized and installed dispensers of wisdom. These men were inconsiderable in number, but formidable by their activity, their mutual sympathy, and their definite purpose. This purpose was not theological. It was no part of their aim to disturb a single Church doctrine. Cultivation was their ideal. And in the remains of the Greek and Latin writers, and in a wider knowledge of natural objects, they had found a means of culture for themselves, and now wished that the same means should be made available for the general youth of their fatherland. The old party in the universities, to whom mental cultivation was an intelligible idea, but who were well trained in the professional formulae of the standard school-books, everywhere resisted. They expelled the 'Poets,' as the young Reformers were called, forbade them to teach, and prohibited the newfangled books. The new party were in earnest, and multiplied in spite of persecution. The young men were fast going over to their side. When a conservative party has only interest to hold its supporters together, but has nothing to teach, it will maintain its ground for a time, but must give way

at last. The University of Cologne was, for various reasons, the stronghold of the party of ignorance. And in the University of Cologne the order of Dominicans, or 'preaching friars,' had long been in possession of the greatest credit, and held the principal posts of honour.

The affair, in which the authorities of Cologne became seriously embroiled with the whole of the rising *Humanist* party throughout Germany, was, as usually happens in these cases, not one arising out of the real merits of the conflict between the old and the new. This affair is known as 'the Reuchlin business,' and formed the prelude to the matter of the Indulgences, by which Luther was called into the field. In the Reuchlin business the obstructive party were the assailants, whereas in the general struggle they necessarily occupied the place of resistance. Just as if they were not likely to have enough on their hands with the rising strength of the Humanists, they about this time sought a new quarrel. They felt themselves strong enough—this was only one generation before half the west of Europe was lost to the Catholic Church—to make a persecuting crusade against the Jews. It was not against their bodies indeed, but this time only against their books. The Dominicans of the University of Cologne felt their repose disturbed by the existence of certain Hebrew books which were not composed in a Christian spirit. The books indeed were in Hebrew, and no one but the Jews and Reuchlin could read them. But no matter; there was no saying; they might be dangerous. Anyhow they were wicked, and it was a scandal they should be suffered to exist. The Dominicans applied to the Imperial court for a mandate. Reuchlin, the only Oriental scholar among the lawyers, was requested to give a written opinion on these books. He handed in an opinion, the strictly professional language of which exposed the ignorance and fanaticism of the Cologne professors much more keenly than any direct satire could have done. It grew into a controversy

between Reuchlin and the University of Cologne; and Reuchlin being the head of the Humanist party, while Cologne was the head-quarters of the party of ignorance, it is not to be wondered at that the growing jealousy between Humanist and Scholastic became gradually absorbed into the episode of the Jewish books; while, on the other hand, the Jewish books were lost sight of in the new direction given to the passions of the old academical party. They now turned like baulked hounds upon Reuchlin, and swore his destruction. That venerable scholar and jurist, who had spent a long life in the pursuit of the best learning of his day, 'found himself in the decline of life the victim of a formidable persecution, which threatened ruin to himself and proscription to his favourite studies.' Adversaries of the stamp of the Cologne doctors do not long conduct a controversy by argument. They had much more efficacious weapons at command. They handed over one of Reuchlin's pamphlets to a censor, to be searched for heresy. The censor, a theological professor of Cologne, had no difficulty in finding forty-three *suspicious* propositions in the pamphlet. Protestantism, be it observed, was not thought of—we are in the year 1510—Reuchlin had no idea of questioning an iota of Catholic doctrine or tradition. Reuchlin was called upon to retract, and in default was cited to appear before the Court of Inquisition at Mentz. The Prior of the Dominican convent at Cologne, Jacob Hochstraten, though not inquisitor for the district, intended to sit in judgment on his enemy.

A less well-connected or highly-placed man than Reuchlin would have succumbed when all the weight of the Church, the Dominicans, the Inquisition, and the University, was brought against him. Fortunately he had powerful protectors. After various decisions in, and appeals from, the provincial courts, both parties, in the year 1514, appealed to Rome. To Rome Hochstraten went in person, not

without good store of gold pieces, and backed by all the influence of the Dominican confraternity in Christendom. The friars procured condemnatory decrees from the Sorbonne, and from the theological Faculties of several of the German Universities. Confident in their strength, they ventured to talk, in case of an adverse decision, of an appeal to a General Council. Reuchlin, though poor in person, had his patrons and backers. He handed in a memorial to the Papal Court, testifying to his edifying life and doctrine, signed by the Emperor, divers Electors, Princes, Bishops, Abbots, and fifty-three Swabian municipal towns. No one, on either side, thought for a moment of decision on the merits, or according to law. For where the charge was heresy, or suspicion of heresy, what 'merits' were there? It was universally felt to be a party struggle, and that the Court of Appeal would decide according as its ear was obtained, or its fears worked upon, by either of the parties. And these parties were, not Reuchlin and Hochstraten, but the whole German people divided into two hostile camps; the intelligent and aspiring minds on the one side, on the other the ignorant, the bigoted, and the haters of education, installed in Church dignities. The excitement was universal throughout Germany. The decision of the court was expected with feverish anxiety. Every one seemed to have a presentiment that whichever way the decision might be, matters would not rest there.

The decision was long waited for. The policy of delay is an old but never worn-out device. While the cause was thus pending, an appeal was made by Reuchlin's friends, through the press, to the public, if such an expression may be allowed of Germany in 1514. They published a collection of private letters of celebrated men, addressed to Reuchlin, partly on the affair of the Cologne prosecution, partly on other topics. It was an indirect way of showing by what a powerful phalanx of estimable men Reuchlin was

befriended. The collection contained the names of all who were known for talent or learning in the Empire. The *Illustrium Virorum Epistolae ad Io. Reuchlinum* appeared in 1514. Within less than two years after them, and while the Reuchlin Appeal was still pending at Rome, came out in Germany a volume bearing the title *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum ad Ven. Virum Magistrum Ortuinum Gratium*. It is a parody of the letters to Reuchlin. The addressee, Ortwin de Graes, was a real person, a Westphalian by birth, and at this time Professor in the Faculty of Arts at Cologne. He had taken a conspicuous, though not the leading, part in the controversy with Reuchlin, and had furnished the Cologne pamphlets with poetical prologues, etc. For though a stiff champion of the old method, he made pretensions to unite with 'Philosophy' a smattering of 'Letters.' His correspondents are fictitious personages, supposed to be young graduates (*Magistri*) dispersed through the various Universities of Germany. They entertain the worthy Professor with their studies and occupations, their quarrels and brawls, and pour with an unreserve, confident of sympathy, the history of their joys and sorrows into his friendly ear. Their sorrows are chiefly the affronts and contumelies they meet at the hands of the upstart race of the 'Poets,' who are ruining the credit of 'good learning' in the Universities; their joys are suppers and carousals, and love-adventures of the least sentimental kind. These scenes of clownish wrangling or tavern amours are heightened, but not improbably heightened, by caricature. Humour is infused through them by the naïve unconsciousness with which the victims tell their own story, and are thus made to satirize themselves. The good-natured Boeotians strut about with academical honours, and gravely complain that they do not receive the respect due to learning. Piety they do not pretend to, but an unrestricted zeal for the Church and for religion makes up for the want of it. Thus they are not hypocrites,



for they do not attempt to conceal from each other their frailties. If they conceal them from the world, it is from no wish to appear better than they are, but out of filial duty to the common mother, Holy Church, whose sons they are. Nor are they vicious. Their peccadilloes are only occasional lapses, the necessity of the flesh, not the licentiousness of the mind. They are excluded from matrimony by their vow ; their vow it is, therefore, which forces the alternative upon them. They can argue this point of practice with a casuistry in which subtlety and stupidity are ingeniously yet most naturally blended. They belong to that happy class of men who never want reasons for that which they have resolved to do, and who never fail to be convinced by them.

They carry the scholastic quibble into their hours of recreation. At a degree dinner which had lately come off at Leipzig, a dispute had arisen among the masters at table whether a candidate for the Doctor's degree was to be styled 'Magister nostrandus' or 'Noster Magistrandus.' A correspondent of Ortwin, Thomas Longschneider, a Bachelor of Divinity, lays this question before his former tutor with the arguments *pro* and *con*. He does not forget to describe the plentiful feast provided by the candidate, the Hock and Malmsey, the Einbeck, Torjon, and Nürnberg beer. Another time Ortwin had happened to say of a certain Doctor that he was a member of ten universities. The acute Dr. Klorbius reminds him that though one body may have many members, it is impossible that one member can have many bodies.

Ortwin de Graes, who is so called because of the Divine *grace* which enlightens him, is the general referee in more serious cases. A Doctor of Laws meeting in the Zeil at Frankfort a Magister with whom he was at enmity, passed him without capping him. The Doctor excused himself because the other was not in his academical gown. Again, one eating an egg one Friday, in which the chick was



already formed, has scruples of conscience afterwards. Will Ortwin, who is known to be deeply studied in all the commentaries on the Book of the Sentences, resolve this case? A brother had indeed suggested that as what was eaten was an egg, any other substance that might happen to be present in it was only there accidentally and not essentially, and was no more to be regarded than maggots in cheese, 'which we swallow unhesitatingly on fast days. But these maggots, I have heard a Doctor of Physic say, being worms, are reckoned as fish, whereas a chick is the young of a fowl, and therefore flesh.'

With the ingenuity they display in splitting such straws, goes along a ludicrous ignorance of the common points of the classical scholarship of the day. They confound Diomedes the Grammarian, with Homer's hero of the same name. They are very indignant at the new Latin which is being introduced by Reuchlin, who calls himself, in Hebrew, Capnion. Greek and Hebrew, the new studies so much cried up, they pronounce useless, yea mischievous. For, first, the Scripture is already translated to our hands; and secondly, it is too much honour to the infidel Jews and the schismatical Greeks for Catholic Christians to be learning their languages:—

How these conceited Humanists strut about with their new learning, and talk of their Virgil and their Tully; but all the old good books, Remigius, Joannes de Garlandia, Cornutus, they say are stuff. How they do lie and vapour! One of them I myself heard telling lately, how that there is in a certain country a river whose name is Tagus, the sands of which be gold-dust! 'Whew!' said I (to myself, though), 'for the thing is manifestly impossible.'

Yet our Magisters do not renounce their own claim to be men of wit in their own kind. They are proud of Ortwin as a 'poet,' and submit to him their poetical essays (*dictamina*). They beg him to correct them, and above all to make them scan, for they own that 'feet' are not their strong point. Why should they fret themselves about

quantities, though? They are not 'secular poets,' but theological, and should not spend their regards on childish things such as metre, but look rather at the sense. The good old-fashioned poetizing, such as the Magisters in Cologne and Paris practise, is one thing; quite another is this new-fangled verse-writing, brought in by undergraduates who set up to have read Virgil and Pliny, and other new authors. These secular poets string together nonsense, while the Church poets sing the glories of the Saints. And while the first interpret the Latin authors literally only, the latter explain the fourfold sense. For are not the stories of the Greek gods allegories, wherein is clothed Christian truth?

We are not to suppose that the 'Magisters' of the Old School sat quietly down with the slights put upon them by these upstarts. The students might follow the new lead. But among the graduates the Humanists were in a very insignificant minority. Aesticampianus had begun to lecture on the poets at Leipzig with great success. He tried to introduce the classical authors instead of Petrus Hispanus and the *Parva Logicalia*. The Doctors of the Faculties were extremely galled by his encroachments:—

But they waited with great patience, till, as God would have it, Aesticampianus, having to make an oration before the University, spake amiss of Sacred Theology. Upon this they held a conclave. And some said,—'What do we? If we dismiss this man, it will be said that he is more learned than we.' But, said Magister Andrew Delitsch,—'This Aesticampian is like the fifth wheel in the wagon, he hindereth the other faculties, so that the students cannot properly qualify in them.' Then the other Magisters swore that so it was, and to sum up the whole concluded to expel him, whatever enmity it might raise. . . . And so he is gone, and we would have you to know that great harmony now reigns in the University. And Mag. Delitsch lectures in Logic; and likewise Mag. Rotburg. This Mag. Rotburg hath a book, which he hath compiled himself, which is thrice as thick as Virgil his works. And in this book he hath set down goodly things of Our Mother Church, and of the glories of the Saints.—*Epist. O. V. I. 17.*

This collision between the old and the new ; between the rising intelligence which was invading the universities, and the official ignorance which was installed in the teacher's seat, forms a tragic background which throws into relief the absurdities and *grossièretés* of the Magister's private life. Besides this, a kind of unity is given to the collection of detached letters by the allusions to the Reuchlin process. The hopes and fears of the correspondents fluctuate, from letter to letter, with the varying news from Rome. One while they hear that Reuchlin is ruined by the costs of the process, and therefore augur a speedy victory. Hochstraten, too, has received a remittance, and has given a grand entertainment to the cardinals and auditors. But they have no confidence in Leo X. He is little better than a poet himself, and knows little of the Summa of St. Thomas. The general opinion in Rome too is against them ; and they are in despair at feeling all around them in Germany the growing strength of the Reuchlin conspiracy :—

‘Would that I had never begun this cause !’ writes one from Rome ; ‘then I should be now in Cologne, and have meat and drink to my liking, while here I have scarce dry bread, and nought but jeering and ill turns on all hands ; while Reuchlin is better known here than in Germany, and is loved by many bishops, cardinals, and courtiers. The vexations we undergo in this place would move a stone to tears.’

This cursory attempt to convey to the English reader some idea of the contents and tone of the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, must not be concluded without the confession that it is a thing impossible to be successfully done. A historical commentary indeed, which should explain the allusions, and detect the real characters and events which are mingled with the fictitious, would be both instructive and interesting. This has never been attempted ; nor does Strauss, in his recent *Life of Ulrich von Hutten*, do more than contribute a stray light here and there. But

the pleasantry of the piece is intimately blended with the style—it should rather be said the *language*—in which it is written. For the style of the Epistolae is not merely a specimen of dog or burlesque Latin ; it is a language by itself. It is not the invention of the author, but a dialect actually spoken by the sort of men into whose mouth it is put. Doubtless it is a little overdrawn. All comic effects must be. But it is only exaggerated nature. The basis of classical Latin, interpolated during the long course of the Middle Ages with Church phrases and vernacular idioms, forms the substance of this Vulgar Tongue. In its construction it is in perpetual conflict with the rules of good Latinity, partly from the intrusion of the German idiom, partly from the addle-headed understanding of the characters supposed to write this nigger Latin.

But their usage is so uniform, so consistent with itself, and appropriate to the sphere in which the ideas of these dunces circulate, that we feel at this day that we are reading a living, not a dead, language. Thus it is through their language, rather than through their ideas, that these Obscuri Viri are introduced to us. Their ideas indeed are so narrow and grovelling, being little more than the expression of their gross passions, and their hatred of intelligence which they feel to be above them, that they are soon exhausted. A monotony of thought exists throughout the book, but it is not wearisome, because it is felt to be natural to the characters represented, and because we are carried on by the novelty of the *patois*. Ménage has remarked that, with the exception of the Supper of Trimalchio, there is no relic in the classical writers of that rustic Latin which was spoken among the common people in Italy ; but that a valet in Plautus and Terence talks as classically as his master. Among modern writers, on the contrary, no comic resource is more usual than the introduction of a joyous brogue or pedantic lingo in the mouth of some appropriate character. What is peculiar to these

Epistolae is, that this stage artifice is employed, not barely to raise a laugh, but to expose the mental characteristics of a numerous class in the actual society of the day ; a class which was principally remarkable for ignorance, stupidity, and vulgar habits. Dulness and vulgarity are, indeed, things in themselves offensive, and rather to be overlooked than dragged into light. But at that juncture it was the dull and the vulgar, whom the corrupt conservatism of the Church of Rome maintained in the seats and honours of the teacher. The writers of the Epistolae did not seek them out as a subject for merriment, but had been themselves victims of their intolerance and stupidity. In painting the Obscuri Viri of Cologne and Leipzig, they were defending at once themselves and the cause of education and literature in Europe.

*Fraser's Magazine*, 1859.]

## IV.

### THE STEPHENSES<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Quarterly Review*, April, 1865.)

**H**ENRI ESTIENNE, on his death in 1598, found no one in the circle of his family or friends to record his personal adventures, or to enumerate, in even the barest memoir, his learned labours. Not till near a century afterwards did the literary history of the sixteenth century become the object of curiosity; and this not in France itself. Catholic France, divided between dreams of military glory without, and theological dispute within, had no leisure for its own history. The taste and temper of the age of Louis XIV were as alien from those of France of the sixteenth century as if they had belonged to two different peoples and countries. The memory of its great Protestant worthies was left to be cultivated by the refugees in England, Prussia, or the Low Countries. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes exiled not only the best living heads and hands of France, but all the associations and traditions of the sixteenth century with them.

The Stephenses (*Fr.* Estienne) found their first biographer in Theodore Jansson ab Almeloveen. The Latin dissertation *De Vitis Stephanorum* of this laborious Dutch compiler was published at Amsterdam in 1683. Almeloveen had no traditional materials or family papers, and worked merely from printed sources. But it so

<sup>1</sup> 1. *Caractères et Portraits Littéraires du XVI<sup>e</sup>. Siècle.* Par M. LÉON FEUGÈRE. Second Edition. 2 tomes. Paris, 1864.

2. *Histoire du Livre en France.* Par EDMOND WERDET. 3<sup>e</sup> partie, tome 1<sup>er</sup> *Les Estienne et leurs Devanciers depuis 1470.* Paris, 1864.

happens that in the case of Henri Estienne these printed memoranda are more than usually abundant. During threescore and two years of restless, nay, feverish activity, Henri's press had never ceased to issue a stream of publications classical or fugitive, all superintended by himself, many his own composition. Few of these want a Preface, Dedication, Preliminary Epistle, or Monition of the publisher, in which the feelings of the hour, his own affairs, his reasons for writing, or what had hindered him from writing, are poured forth with a garrulous egotism which is anything but eloquent or refined. But what these confidences want in taste they offer in genuineness. And being but occasional outbursts, they offer glimpses of a personal history which they do not reveal. They are the very material which at once attracts and baffles a biographer.

After an interval of twenty-five years the same mine was worked with more perseverance and on a more extensive scale by Michel Maittaire, a French Protestant refugee, naturalised in England, whose original name had been Mettayer. But though Maittaire had himself suffered for religion, he knew scarcely anything of the religious antecedents of the Protestant Church. It is enough to mention two facts:—(1) Maittaire brought out an edition of the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* as the serious productions of their imputed authors; and (2) in his *Lives of the Stephenses* he supposes Henri's books with 'the olive' to have been printed at Paris,—a blunder almost incredible in a bibliographer, though Maittaire has been followed in it by the compilers of the last-printed Bodleian Catalogue.

Passing over Mr. Greswell's *Parisian Greek Press*, which is only an abstract of Maittaire, we come to the first work which the French dedicated to this truly national subject. Renouard's *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Estienne*, in its second and improved edition (Paris, 1843), if not

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]

exactly a model of bibliophilic accuracy, is yet, perhaps, one of the best specimens of this kind of industry which France has to show. But there was wanting a review of the higher learning in France during the sixteenth century: a field entirely forsaken by the French critics, who have been so profuse in disserting upon the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In 1854, the Académie Française conferred one of their prizes on M. Feugère's '*Henri Estienne, Étude sur sa vie et ses ouvrages*,' which is now reprinted by M. Feugère in the collected volumes of his Essays. As an Essay '*couronné par l'Académie*,' it is necessarily a neat piece of composition. And this is all that can be said of it. M. Feugère is indebted, almost wholly, to Renouard's *Annales* for his facts. He omits many, tells the rest more diffusely, and interweaves the ordinary reflections of a man of sense and some reading, but of no special intimacy with the period. We shall show below, in one signal instance, that he has not even looked beyond the title-page of some books of which he yet offers a detailed criticism. But M. Feugère's most decisive disqualification for historiographer of the Estienne is his imperfect knowledge of Greek. When M. Renouard tells us that '*Jos. Scaliger ne voyoit pas sans dépit la supériorité de Henri Étienne*,' we smile at the sincerity with which the estimable printer utters this absurdity. When M. Feugère, however, in an essay which has received the high sanction of the Académie Française, is equally unable to discriminate between white and black in classical philology, we are forcibly reminded of the absence of the highest element of cultivation from the education of the leading nation of Europe. If the French Academy regard the production of a good French exercise as the object of their annual competition, they are right in conferring the crown on such essays as this of M. Feugère. As tending to maintain historical criticism in France at its present superficial level, it can but be matter of regret that the



Academy should sanction with its approbation so feeble and secondhand a reproduction.

If the decision be a bad one, the subject of the thesis was well chosen. A brief outline of the fortunes of the Press of the Stephenses may serve to show what vital points of the national life are involved in the subject proposed by the Academy. 'In narrating the lives of the Estienne,' says M. Feugère, 'biography rises to the elevation of history.'

The family of the Estienne is found settled at Paris in 1502 in the person of Henri I of that name, the founder of this dynasty of letters. He carried on the business of a printer and bookseller with great success and credit for twenty years. He published on his own account 118 different works, nearly all theological, liturgical, or scholastic; hardly anything relating to the new studies, to which the impulse was scarcely yet given in France. Henri left his foreman Simon de Colines the guardian of his children and his executor. Simon, whose surname does not denote nobility, but only that his native place was the little village of Colinée, in Brittany, married the widow 'afin de s'éviter l'embarras d'une liquidation'<sup>1</sup>. The peaceful and prosperous diligence of these twenty years, in which the foundations of the family renown were laid and its character acquired, stand in strong contrast to the adventurous and troubled lives of the son and the grandson, in which so much glory was gained and so much misery endured.

Robert I, eldest son of Henri I, is found in possession of the paternal establishment in 1526. It was in the quarter of the University, in the street St. Jean de Beauvais. The door was marked by the ensign which the father had adopted, and which the son and grandson made famous—an olive-tree, with spreading boughs. The same tree, with the motto 'Noli altum sapere sed time' (Rom. XI. 20), was

<sup>1</sup> Bulletin du Bouquiniste, No. 69.

taken by Robert for his printer's mark. Not only the custom of the trade, but the law with its terrible penalties, required every printer to affix his mark to every publication. As late as 1650 the olive-tree was still over the door of the same house, though now passed into different hands. So at Bologna the Aldine anchor was still to be seen upon the house of Antonio Manutio as late as the beginning of the present century, when it was bought as a relic by an Englishman. Robert I married a daughter of Josse Bade. Bade, the friend of Erasmus, better known in literary history as Badius Ascensius (i. e. of Asch, a village in Flanders), was himself a learned printer, and his three daughters married printers. Perrette—that was the name of the daughter who fell to the share of Robert Estienne—was a woman of sense, who had enjoyed that masculine education which the Reformation introduced for women, and which it was the first care of the Catholic reaction to crush. Nothing more is known of Perrette than the following casual notice, written by her son many years after her death. Addressing his own son Paul in 1585, Henri says:—

And as I am on the topic of speaking Latin, I will add another notable reminiscence of my father's family, by the which thou mayst understand the facilities I enjoyed as a boy for acquiring that tongue. There was a time when thy grandfather Robert entertained in his own household ten men employed by him as correctors on his press, or in other parts of his business. These ten persons were all of them men of education; some of them of considerable learning; as they were of different nations, so they were of different languages. This necessitated them to employ Latin as the common medium of communication, not at table only, but about the house, so that the very maid-servants came to understand what was said, and even to speak it a little. As for your grandmother [Perrette,] except one made use of some very unusual word, she understood what was said in Latin with the same ease as if it had been French. As to myself and my brother Robert, we were allowed at home to use no other language whenever we had to address my father, or one of his ten journeymen.—  
*Dedication to Aulus Gellius, 1585.*

This is a glimpse, and the only one we can catch, of the interior of Robert's household. Of the amount of his professional labour, only a study of the bibliographical lists can convey an idea. From 1526 to 1559, when he died, a space of thirty-three years, not a year elapses in which he does not turn out several volumes, some of them *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, all of them far surpassing anything that had been before seen in France. Sometimes it is a pocket Greek Testament in mignon letters, yet as clear as the largest pica; sometimes a Bible in three massive folios, with notes and various readings; sometimes an 'editio princeps' of a Greek classic, or an entirely new Latin Lexicon. With respect to most of these publications, it must be remembered that the modest notice on the title, 'Parisiis, Robertus Stephanus,' conceals, instead of proclaims, the part that ought to be credited to himself. He was at once printer, corrector, publisher, author. Indeed, these functions were at that time neither separate nor separable. Take, for example, his great Latin Dictionary. In its origin this was nothing but a reprint of Calepinus, the Ainsworth of schoolboys in the first half of the sixteenth century. Calepin had long been common property, and in 1531 Robert designed a reprint of it in the way of trade—school-books being then, as now, one of the most lucrative employments of booksellers' capital. In refitting it for press, however, Robert made so many improvements and additions, that he felt himself warranted in suppressing the name of brother Ambrogio of Calepio, and substituting his own. Instead of publisher of a reprint of Calepinus, he became editor of an improved and revised edition. In the final stage, the edition of 1543, in 3 vols. folio, the *Latinae Linguae Thesaurus* has become an entirely new work, of which Robert Stephens has the full right to consider himself author. The merits of this *Thesaurus* must not be judged by its present value in the market—the best edition, that of Basle, 1740, has

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]

been bought in our time for ten shillings—but by the fact that for more than two centuries it satisfied the demands of learners, if not of scholars. Twenty years after this edition (1759) Stephens's Latin Thesaurus became Gesner's Thesaurus, by the same process by which Robert Stephens had first occupied and then 'annexed' Calepinus. Finally, Gesner's book in its turn became, through a new transmigration and by the labours of Forcellini (Padua, 1771), that comprehensive dictionary which still holds its own against its more modern rivals, under the title of Facciolati's Lexicon. It may be observed that the stages of transition from publisher of Calepin to author of a new Thesaurus are marked by Robert himself. He calls the edition of 1543 in the title-page 'ed. 2<sup>a</sup>.' This led the accurate Hallam<sup>1</sup> to say, that the Thesaurus was 'first published in 1535.' Really, the edition of 1543 is only the full-grown form of the original Dictionarium of 1531. It is true that Robert had assistance in this huge labour of compilation, and it is characteristic of him that he is scrupulous in acknowledging how much he owes to this coadjutor, Thierry of Beauvais. Of himself he modestly says, 'Ingenuè fateor nihil hic inesse de meo, præter laborem et diligentiam.'

The Thesaurus would have been a good life's work for most men. In the total of Robert Stephens's labours it was but a single item. The whole number of publications, great and small, which have been traced to his press is 527. Many of these, certainly, are pamphlets, school-books, or occasional verses of a few lines. On the other hand, many are in massive folios, and more than one volume; many, besides the Thesaurus, works of immense labour, e.g. Greek texts, collated by himself. School-books largely occupied the presses of every printer, and were too profitable in their quick and certain sale to be neglected by the most ambitious publisher. As showing the learned

<sup>1</sup> Lit. of Europe, I. 306.

direction taken by education in France at that time, we may give the following numbers of classical grammars printed by Robert. These are: three editions of Priscian; fourteen of Donatus; ten of Colet, with Rabirius's additions; about twenty of Despautière's various introductions; thirteen of Pellisson; twelve of Melanchthon, and as many of Linacre. These are Grammars from one press only. Add all the other numerous elementary books, and those of all the printers of Paris and Lyons, and we may form some notion of what must have been the whole annual consumption of Latin and Greek in the schools. At what period, we may ask, did these classical schools disappear from the soil of France? And to what is it owing that a people, who seized upon Greek with so much avidity in the second century of its importation into the West, so entirely threw it up in the next age?

Besides his school editions—Horaces and Virgils innumerable; of Terence he gave fourteen editions—Robert Stephens brought out a few of the higher authors. These, though brilliant in execution, are not many in number, at least if compared with the fertility of the Aldine press. This marks the fact that the enthusiasm for the new learning had begun in France, but that a generation had not yet grown up capable of absorbing whole editions of Greek authors which were not used at school. Yet Robert gave eight first editions of Greek books. These are:—1. Ecclesiastical Histories of Eusebius and others; 2. Eusebius's Evangelic Preparation; 3. Moschopoulos; 4. Dionysius of Halicarnassus; 5. Justin Martyr; 6. Dion Cassius; 7. Appian<sup>1</sup>; 8. Alexander of Tralles. It was not till 1544, and therefore at an advanced period of his printer's career, that Robert turned his attention to Greek. Though a few unimportant Greek books had previously appeared from other French

<sup>1</sup> The Appian was completed by Charles Estienne, whose name appears on the title-page.

presses, the Paris Greek Press may be said to date its commencement from the Eusebius of 1544. What is extraordinary about this *début* is, that as a typographical achievement these volumes have never been surpassed by any Greek which has appeared in France since.

To understand the direction given to the press in France at this period, we must remember that two principal influences operated upon it simultaneously, but not in the same way. These two influences were the demand of the public, and the patronage of the Court. The patronage of the sovereign was exerted, and successfully exerted, to develop the material beauty and splendour of books. A magnificent Greek type was cast at the cost of the royal treasury. When a sumptuary law prohibited gilding in houses and furniture, bookbinding was, by a special clause, exempted from its operation. All that promoted that exterior *luxe* which the French *Librairie* has always courted, the expanse of margin, the thick-wove paper, and the brilliant type—that was the idea which the master of Rosso and Cellini formed of his patronate of letters. His often-quoted saying to Benvenuto Cellini, ‘Je t’étoufferai dans l’or,’ expresses the materialist direction of the taste of Francis I. And so in books: the magnificence of the Revival has left its mark behind it in the Greek editions which issued from the press of Robert Stephens, ‘printer to the King.’ On the other hand, the spirit of curiosity which had arisen among the public made far other demands upon the press. It wanted to learn. It desired books, not to place in a cabinet, but to read, in order to know. First and foremost, to know the truth in the matter of religion: next, to know the cause and remedies of the evils, moral and material, by which the people felt themselves crushed; how to struggle with nature—to wrest from her more comforts, more enjoyment. But the press as the medium of knowledge—as an arena for debating spiritual and social problems—was not the press which the

government of Francis I would encourage. This is the explanation of the apparent inconsistency in the public acts of that monarch, which has caused him to be represented in such different lights. While Francis I is invoked by some historians as the Father of Letters, the Maecenas of the Arts, by others his memory is branded as that of a bigot and persecutor, whose jealous despotism would not tolerate the least dissent, the most gentle criticism, of the acts of his ministers. The truth is, that Francis I was both these at once. He was the munificent patron of art and artists—a patron also of letters and learned men. This flattered that enormous appetite for personal glory which possessed Francis I, like a true Frenchman. He was also the author of a series of edicts, each rising above its predecessor in the comprehensiveness of its clauses and the rigour of its penalties, for restraining the freedom of the press—the *liberté d'imprimer*. Emulous of the credit which the Italian princes had acquired by their patronage of Art, Francis I imitated the splendours of Florence at Fontainebleau and in the Louvre. He would have his own printer, a *Typographus Regius*, and his own type, which should give editions that should eclipse anything that had been done in Italy. But the propagation of opinion, the formation of a body of knowledge, of an independent court of judgment which might call before it State and Church—this was subversive of all known principles of government. A strong ruler such as Francis I would annihilate the art of printing sooner than allow it to become a vehicle of opinion. Hence the senseless ferocity of the edict of 13th January, 1534, by which the Protector of Letters forbids any printer from printing anything whatever without the royal licence, under pain of death. True, the Parlement of Paris had the courage to refuse its sanction to this blind decree. But the consequence of its resistance was only that, as no law of the press existed, the Government and its agents were enabled to deal as they



liked with every unhappy publisher who incurred their displeasure.

Had Robert Stephens's inclination led him to enrich himself by school-books, or to ruin himself by magnificent classics, he might have pursued either path in peace. But though he prospered, lucre was never an object with him, as his contemporaries unanimously testify. His zeal for religious truth, as he believed it, was with him a motive paramount to every other. There can be no doubt that he had early imbibed in secret the new sentiments in the matter of religion. We are not to suppose that he was a concealed Lutheran. For a long time it was not clear that the new opinions were to lead to a schism. It was a sentiment diffused through society, a desire from within the Church of a reform of doctrine and discipline. Robert Stephens, while he neglected no precaution which prudence dictated, devoted all the resources of his art to further this movement. This he could best do by the reproduction of the Scriptures in every variety of form. His steady persistency in this path of self-sacrifice could not be overcome by twenty-five years of persecution, and he finally relinquished a thriving establishment and left his home to begin the world again on a foreign soil, and in declining years, sooner than forfeit the liberty of his press in this respect.

The feeling with which the Catholic clergy view the circulation of the Scriptures among the uneducated in their mother-tongue at the present day is sufficiently understood by Protestants. We have, therefore, no difficulty in conceiving the vehement opposition with which the practice was denounced by the Church in the sixteenth century. Had Robert Stephens printed cheap *French* Bibles, his persecution by the clergy would have required no explanation. But as he confined himself to the Hebrew and Greek originals, and to Latin versions, it is natural to ask, Why was it that he became so obnoxious to the theologians



that they should have striven with all their might for many years to crush him ?

From the space which Theology occupied in the attention of the educated world, it might have been thought that the Fathers, and especially the New Testament, would have been among the first and most frequently repeated products of the new art. We find that this was not the case. The Hebrew original of the Old Testament was brought out in type both earlier and oftener than the Greek of the New. But this was not for the service of Catholic, or even of Christian, readers. It was for the account of the Jews—a numerous, wealthy, and educated body in all parts of Europe, who constituted by themselves a body of readers and purchasers. Similarly the clergy and the religious houses created a demand for the Latin Vulgate, copies of which were accordingly multiplied by the press without stint. But the Humanists and the party of progress, who were the patrons of Greek books, showed, at first, no interest in the Greek Testament. They sought out most diligently poets, orators, historians, and even philosophers, but made no inquiry after MSS. of the Greek Testament. The whole Greek Bible, not the LXX Version of the Old Testament only, but the original text of the New Testament, was regarded as the Bible of the schismatical Eastern Church. The Bible of the Jews was in Hebrew, of the Greeks in Greek ; the Latin Bible was the Scripture of the orthodox Catholic Church. The Vulgate, having for its author St. Jerome, and for its sanction the usage of the Catholic Church, was clothed with a majesty and authority which could not be transferred to the Greek Text, till now unheard of in the West. The difference, however, between an original and a translation, was an idea which, when once presented to the world, required only time to establish itself. At first the Greek took its place by the side of the Latin. In the Complutensian Polyglot the Vulgate is placed between the Hebrew on one side, and the LXX Version

on the other. This the orthodox editors, apologising for its introduction at all, compare to the crucifixion of Christ between two thieves. At length Erasmus, in whom the Humanist and Reformer were pretty equally mixed, perceived what a powerful weapon the Greek original might be made. Erasmus's Greek Testament, the 'editio princeps,' appeared in 1516, and before his death, in 1536, it had gone through seven editions. The only other edition of the Greek Testament at that date was that contained in the 'Polyglot' printed at Alcala in Spain. As this was only one tome of a voluminous Bible, and as the whole impression was limited to six hundred copies, this edition could never be anything more than a curiosity in the libraries of rich religious houses. The Complutensian Polyglot had been the scheme of a Spanish prelate. Erasmus had got the sanction of a Pope for his work. But the prelate was Ximenes, a man of genius, and the Pope was Leo X. Twenty years made a great difference. The Catholic reaction began to set in, not only against Luther, but against learning. The party of orthodoxy took their stand upon the Vulgate translation. The Catholic world refused to open its ears to the truth that a translation is a translation, and must needs be controlled by the original. They were jealous of new translations, jealous of corrections of the text of the Vulgate, jealous of the production of the Greek original. Where they had the power, as in Italy, they prevented by force these things being done. Where, as in France, they had not yet the power, they endeavoured by outcry and intrigue to enlist power on their side.

We cannot detail all the persecution of the Bible of 1545, or narrate that second crusade which was raised against the Greek Testament of 1549, or those which each successive edition called forth ;—all of them fragments of the larger history of Learning in France, during the period of its fatal struggle with the University of Paris, the stronghold of scholasticism, and of the old method of education.

To the private fortunes of Robert Stephens the persecution proved disastrous. The issue of all his suits was favourable to him; they always ended in his obtaining licence to sell his Bibles and Testaments. But the long-protracted delays destroyed his profits on them, and the costs of attendance at Court must have eaten up what other more harmless publications brought in. An indemnity of 1500 crowns, which was awarded him, Robert refused to accept; and, indeed, the Crown had not power to enforce payment by the University. He essayed one more effort, the supreme and matchless effort of his art. This was the folio Greek Testament of 1550, in point of beauty of execution still the most perfect edition which the press has ever issued. It appeared in a different light to the Sorbonne. The book had neither notes nor summaries, and, beyond the bare text, nothing but the usual patristic introduction to each book, parallel passages, and for the first time the various readings of fifteen MSS. in the margin. This was the signal for renewed persecution. He now made up his mind to provide for the safety of his fortune, and it may be his life, by removal.

By the beginning of 1551 he was at Geneva, and had a press at work. It was a retirement, not a flight. Yet retirement had to be compassed with secrecy and caution. He had begun, some time before, by sending off his eight children—not to Geneva, but to various places—under pretext of placing them at school, or in business. The more transportable part of his machinery and stock was quietly removed to Geneva; and he took his own departure from Paris, as if to attend the Lyons fair. He was no sooner settled at Geneva, than he made open profession of the reformed religion. The property remaining in Paris was immediately placed, as he must have foreseen, in sequestration, in conformity with the edict of Châteaubriand. The same interest at Court, which had hitherto protected Robert, was now successfully exerted in favour

of his children. His brother Charles, a physician, obtained the removal of the sequestration in favour of his nephews, who, by a merciful fiction, were represented as minors, and therefore as having committed the double offence of emigration and apostacy under constraint, 'par pure innocence, obéissance, et crainte filiale.' The deed of discharge represents the eldest, Henri, as only twenty, whereas he was in fact twenty-four; and Robert, the second son, as only eighteen, though he was really twenty-one. As young Robert very shortly forsook his father and the reformed faith, returning to Paris and to the Catholic Church, this gave a plausible colour to these representations. From this time forward there were two Stephanian presses, one in Paris in the old house in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais, the other at Geneva. There was no hostility, not even rivalry between them. There is evidence of the friendly association of the two establishments as early as 1554.

Robert Estienne had withdrawn from Paris with the view of being more free in the exercise of his art. 'If I must print nothing but under censure of the Sorbonne,' he says, 'I must have abandoned letters, and confined myself to the Summa of Mandreston, the Logic of Enzinas, the Morals of Angest, the Physics of Major.' But once in Geneva he found it necessary to abandon letters for other reasons. Greek was not heretical, but it was not encouraged. It was necessary here to consult the immediate public, and the call of the public was for theological books. Accordingly, Calvin's Catechism and Institutes were among his earliest issues. The reformed congregations did not want learned books, and, as they were miserably poor, they did not want handsome books. He aired his famous Greek types in the Greek Testament of 1551, but though the types are the same, the paper and ink betray their Swiss origin, and the volume is evidently adapted to a cheaper market. This edition, however, notwithstanding

its interior appearance, deserves notice as being the first in which the division of verses now in universal use was introduced.

Of the two-fold division of our Bibles, that into chapters had a different origin and a different object from that into verses. The former arose in the liturgical use of the Scriptures in the Synagogue and in the Church, and long preceded the invention of printing. The latter—that into verses—was an arrangement for convenience of reference, and its application to the New Testament was posterior to printed Bibles. In early-printed classical books, the folio page is not unfrequently marked down the margin by the first letters of the alphabet, at equal intervals. Even yet, references to Plato are usually made in this form ; e.g. De Rep. 610. d., the figures indicating the pages of Henry Stephens's edition of 1578. The same system was applied to the Latin Bible for the first time in an edition of 1479. It is attributed—on doubtful authority—to Meinhard, a German monk. In 1491, Froben, the Basle printer, extended it to both Testaments. The wide circulation of Froben's books gave it general currency, and for half a century all Bibles followed his model, not only in the Vulgate, but also in translations. The necessity of a smaller subdivision, for exactitude of citation, was more and more felt. The transition, a very simple one, from long to shortened sections, numbered in figures instead of noted by letters, was first made by Robert Stephens in his Greek Testament of 1551, and extended to the Old Testament in his Latin Bible of 1556–7. From that time forward all the Protestant printers adopted his division, and since the recension of the Vulgate under Clement VIII, in 1592, the numbered verses of Stephens have established themselves in the Roman Bibles. We have the fact, on the authority of his son, that this operation was the occupation of a tedious journey on horseback from Paris to Lyons. It is not stated what journey. But from the first appearance of

the verses being in 1551, we may with great probability conjecture that it was during that last journey when Robert was quitting France for ever. The term 'verse,' which has passed into almost every modern language, was not introduced by Robert, who preferred to call them 'sectiunculae,' small sections, being the Latin equivalent of the Greek *τμήματα*.

The Testament of 1550 is an object of our interest on another account, besides its typographical *luxe*. For this reason we may revert to it for a moment. We have already seen at how late a period of the classical revival it was that the Greek Testament first received the attention of scholars. The task of forming a correct text was scarcely entered upon before it was relinquished. Erasmus's text (1516) was the first. That of Robert Stephens's fourth edition (1550) remained with a few unimportant variations the sole and exclusive text in possession of all the printing-presses of Europe down to 1831. The causes of this singular exemption, which has deprived the text of the Sacred Canon of those advantages which every other classical writing has been free to enjoy, must be sought in the inner history of theological opinion in modern Europe. The Elzevir Testament of 1633 already styled Stephens's text, 'the received text'; 'textum habes nunc ab omnibus receptum.' This technical term of criticism—'textus receptus'—is now applied to a text which really fluctuates between the Elzevirian text of 1633 and the Stephanic text of 1550. But as the variations are neither many nor important, it is substantially true that our Greek Testament is what Robert Stephens made it. And as the authorised English Version was made from the same text, the New Testament, as we in England read it, alike in our churches as in our chapels, is what the edition of 1550 left it.

Had Robert Stephens formed his text according to the best principles of criticism of his age, his work must still have been to do over again now. But he was very far

from achieving even this. His proceeding was simply to reprint Erasmus's fifth edition (1535), introducing into the text such readings of the Complutensian editors as he thought good for the context. The remaining most important varieties of the Spanish Bible, and of fifteen MSS. which were collated by his son Henri, he placed in the margin. Destitute as Stephens necessarily was of any true standard of critical value, to follow Erasmus was perhaps the best course he could have adopted. The collations he has given have no value for us, partly as we cannot identify all the MSS. he used, partly as those which we can identify are not cited so that we can rely upon them. Neither had they any value for his own age and country. From a critical point of view it is impossible to deny Mr. Tregelles's assertion that they seem rather an ornamental appendage to the page, than to be there for any purpose. Nor need we wonder that Stephens in the sixteenth century did not know how to use his collations, when we see the misconceptions which are circulated in our own time as to the nature of various readings. Mr. Bagster, e. g. advertises a New Testament 'with copious various readings from the principal authorities!' and it has been thought worth while at Cambridge, though not by the University, to reproduce the Stephanian text of 1550, which has gone through two editions. But though Stephens's garnished margin may be to the critic a vain display of printer's erudition, it was not without its influence on the progress of Biblical knowledge. There stood the collations, a silent memorial to the scholar or the theologian, as he turned over the pages of his Testament, that the text of the sacred volume was still to make, and thus they may have been the seed from which Mill's great enterprise sprang. They were themselves no step in the right direction, but they intimated the direction in which a step had to be made. If a pedantic affectation of erudition had inspired Robert Stephens to adorn his page with



cabalistic signs, he paid for a piece of ostentation the heavy penalty of exile. He died at Geneva in 1559, adding another to the long list of illustrious and useful citizens whom France, ungrateful as Athens, fanatical as Jerusalem, has offered as victims to Catholic bigotry.

The life of the printer, a life practical, industrious, real, if ever life was, has however collected its legend in passing down the current of biography. Nay, as in the case of other saints, the legend is more widely known than the facts. Such is the fiction, that he hung out his proofs at his street-door, offering a reward to any passer-by who could detect an error of the press. This apocryphal anecdote has even found its way into history. It may be found in other Histories of France besides that of Michelet<sup>1</sup>, who is but too careless as to his authorities. Such, again, is that honorific legend, belonging to the same class as Titian's brush, which represents Francis I as coming to pay Robert Stephens a visit in his printing-office, and being told to wait till the printer had finished a sheet he was busy correcting. This latter anecdote cannot be traced higher than Daniel Heinsius, more than fifty years after Robert's death. Incorporated in all the Lives, it is now consecrated by art, forming the subject of one of the vignettes which illustrate Didot's edition of Stephens's *Thesaurus*.

No topic has been the object of more industrious research than the Annals of Typography. English and German, French and Dutch, antiquaries have vied with each other in their devotion to clear up the obscurity which hangs over the cradle and youth of the Art of Printing. A mere catalogue of the books which have been written on the subject forms a volume of itself. But a history of *Greek* typography is still a desideratum. Of such a memoir, the history of Francis I's types would form the most

<sup>1</sup> VII. 208.



considerable chapter. The general reader may, perhaps, be satisfied with the following very brief outline of the subject.

The earliest printed books differ in nothing from the MSS. of the same date, except in the fact that in the latter the letters are formed with a pen; in the former they are impressed from a stamp. The outline of the letter employed by the first generation of printers is therefore a facsimile of those employed by the contemporary generation of scribes. Just so, the earliest wood-engraving closely copies the style of illumination which was then fashionable. The printer took up and continued the business of the transcriber. The press in each country—Holland or Germany—reproduced exactly the script-hand of each country, Holland or Germany. A striking instance is afforded by the earliest Italian press. The Lactantius of 1465, the first (or second) book printed in Italy, was printed by two of Fust's German workmen. Accordingly its types, though distinctly not German, exhibit more or less the German or Gothic forms. Within a very few years, however, the correct and classic eye of the Italian discarded the barbarous flourishes of the Gothic letter. As early as 1470 Jenson engraved at Venice a letter which, with trifling modifications, is that to this day in general use by the printing-presses of Western Europe, and known as Roman. It has been said, and often repeated, that this Roman letter was an eclectic letter, invented by the Venetian designers, after a comparison of many alphabets. We are satisfied that this is an error. The Roman type of Jenson was simply an engraved copy of the Italian script-hand of the period. It was not in the power of the early printer to introduce a new letter. The printer was a competitor in the market with the transcriber. He was under a necessity of producing the same article as the rival whom he was seeking to undersell. The commission he gave his engraver was therefore to furnish him with a type closely

conformed to the hand in established use by the copyist. Otherwise the public could not have read his books with sufficient ease. The Italian transcriber of the fifteenth century has thus had the unexpected honour of fixing the letter-forms of France, Spain, Holland, England, and through them of a large part of the world.

Turning from the Roman to the Greek letter, we find the same law in operation under the different conditions of a different language. Greek came to the West as a foreign tongue, written in a foreign character. That character was not, for it could not be, modified by the local forms of the country which received it. The emigrant Greeks brought with them to Florence or Milan the hand of their own country. In transcribing a classic for an Italian patron in Italy they used the same character they had been employing in Constantinople or Crete. Of Greek scribes there were two kinds, the tachygraph (*ταχυγράφος*), and the calligraph (*καλλιγράφος*). The English reader, who may look for these two words in his Liddell and Scott, will find that the distinction is not clearly recognized. The *ταχυγράφοι* (like the Latin 'Notarii') were the ordinary scribes, whether they wrote slow or fast. The transcriber of books, whether he wrote well or ill, was called *καλλιγράφος*, and is familiar to us in the West as the 'scriptor librarius' of Horace (*Ars Poet.* 354). We should have hardly thought the meaning of these terms worth illustration, but that we observe that a recent and able English editor of Plato has fallen into error about them<sup>1</sup>. The transcribers formed a distinct and numerous profession. The Greek literati who escaped from the falling East found no better means of procuring a livelihood in the West than by taking to the business of transcriber, a trade which some of them had already followed at home. Besides the fugitives, other Greeks were attracted to Italy by the better market which the rising taste for Greek classics opened to them

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Theaetetus*, Oxford edition, 1861, preface, p. vii.

in the West. Our manuscript collections are still filled with the products of Greek penmanship of the fifteenth century.

The press did not attempt to compete with the *Greek* penman till 1488, the year which brought forth the Florentine Homer. As the engravers had turned out a small quantity of Greek type as early as 1465—the citations in the Subiaco Lactantius—the delay may be probably attributed to the difficulty of producing a Greek letter which should satisfy the eye of connoisseurs trained to the graceful variety which rival calligraphs knew how to impart to their letter. And this is undoubtedly the explanation of another fact, viz. that the trade of the copyist of Greek MSS., instead of sinking at once before the printer, held its ground for nearly a century. Some of the most elegant Greek books we possess in MS. were executed as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. The truth was that the engraver could not compete with the Eastern calligraph in that beauty of form which the amateur of Greek books had been taught to exact. The wide public demand for Latin books made cheapness of production the first condition. Here, consequently, the printer distanced the copyist. The Greek market was a much more restricted one. In it the public were supplied with *cheap* Greek books by the Aldine and other presses. But for copies *de luxe*, such as kings and collectors loved,—‘chartae regiae, novi libri,’—copyist and miniator still continued in request. Aldus never learned—indeed he did not attempt—competition here. Uniformity, regularity, evenness of line, were from the first the aim of the printer. Variation of curve, diversified combination of letters, infinite flexibility within a constant type, so as to please without puzzling the eye, remained to the last the arts of the calligraph.

Angelo Vergecio was the last of the professional calligraphs. The Press, which was yearly perfecting itself as a mechanical art, made, under the superintendence of

Robert Estienne, an attempt to reproduce the graces of the pen. Vergecio designed, and Garamond, the first French engraver of the day, executed, the sets in various sizes known ever afterwards as the 'Royal Greeks.' With these types were produced the Greek books of Robert I, of his son Henri II, and of other of the Estienne, beginning with the Eusebius of 1544. They were liberally communicated to other publishers, and were used not only at Paris by Morel and Turnebus, but also at Heidelberg and Basle. Even those printers who did not obtain founts directly from these famous moulds, gradually conformed the design of their letters to their model. It requires a very experienced eye to pronounce if a book has been printed with these types, or with a new type designed from them. Thus Vergecio and Robert Stephens had the honour of fixing the forms which the Greek Press all over Europe followed for more than two centuries. It is only within the last hundred years that, as beauty has gradually given place to mechanical perfection, a new type has been introduced into our Greek presses, which is as remote from the Hellenic form of letter as our barbarous enunciation is from the true sound of the language.

Robert Estienne left his Genevan establishment to his eldest son Henri. Henri II (Henricus Stephanus Secundus) was the eldest of nine children whom Robert had by his first wife Perrette Bade. At the time of his father's expatriation he was twenty-two. For, though the point is not quite free from doubt, we incline with MM. Renouard and Haag<sup>1</sup> to date Henri's birth in 1528, rather than in 1532, for which M. Magnin, who is followed by M. Feugère, contends. Henri had begun his education by finding Latin his mother-tongue. His school-days had fallen in the first intoxication of the Humanistic studies in France, when all the world seemed engaged in learning or in teaching Greek.

<sup>1</sup> *La France Protestante*, tome V, p. 15.

While quite a child he had acted the Medea of Euripides in the original. The rhythm seized upon his imagination, and he was caught more than once declaiming his part in his sleep. He thus exemplified the system he afterwards<sup>1</sup> strongly urged, viz. that in learning a dead language practice should precede grammar. La Gaucherie is said to have followed this method with his pupil Henry IV of France. At eleven our Henri began to attend the lessons of the Professors Royal and others at the Collège de France,—Danès, Toussain, Turnebus,—Greek scholars of a stamp such as have never taught in Paris from that time to this. Danès, the pupil of Budaeus and the master of Dorat, pleased with the zeal and progress of the young Henri, even gave him private assistance. This was a special privilege, and Henri Estienne was proud in after years to boast that he had enjoyed it. Great men repeatedly solicited the same favour for their children; but Danès (Danaeus) said that the son of so intimate and dear a friend as Robert Estienne was an exception to his rule, and should be the only one. At seventeen he was initiated into the work of his life, having assisted in correcting the Dionysius of Halicarnassus which Robert brought out in 1547, an ED. PRINCEPS, and a splendid volume. From that moment he devoted himself as a labour of love, not of profit, to the reproduction of the works of the ancients,—a task to which he remained constant to the last, a period of fifty years.

Dionysius finished, Henri immediately (spring of 1547) left home on a lengthened tour. He was absent more than two years, but his journey had business, not pleasure, for its object. Ancient learning was but a foreign importation, not yet naturalised in France, and Italy had not yet ceased to be its home. Greek books, Greek presses, Greek scholars,—he who wanted to see these could see them still in perfection only in Italy. The Church, it is true, was already awakened from her torpor and was fast on the way

<sup>1</sup> *Dialogus de Graecae Linguae Studiis*, 1587.

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]

to crush learning, but the process was not accomplished yet. Henri made the scholar's pilgrimage—Genoa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Padua. His father's fame and connection opened to him the friendship and literary aid of all the Italian humanists,—Sigonius, Victorius, Castelvetro, Annibal Caro. At Venice he spent several months. He seems to have been regularly employed in the office of Paulus Manutius. In 1549 he returned to Paris with the MSS. and collations which he had amassed in every library. He assisted at the birth of the small Greek Testament of 1549, and left home for another tour. This time he turned his steps to the north, and visited Flanders, Brabant, and England. In England it was known from Poggio's report in 1418 that no inedited new Classics were to be hoped for. But there were to be found there not a few men enthusiastic for the new learning, and especially ardent in the pursuit of that which represented it—Greek. Cambridge was the home of these men, and Cheke, now become this very year, 1549, Provost of King's, the centre round which they moved. We have no record of Henri's having visited Cambridge, and only know that he was presented to the King, Edward VI. He returned by Flanders and Brabant. Greek was read both at Louvain and Cologne; but Ascham, who heard lectures at both these places in 1550, reports to Cheke that they were not equal to those of Car, the Regius Professor at Cambridge. Henri got, however, books at Louvain,—a Greek Anthology and Anacreon, both till then unknown. He spent some months in the country, long enough to acquire Spanish, and returned home to find his father on the point of taking his final leave of Paris.

Having settled his father in Geneva, Henri set out on a second journey to Italy, searched more libraries, and collected more MSS. His principal find, this time, was ten new books of Diodorus. It was on this journey that he rendered an especial service to the French ambassador

at Venice. In the performance of his commission, whatever it was—it appears to have been of a delicate and dangerous nature—he had nearly got into trouble at Naples, but extricated himself by the readiness with which he spoke the Neapolitan *patois*. In 1555 we find him back at Geneva and marrying.

In 1559 Robert Estienne died. By his will his Genevan establishment passed to his son Henri. Two conditions were annexed to the bequest. The presses were not to be removed from Geneva; Henri was not to relapse to Catholicism. In either of these cases the property was to be forfeited to some charitable institution. The establishment at Paris, which Robert had lost under the edict of Châteaubriand, had already passed to the younger sons, Robert and Charles, who had returned to the Catholic Church.

Henri was thus fixed, whether he wished it or not, at Geneva. For operations on the scale which he contemplated in imagination Geneva was, in some respects, not unfavourably circumstanced. It was the capital of Protestantism, so that the words ‘*Coloniae Allobrogum*’ on a title-page were in themselves a recommendation of a book to the whole Calvinistic world from Aberdeen to Montpellier. Supported by the sympathies of a religious party, it enjoyed at the same time the benefit of political neutrality. The Estienne were able to obtain for their books copyright protection on the one side from the King of France for France; on the other from the Emperor for the Empire. On the other hand, the disadvantages of the locality for a learned press were not a few. It was too distant from its market. For France, the long land-carriage gave the publishers of Lyons and Paris a considerable advantage in competition with Geneva. But the French demand for learned books was now diminishing every year, as the violence of the Catholic reaction more and more developed itself in that country. The German



demand, on the contrary, was on the rise, with a vast future before it. But on this side Basle and Heidelberg outflanked him with greater capital, and a phalanx of scholars in their correcting-rooms against Estienne's single arm. Once we hear of the whole consignment to the Frankfort Fair—then the bookseller's emporium, as Leipzig now—being swamped on its way near Soleure. To its natural remoteness, which it could not help, the little republic added gratuitous impediment to a printer's trade by its censorship. But this is a point on which a word of explanation is necessary.

It is constantly repeated by the biographers that the Estienne, in flying from Paris to Geneva, only exchanged one set of persecutors for another—the Sorbonne for the Consistory. The truth of this assertion is seeming, rather than real. In Paris the danger arose from the savage edict of Châteaubriand, denouncing confiscation and death to any printer of heretical writings. The flight was a flight for life, purchased by the sacrifice of half Robert's hardly-earned fortune. In Geneva the Consistory was meddlesome and inquisitorial, but not bloodthirsty. The principle of surveillance over the Press adopted by the authorities at Geneva was common to all Governments at the time; their humane and lenient enforcement of it peculiar to themselves. Henri was repeatedly being cited before the Council, reprimanded, ordered to print cancels, excommunicated. Once he was sentenced to a fine; but the fine was only twenty-five crowns, which on his petition were reduced to ten, and three weeks allowed for payment. The interference was vexatious, but not ruinous. Further, it does not appear that in any one instance the censures on Henri had mere theological orthodoxy for their object. He is generally cited for non-compliance with the regulation prohibiting a printer from printing anything which has not first been submitted to the Consistory, and received their *imprimatur*. This was a police regulation, not



peculiar to Geneva. The reformed Synods had borrowed it from the Catholics, only substituting the Consistory for the Faculty, the Chancellerie, the Parliament, or some civil authority. If Henri Estienne disregarded this regulation, it was in a spirit of bravado and contempt for the lenity or the weakness of the little State,—a contempt which he was at no pains to disguise when brought up for hearing. On one of these occasions (in 1580) the Register has recorded the insolence with which the great printer, who could boast the patronage and protection of Henri III, braved the petty officials who dared to hamper the operations of a press on which the eyes of Europe were fixed. He showed himself, says the record, ‘du tout enflé et présomptueux,’ telling the pastors that it was plain that to please them a man must be a bit of a hypocrite. No magistracy could pass such an insult unnoticed, and the offender was committed for contempt. But the mediation of the French ambassador was graciously accepted, and Estienne was enlarged after a short confinement. On two other occasions on which Henri was subject to the indignity of a summons before the Consistory, the offence was one against public morals. The *Traité préparatif à l’Apologie pour Herodote*, a rambling farrago, poured out by him in 1566 during the printing of his *Herodotus*, was the first of these. This book is probably the best specimen we have of the loose table-talk of the day, collected by a man who spent much of his time upon the road. It was the most popular of all Henri’s books, passing through thirteen editions in his lifetime. Much of the seasoning of its anecdote was of that gross cast which might have passed unchallenged in Paris, but which was particularly odious to the discipline established at Geneva. Henri knew perfectly well that this was so. In issuing the book he was defying authority on the very point on which it was most susceptible. He brought disgrace on the city, it was said; he was known everywhere as the

Pantagruel of Geneva. Calvin's abhorrence of Rabelais is well known.

Persecution, then, Estienne had not to suffer at the hands of his adopted country. If he had to endure much vexatious interference, it was the ordinary treatment of commerce by power, and greatly aggravated by his own lawless and contumacious demeanour. In our own country's history we are sufficiently familiar with the meddling and inquisitorial spirit of a Calvinistic presbytery, when it undertakes to regulate morals. We have, therefore, no difficulty in understanding how irritating these perpetual checks were to an ill-regulated temper like that of Henri Estienne; how he chafed against the clause in his father's will which chained his press to Geneva; how readily he seized any excuse for escaping to Paris. In this way it was that he contracted in the latter part of his life those habits of roaming about Europe, purposeless and reckless, of which his family and friends made such heavy complaints. We have in Henri Estienne two characters to combine into one picture; characters which have appeared utterly irreconcilable to the biographers who have not noticed that they belong to two separate parts of his life. We have Henry Stephens, the compiler of the Greek Thesaurus, the corrector and editor of seventy-four Greek editions, fifty-eight Latin, three Hebrew, and writer of some thirty original pieces (Latin translations not included); and we have another Henry Stephens, as he appears in Casaubon's letters, never at home, wandering about Europe, no one knew whither, leaving his books locked up, his presses deserted, and his business ruined.

The man who achieved so vast an amount of work could not have been always the vagrant which he is ordinarily represented. We would draw the line between the two contrasted portions of his life about the year 1578, when he first took himself off to Paris upon a squabble with the Council. In the thirty years of his career which

preceded this fatal break his journeys were frequent, but they were journeys of business. Even his two first tours to Italy and England were a portion of his apprenticeship, and had his profession for their object. His journey to Vienna, in 1574, the only other distant journey undertaken during this first period, was entirely a journey of business, and very unwelcome to him. It is not till after 1578 that his absences become prolonged, irregular, and mischievous to the interests of his press. It is to the last twenty years of his life that the regrets or reproaches of his friends are alone applicable. But by 1579 he had already done thirty years of labour, labour which might well have filled the lives of three ordinary workers. A mere enumeration of the publications which issued from his press conveys no measure of the amount of this work. He was not a publisher in our sense, but himself supplied the greater part of the material for his own press. If he printed a Greek author, he corrected the text himself; edited it himself; revised when he did not make the Latin version, and often added notes and appendices. His series of editions was accompanied by a by-play of brochures, grammatical or critical, written in the intervals of press-labour. The year 1566 is pointed to by M. Renouard as the most prolific in Henri's career. M. Renouard, himself a practical printer, knew what a compositor's room could do. In the two years, 1566-7 taken together, Estienne put out,—1. A Greek Anthology, in seven books; 550 small folio pages of Greek type. 2. A Corpus of sixteen Greek poets who wrote in heroic hexameters; 1300 pages of Greek, in large folio. 3. A second edition of his Pindar, with revised Latin translation, 570 pages of small 16mo. 4. Herodotus, with Valla's translation, revised by H.S.; 750 folio pages. 5. A new edition of the Greek Testament, with the Vulgate, and Beza's version in parallel columns. 6. The medical writers, Hippocrates and Galen excepted, in Latin versions; 3500 folio pages. 7. The works of the Greek Sophists;

88 4to. pages. 8. Eight selected tragedies of Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides. 9. A Sophocles, though it does not appear in M. Renouard's list, and we have never seen it<sup>1</sup>. In all these he not only corrected the press, but corrected the text: the reader will please to observe the distinction between these two functions. His textual labours may not have a high critical value; but the attention demanded by this revision of some 4000 pages of Greek text is a drain upon the energies to which few men are equal. Yet during this very time he was writing his *Apology for Herodotus*, a volume of 600 closely printed pages; not, indeed, a laboured production, but certainly original, and full of matter. Little wonder that such intemperate excesses of work should leave him from time to time in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. These fits of melancholy, which he called his 'complaint,' and of which he has left a particular description, were in fact nothing but the depression consequent upon over-strain of mind, a disease familiar to our times of over-refinement, though deemed strange then. Estienne complains that he could find no account of such a malady in the books of medicine. The nervous organization from which he exacted so much must have been naturally delicate; for he was subject besides to neuralgia in one side of the head: 'hemicranium' was the term for it then, from which is derived the French 'migraine'; English 'megrimms.' Body and mind seemed on these occasions paralyzed. He could think of nothing; least of all of his ordinary occupations; could not bear to enter his library, or to see the backs of his books. The crisis generally came in about a fortnight. He often brought himself back to his habits through the medium of some light employment, such as designing a Greek alphabet for initial capitals.

Such prodigious efforts of feverish activity, checked by

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix to *Anth. Graec.* The Stephanus Sophocles has the date 1568 on the title-page.

pauses of entire prostration, drew on by the remedial instincts of nature a craving for change of place and scene. His restless spirit fretted against the walls of its narrow prison. Goaded into petulance by the indiscreet surveillance of pious ministers, who cared nothing for Greek books, he found solace or forgetfulness in constant motion. Travelling, undertaken at first from curiosity and the love of books, grew into a habit, and at last into a necessity of life. The mere locomotion suited and soothed the cerebral irritability. The author of *Marmion* has told us of the exciting gallops which accompanied the composition of that poem. And Montaigne has recorded that he wrote best when walking about, and that his ideas seemed to stagnate when he sat down. Estienne grew into spending more and more of his time on horseback, exchanging it for the tow-barge in his frequent visits to Frankfort. These long days on the road or the river he beguiled by versification,—‘stephanizing’ Melissus called it. To this habit we owe the quantity of Latin verse—hexameter, elegiac, hendecasyllabic, the metre various, but the matter always vapid and pointless—which is scattered everywhere over his own and his friends’ books. Of one Greek epigram he had made 300 different Latin versions ; and his friend Paul Biene (Melissus)<sup>1</sup>, whose own verses fill a volume of 900 pages, wrote him a complimentary poem on the feat. He draws a picture of himself perched up on his travelling-saddle, tablets and pencil in one hand, and bridle in the other ; the bridle dropt altogether from time to time while he jots down what ‘his Muse just dictated to him.’ Having taste in horse-flesh, he preferred his own animal to post-hacks, even where these were to be had, which was not everywhere before Sully’s reform of the posting system. The conflicting claims of his ‘Muse’ and a fiery Turk which he had bought at the Frankfort fair had once liked to have proved fatal to him. The horse ran away with

<sup>1</sup> *Schede* is usually said to be his real name.

him ; a turnpike-bar which he encountered in full career was smashed, but horse and rider miraculously escaped unhurt. Perhaps we have to thank the road for a good deal more than we often think of the ocean of mediocre Latin verse which the sixteenth century bequeathed to us. At least we know that others besides Henri Estienne had recourse to the same diversion ; e. g. Lewis Bryskitt, who accompanied Sir Philip Sidney into Italy, tells us of him, that

Through pleasant woods and many an unknown way  
He with him went ; and with him he did scale  
The craggy rocks of th' Alps and Apennine,  
Still with the Muses sporting.

We observe, by the way, that complaints of the badness of the inns, which make so large an item in the modern tourist's notebook, are no part of Henri Estienne's grievances. We recollect only one, a complaint of German cookery, for always overdoing the meat ; and of German stoves for overheating the bed-rooms. Mr. Mayhew may lecture in vain. The faults are at least 300 years old.

After thirty years of such labour, who could have blamed him had he concluded that it was time for him to begin to live ? But he did not renounce work. These later years, though they did not produce any of the grander efforts of his earlier time, such as the *Thesaurus* or the *Plato*, yielded a considerable crop of aftermath, reimpressions of his earlier editions, but revised, retouched, and augmented. These later additions are not always improvements, some cases excepted, where Casaubon's hand is plainly visible. And it may be that the general execution of his later books for beauty and correctness is below that of the earlier. If it be so, the falling off is to be accounted for by poverty ; and the poverty was not the result of gadding about and neglect of business.

The truth is that Henri Estienne had ruined himself *before* his fits of absence began. And he had ruined himself, not by neglecting his business, but, on the con-

trary, by over-publishing. Robert had died in good, if not affluent circumstances; and Henri had inherited the bulk of his father's fortune, as well as the business which had created it. But already, in 1570, we find him reduced to indigence. An entry in the register of Geneva has been lately disinterred by M. Gaultier<sup>1</sup> from which we learn how reduced the great printer had become at that date. He was cited before the Council on an accusation of 'hardheartedness' towards his brother Robert, who had recently died, also in want. Henri's defence is thus recorded. He said—that he had been no less sick than his brother. That, this notwithstanding, he had aided him to the extent of his power; that he had sent him capons, young chicken, and other delicacies. That something had indeed been said about his making an advance to his brother; but that that was out of his power, as he himself was then getting on upon discounted bills, and had not even victuals but what he bought from one meal to another.

This was before the *Thesaurus*. Its publication (1572) and that of *Plato* (1578) gave the finishing stroke to his fortunes. He never recovered these efforts. In 1581 we find him unable to pay a fine of ten crowns without being allowed a respite of three weeks in which to raise it. The dowry of his daughter Florence, married in 1580 to Casaubon, was unpaid at the time of the father's death, in 1598. And the residuary estate left after payment of debts was so insignificant, that Casaubon grudged a journey from Montpellier to Geneva for the purpose of realising it.

In this embarrassment of his affairs we find a principal and substantial cause of Henri's long absences. The journeys were not the cause of the embarrassment. After about 1578 it may be true that a very little vexation from the authorities was enough to close his establishment, and to send him off on his travels. But it was not only that by absenting himself he fled from inquisitions into his 'hardheartedness,' or from the oppressive presence of warehouses glutted with unsaleable quires; his visits to Court, whether

<sup>1</sup> *Études sur la Typographie Gènevoise*, p. 66.

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]



of King, Emperor, or Duke, had a practical and legitimate object. Patronage was, in fact, the only resource of a publisher of high-class books.

The conditions of the book-trade in the sixteenth century were in this respect identical with those which now exist. It was quite possible then as now for a publisher or printer—for the trades were not distinct—to make a competency by his business. Witness the Chouets, who in this disastrous period, and in the same city, Geneva, grew rich by bookselling; but it was by carefully eschewing classics, Greek books especially—by abhorring white paper, brilliant type, and *luxe* of any description. To use thin yellow paper of Swiss manufacture, worn-out type, smudgy ink, to dispense with correction of the text as a superfluity—but, above all, to confine themselves to issuing popular books in large impressions; such was the way to make publishing pay.

Neither Henri's ambition nor his genius was mercantile. His passion was to edit classics. The experience of the printing-press, only a century and a quarter old, warned him in vain that such an ambition led to commercial failure. Sweynheim and Pannartz had ruined themselves by Greek. The Manutii had been only saved from bankruptcy by the intervention of Paul IV. The market for learned books was limited in point of numbers, and still more limited in respect of means. The scholars were few, and they were poor. Public libraries did not exist. A book, no matter what its size, must be sold for a small sum, if it was to be sold at all; its price could not be calculated upon its cost of production: hence the publisher lost most on the heaviest work in the largest number of volumes. Plantin, of Antwerp, was almost brought to ruin by his Polyglot. Dibdin, however, is wrong<sup>1</sup> in saying that he died poor. Plantin retrieved himself by meaner publications, and died opulent. Henri Estienne probably reasoned that the great spread of learning had enlarged the demand

<sup>1</sup> Bibl. Decam., II. 158.



for classical books, and that a remunerative sale could now be counted on. The outburst of enthusiasm for Greek studies—the ‘*ivresse de la Renaissance*’—which overspread France in his youth, deceived him in this respect. He could not foresee the Catholic reaction, which blighted the fair promise of learning in France, crushed it out in Italy, and was by slow and sure steps proceeding to seal up the Empire against it. His publishing time had indeed fallen on evil days. He did something to meet the necessity of the times. He uses Swiss unbleached paper instead of French, and works his types down too close to the bone. He lays himself out for a wider circle of readers by introducing the Latin translation into the page along with the Greek. He embarked many years of labour and heavy capital in a Greek dictionary, guided by the well-established experience, that a dictionary is sure to pay if it is good enough to supersede its predecessors. It turned out indeed that this very speculation, the *Thesaurus*, was of all his efforts that which hurt him the most. But this was entirely owing to an error of judgment in the execution—Henri’s besetting fault; he knew not when to stop. He had no method. He had so much to say, and must blurt it all out then and there. The more he could put into his *Thesaurus*, the more perfect he thought he was making it. The way to surpass previous lexicons was to contain more than they. His matter thus accumulated far beyond any power he possessed of methodizing it. He forgot, or did not know, what experience has taught us, that it is an indispensable condition of a lexicon that it should be in one volume. His *Thesaurus*, with all its unquestionable merits, was wrecked upon this rock: it was in five volumes. Estienne himself laid the blame of his disappointment to Scapula’s plagiarism—‘*Quidam ἐπιτέμνων me capulo tenuis abdidit ensem.*’ But it was not by plagiarism that Scapula got possession of the market, but by the clear instinct that

discerned the imperative condition of manageable bulk. The Thesaurus was brought out in 1572; Scapula did not appear till 1579. For seven years Estienne had the field to himself. The Thesaurus did not go off even when it had no competitor.

So suicidal a system as that of producing books which could only be sold at a price below the cost of production, could never have been entered upon had it not been alimanted by the resources of patronage. The Greek press had never been made self-supporting. The printer received back his outlay, not from the sale of the book, but in the shape of gratuities from princes and wealthy nobles, in return for presentation copies before publication. What he got from the public by sale helped him out, but was not his main reliance. Henri had been promised, and had perhaps received for a short time, a regular salary from the Fuggers of Augsburg, in order to enable him to execute his designs in Greek printing. The sole acknowledgment on his part was, that he described himself on the title-page of his books, 'Fuggerorum Typographus.' For a dedication a handsome present was expected; less for a mere presentation copy. In the Thesaurus the net is cast both high and wide. It is dedicated to the Emperor Maximilian, Charles IX of France, Elizabeth of England, Frederic Count Palatine, Augustus Elector of Saxony, John George Elector of Brandenburg—a judicious mixture of Catholic and Protestant. And as if an emperor, a king, a queen, and three electors were not enough, the Universities of their respective countries are associated with the names of these sovereign princes. With the name of Elizabeth are coupled both the English Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. There was not seldom difficulty about the payment of the cash; ready money was of all commodities the hardest to come by in those times; to a prince or an emperor even harder than to other men. A munificent sovereign like Maximilian II would promise

much, and intend it; but it took a long time to realise value.

In this circumstance we find the reason of much of that absenting himself from home, which was so grievously complained of by Henri Estienne's family. His journey to Vienna, in 1574, was undertaken solely with the object of getting in dues of this description. These consisted partly in the long-expected gratification due from the Emperor on account of the Dedication of the *Thesaurus*—partly arrears of the Fugger annuity, which had been long withheld by a crazy representative of that opulent family. When, in 1576, the death of Maximilian, and the accession of a bigoted and priest-ridden Emperor, closed that court against learning, Estienne turned his eyes towards France. A petty squabble with the Council of Geneva, in 1578, furnished him with a pretext for a visit to Paris. From this time for several years his life was that of a hanger-on of the court of Henri III—'*vita semi-aulica*,' he says. Henri III, weak and narrow-minded, was not destitute of a taste for letters. It is the unexceptionable testimony of D'Aubigné which thus characterises him: '*Prince d'agréable conversation avec les siens, amateur des lettres.*' The same annalist has preserved one of his literary judgments, which evidences a taste independent of, and superior to, that of the court by which he was surrounded. Some of the courtiers present were condemning the verses produced at the court of Navarre as not sufficiently '*coulants.*' '*For my part,*' said the King, '*I am weary of verses which say nothing in a great many words. Now, these you blame are full of thoughts, images, and emblems, like the classics. I like my wine to have a body.*' Estienne had not been long in Paris when he was sent for by the King. The conversation turned upon the French language. Next to Greek, this was Estienne's favourite theme. Fresh from the publication of his *Dialogues* on the corruption of French by Italian modes, he harangued

fluently on this abuse, and maintained the superiority of French to every modern tongue. The King requested him to write down his thoughts at more length. Estienne would have excused himself on the ground of not having his notes, or any books, at hand. 'Trust to your excellent memory,' was the Royal answer. He sate down to the task, and the *Précidence du Langage François*, thrown off in little more than a fortnight, was the result. It was beautifully printed by Mamert Patisson, who had married the widow of Robert II, and succeeded to his business. It was presented by the author, in proper form, to the King, who expressed his satisfaction. For some months liberal promises were made, but they remained promises; yet Henri III—it is again D'Aubigné who testifies to it—was 'libéral au-delà tous les rois.' At last, August 12, when Estienne was on the point of leaving France in despair, came actually a patent conferring a life-pension of three hundred livres annually upon Estienne, 'in consideration of services rendered by himself and ancestors to the Crown of France.' Nor was this all. The pension was only to be the retaining fee: the *Précidence* was to be separately paid by a *douceur* of a thousand crowns. Munificence truly royal! and fully bearing out d'Aubigné's character of the monarch. A thousand crowns was a sum which Estienne had probably not handled for many a year. He hastened to the Exchequer to cash his draft. The cashier offered him six hundred down, on receiving his receipt in full. Henri indignantly refused. 'Very well,' was the contemptuous reply; 'vous reviendrez à l'offre et ne la retrouverez pas.' He did think better of it, and the cashier was as good as his word. By the advice of those who understood better than himself what royal finance was, Henri offered to take the six hundred, and got—nothing! M. Renouard suggests that the cashier found means, notwithstanding, to make the whole sum figure in his accounts. Considering the profound corruption of the

French administration before Sully, we cannot say that the suggestion is an improbable one; and Pierre Mollan—that was his name—even in that time, was noted as ‘grand larron.’ We do not know that the pension had a similar fate. But we may infer it with probability from a letter of Melissus, of some years later date. Melissus, writing in 1587, to Estienne, then at Geneva, to congratulate him on the resolution he had taken to set his presses to regular work again, expresses the wish, ‘that his better genius had guided him back to Geneva sooner, instead of leaving him to be deluded by the empty promises of the Court of France’ (*‘inani Aulae Gallicae pollicitatione deceptum’*). Such language would hardly have been addressed to him had he been in receipt of a pension from Henri III.

The picture now becomes one of yearly increasing gloom. We do not propose to dwell on it. A temper growing more misanthropical, an understanding becoming more infirm, yet as uncontrollably restless as ever, and dilapidated fortunes which he sought to retrieve by mendicancy, not by industry—this is the sad colour in which Henri’s declining years are presented to us by his own friends. In 1581 he lost his second wife Barbe, to whom he appears to have been tenderly attached. ‘All Geneva,’ he writes to a friend, ‘mourns with me the loss of my most dear wife. In her, her noble birth was but an incentive to noble thoughts and ways.’ Some years afterwards he married a third time at the age of fifty-eight; but he never seems to have taken root again in home or in Geneva. He seems to have become unequal to any new undertaking. His presses languished, or produced only reimpressions. The hopes he held out to his friends of reawakened activity about 1587 proved abortive. An earthquake threw down his country house at Grière outside the walls of Geneva. We catch a glimpse of him in a letter of Hotman’s opening a grave at the end of his garden to bury a daughter, his niece, and her mother, three corpses, during the

dreadful plague which visited Geneva in 1587. His absences from home became more prolonged and his wanderings more purposeless. His egotism grew upon him with fearful rapidity; he became churlish to his family, and alienated his friends. Casaubon was now, since 1586, established at Geneva as his son-in-law. Estienne had been averse to the match, but had yielded to Casaubon's submissive patience and persistence. The father's opposition was not so unreasonable, as the young lady was only nineteen when she was married. Florence Estienne brought Casaubon no dower; at least it was never paid, and could not be in the state to which the father's affairs had come. The son-in-law did not even get, what he perhaps would have valued more, access to the library. This contained untold treasures of Greek; for besides his own collections, Henri got from his friends everything he could hear of, with the promise to edit it. He really meant this when that promised day should come on which his press was to begin to work again. It never did come, and it was in vain that the owners petitioned for the return of their MSS. Rittershusius had lent him his notes on Oppian. Unable to get any reply from Estienne himself, he had recourse to Casaubon, urging vehemently their restitution, as they were of great importance to him. Casaubon and Madame Estienne, after consulting together, agreed in the extremity of the case to run the risk of breaking open the prohibited chamber. The Oppian was found. This was absolutely the only occasion on which Casaubon ever saw the inside of the library; for in 1598 he tells Scaliger that he had never inspected Estienne's books, not only not since his death, but never at all. When it came to him to open it as one of the heirs-at-law, he found it in a sad state of disorder and decay from long neglect, but affording still astonishing evidence of industry and learning in memoranda, papers, and notes, for editing.

We are unable to trace Estienne's later wanderings. Even his family often did not know where he was. He continued to pour forth diatribes ; but they were below the level even of the feeblest of his former effusions. He had lost himself completely. He had taken up a craze upon the danger to Europe from the advance of the Turks. Danger truly enough there was ; but it was a pitiable spectacle, that of Henry Stephens leaving his own affairs in confusion, or worse, and going all the way to Ratisbon to hand in a memorial to the Diet against the Turks. From this time everything he touched ran into this key. He published a pamphlet professing to review Lipsius' Latin style. 'It ought,' said Scaliger, 'to have been entitled *De Latinitate Lipsii contra Turcas*.'

He was often in actual need. One of the latest notices of him we find is almost a begging letter addressed to the Bishop of Würzburg. As this letter is unknown to all the biographers, though it has been in print since 1831, we will give an extract from it :—

I know not how it came to pass, Right Reverend Prince, that I was not able to come near you, nor so much as to pay my respects to you during the Diet at Ratisbon. And again, on my way back to Frankfort, I remained a whole day at Würzburg, not without prejudice to my affairs, with the sole object of seeing you. But in vain. At Ratisbon I called almost each day of my stay without being admitted to see you once, while to all the other Princes there I was admitted at once. I could not but remember our pleasant intercourse during my former visit to the same city. Unable to wait upon you in person with my present offering, I send a special messenger with it, though little able to afford the expense. May he be the bearer back again of tidings of your welfare, and also of some benefit, so I venture to hope, for the humble individual who now addresses you. . . . For in addition to the two orations I send herewith, I am meditating a further address on the subject of the crusade against the Turk. But I am compelled to implore your aid to enable me to bring it out. Long travel, and a long detention in this city, have entirely exhausted my ready money. I have the less misgiving as to meeting with refusal at your hands because I know you have at heart

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]



the cause in which I write, and have been told that you entertain a kindly feeling towards myself.—*H. Stephens to Bishop of Würzburg, dated Frankfurt, Jan. 17, 1595.*

Julius, Bishop of Würzburg and Duke of East Franconia, was one of the leaders of the Church reaction in Germany. He boasted that he had converted 100,000 souls during his episcopate; and he might have added to the boast that no means had been left untried to effect these conversions. He affected the reputation of a patron of letters—that is, of Jesuit letters. He is habitually addressed by his *protégés* in the style of servile humility dear to the ears of small German potentates and Maecenases. For Estienne in his old age to be a suitor, and an unsuccessful one, at the doors of such a man, was indeed a bitter humiliation.

This dreary last act of his life was closed by an unfriended death. He was seized by his last malady at Lyons, while on one of his excursions. He had been paying a visit to Casaubon, not long removed to Montpellier, and was so far on his return. That he died in the public hospital, and in a state of mental alienation, are statements which have become, by the constant repetition of the biographers, part of the tradition of literature. It is quite time that the tradition should be revised. For the latter statement there is, happily, no foundation whatever; it arose entirely from misunderstanding the words of Tollius, ‘*Opibus atque ipso etiam ingenio destitutus . . . . vitae in nosocomio finem fecit*<sup>1</sup>.’ Tollius meant to express that Estienne had before his death ceased to be his better self—was no longer the man he had been. He meant, in short, what Casaubon himself had often enough said long before Estienne’s death. E. g. in 1596 Casaubon thus writes to a friend: ‘That Rhodoman has been wronged by our good old man, I was grieved to hear. But so it is; if any one ever was a living illustration

<sup>1</sup> App. ad Valerian. p. 76.



of the Greek proverb, *δὲς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες*, it is he. I would rather say and think this than anything more harsh.' Indeed Tollius not only meant the same thing that Casaubon means, but, it appears to us, had no other authority for his statement than what he had gathered from Casaubon's letters. The same Tollius, and in the same passage, is the earliest authority for the death in the hospital. Tollius, a Dutch professor, writing more than fifty years after Estienne's death, knew nothing of its circumstances but what he had read in books. In what book he had found this circumstance of the hospital we confess we have not been able to make out; but he did not find it in the notices of Estienne's death which occur in Casaubon's or Scaliger's letters. Yet his death at Lyons is repeatedly mentioned in these letters, in the monody written by his son Paul, and in De Thou's History. In none of these is a hint given of the misery of his death having been aggravated by its occurring in a public hospital. The only other apparently independent authority which has been produced is that of Colonia, in his *Histoire Littéraire de Lyon*, II. 608. We say *apparently* independent; for we are not quite sure that that Father is not giving us Tollius amplified with that latitude of invention which local history at that period allowed itself. We cannot, anyhow, allow great authority to an historian who sums up Estienne's life in these facts: that 'he was driven from France for heresy, wandered a long time in Germany, was brought back by love of his country, and settled at Lyons, where he became a compositor in a printing-office, and even a printer himself.' From Casaubon's silence merely it cannot be concluded that the hospital is a tragic fiction; for, as M. Renouard reminds us, it was nothing but the usual practice of travellers at that time, when they found themselves seriously ill, to cause themselves to be removed to the public hospital, where they could have nursing and attendance. It would be no evidence of destitution.

He was interred in the common cemetery near the Hôtel Dieu. A detachment of the burgher guard was obliged to turn out to protect the interment from the violence of the Catholic mob of Lyons, barbarized by the efforts of the religious confraternities. He was pursued beyond the grave by the especial hatred of the Catholic world. Of this a remarkable example has been perpetuated. It is not uncommon to find copies of the Thesaurus in our libraries, in which the name 'Henricus Stephanus' has been carefully obliterated from the title-page and preface. A copy of the Pindar has been found in Spain, in the cover of which are written these words: 'H. Stephanus, autor damnatus, opus tamen hoc permissum.' And M. Renouard had a copy of the De Latinitate, etc., in which the author's name was erased wherever it occurred. In a copy of the Thesaurus in our possession, not only is the author's name pasted over, but where the name of Queen Elizabeth occurs in the dedication, it has been altered with a pen into 'Belsabeth.'

With all his many and yearly increasing faults, Henri Estienne was no sooner dead than it appeared that his friends both valued and loved him. He died in the end of January, 1598, not the beginning of March, as De Thou, followed by all the biographers, says. The news reached Casaubon at Montpellier, February 2.

Scaliger's few words of regret deserve the more prominence because no one was so keenly alive as the great critic to the presumptuous incapacity with which Estienne tampered with his Greek texts. He writes thus in May:—

His death is a great loss to Greek letters. You may say he might have done much more for them, if he had remained true to them, or true to himself. Indeed, I could not but regret his conduct while living, nor can I help regretting his loss now he is gone. I grieve that he did not produce what he might have produced; I grieve again that I have lost a friend.—*Scaliger to Casaubon, May 16, 1598.*

The books which Henry Stephens has left behind him

to perpetuate his name may be arranged in three classes :—  
 1. His editions of the Classics. 2. His own writings on the Greek and Latin languages. 3. His writings on the French language. A detailed discussion of his merits as a philologist we can hardly undertake in these pages. We shall be content to indicate their character in a few general terms.

We must observe that the reader will in vain consult the biographers for any such appreciation of Henry Stephens's philological performances. The vague expressions of admiration of his 'learning' and his 'science,' which the literary handbooks annex to his name, stand in unexplained contiguity to Scaliger's sentence of condemnation, 'H. S. omnes quotquot edidit libros, etiam meos, corruptit.' The fact is that Henry Stephens had that intimate familiarity with Greek idiom which can only be got by the incessant and exclusive occupation of the thoughts, early begun, long continued, with the forms, sounds, and habits of the language. Greek was to him not a foreign tongue, he had appropriated it. He thought in it and could speak it, he said, and had done so upon one occasion at Venice, with Michael Sophianos. This was his one and only acquirement in philology. Of the philosophy of speech, of its growth and etymology, he was as ignorant as he was destitute of poetical taste, and literary tact. Yet so perfect is his command of, and so sure his feeling for, the mechanism of a Greek construction, that those who use his books always find their admiration of this rare gift growing upon them, and come at last to understand how scholars like Schäfer, Küster, and Porson, speak of Henry Stephens with the deepest respect as 'Vir summus.' It is only in time, and by the use of his editions, that this respect is acquired. When he treats a question of criticism he is another man ; garrulous, irrelevant, anile, almost without exception. No one can help wishing that he had had the sense to take De Thou's advice 'to leave off writing and to stick to his

editing.' Unfortunately he took the very opposite course. He almost ceased to print Greek, and poured forth a stream of diatribes, each more impotent and futile than that which had preceded it.

Henry Stephens as a Greek scholar has hitherto met at the hands of his own countrymen with nothing but neglect—a neglect which the Academy Prize Essay will but perpetuate. As a French critic, however, he still holds a place even in popular Manuals of the history of their literature. The French have ever felt a lively interest in everything that concerns the growth of their own language. It is the province of philology which administers most directly to the national vanity. It is the only approach to what we call 'scholarship,' which has received assiduous cultivation in France. From Du Bellay, whose *Illustration de la Langue Française* was published in 1549, downwards, their own speech has been a first object of solicitude on the part of those, who, from time to time, have taken the lead in the world of French letters. It would be impertinent in a foreigner to interpose his own opinion in a question of language. According to the best French authorities, the condition of the French tongue in the reign of Henri III was something of the following.

The Revival, introducing itself into France thirty years earlier, had excited the spontaneous action of the French mind, and presented to it a whole world of new objects and new forms. Both these presentations created an urgent necessity for expression. Latin, the language of the Church, of diplomacy, and of the professions, was there ready to hand. Accordingly it was in Latin that the new ideas and emotions first strove to vent themselves. But along with the new thoughts, the classical models had also inspired a new taste—the taste for beauty of form. Accordingly the Latin of the Church was transformed into new shapes, and invested with new colours, in order to satisfy this double instinct, and the labour of educated

men was to express modern thoughts with Augustan elegance of Latinity. Such an attitude of mind, however, was too unnatural and strained to be long maintained. Written literature, it was soon found, could not afford to be separated from the spoken language of business and of gaiety. The loss of pith and vitality was ill concealed under the hollow shell of sonorous elegance. Ciceronianism became ridiculous or childish. But it was more easy for the wits to explode Latinity, than to substitute a better vehicle for the new thoughts which crowded in on society. Not that there was, or could be, any doubt that the substitute must be found in the vernacular. The problem was to make the vernacular equal to the task which was devolved upon it. French in the reign of Henri III was still an unformed tongue. Its grammatical forms, its accent, and its construction, were all undetermined and fluctuating. More than this, it had no associations above the level of ordinary life, and therefore when applied to serious themes it degraded whatever it touched. All who had wanted to use it for such themes felt the necessity of raising the power and compass of the instrument. It was that moment when thought had got ahead of language. The sudden introduction of a complete system of general truths, and of the ripe moral wisdom of the ancient world through the classical revival, had filled the French mind to overflowing. The language as it stood was incapable of furnishing a proper vent for the accumulation of knowledge with which it had become suddenly charged. How was speech to enlarge its boundaries so as to be made more nearly commensurate with the apprehended truths? Two different attempts for the purpose, originating in two very different quarters, were made at the same time.

1. The courtiers, deriving their inspiration from Italy, and especially from Florence, sought to Italianize French. They were guided not by theory, but by fashion. But it was fashion prompted by an instinct—an instinct of good

society, turning spontaneously to a more polished instrument of intercourse. France was at this moment receptive of polish, and Italy was at hand to give it. The wave of Italian imitation even reached English shores, as the poetry of Wyatt, Lord Surrey, and others shows. But it was feeble compared with the flood-tide which swept over France in the reigns of Henri II and Henri III. Of the invasion of the French language by the Italian stranger, the most remarkable monument remaining is Henri Estienne's *Dialogues du Nouveau François Italianisé*, 1578. The extent to which Italianization had proceeded at Court is vouched by all the *Memoirs* of the time. We should indeed be wrong if we were to take quite literally all the examples which Estienne's satire pretends to give. We are not to suppose that the Court of Henri III talked like the 'Philausone' in the *Dialogues*, any more than we suppose the Court of Elizabeth talked like 'Holofernes' in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Extravagances like 'strade' for 'street'; 'past' for 'dinner'; 'spaceger' for 'to walk'; 'garbe' for 'genteel appearance'; 'gaffe' for 'awkward'; may have been a passing fashion, or a jest, but cannot give the measure of the extent to which Italian words had actually taken root in the Court jargon. Still less can we agree with M. Feugère that it was owing to Estienne's satire that such an invasion of Italian words was repelled. There is no evidence that the *Dialogues* were widely read. The reasoning does not appear to us, at this day, very effective. The satire remains to us as a curiosity; a landmark of an important stage in the history of the French language, and an evidence of Estienne's clear-sightedness in the analogies of language. Yet he allowed himself to be pushed by his theme into an exaggerated purism. He pronounced sentence of exclusion against a number of words which usage has retained. 'Secrétaire d'état,' 'négociateur,' 'nonce,' 'salve' (of artillery), 'fantassin,' 'escadron,' 'drapeau,' 'créature' (of a great man),

are among the Italian importations of this period which the current of the language has brought down with it from the sixteenth century; individual adventurers who have made good their footing on the territory, while the main body of the invading army was successfully repulsed.

2. That enlargement of the powers of the language which polite conversation sought by an infusion from a living, was attempted by the learned to be obtained from a dead, tongue. The passionate fervour with which the French mind embraced the classical writers when their treasures were first opened to it very soon created the desire to imitate them. French was not only to be modelled upon Greek, but to be largely enriched by direct grafting of Greek words. The school of Ronsard and the Pleiad, the learned poets in the reign of Henri III, gave a transient popularity to this forced system. They were the last who had the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. No school of French writers since then has been in possession of the great tradition of classical antiquity. The exaggerated Grecism of the Pleiad, perhaps, inspired French literature with that aversion for Greek which has ever since marked it; that disgust at 'pedantry,' which prevents French writing from ever rising above the level of good drawing-room conversation. The 'French muse of Ronsard,' says Boileau, 'spoke Greek and Latin.' Yet Ronsard thought himself too scrupulous, and regrets that he did not borrow in a more wholesale manner:—

Ah ! que je suis marri que la muse française  
Ne peut dire ces mots comme fait la grégoise,  
Ocymore, dyspotme, oligochronien ;  
Certes ! je les dirois du sang valérien !

Henri Estienne denounced in emphatic terms the mistake of the Italianizers, and sided, though with great moderation, with the learned party. Of his trilogy of treatises on this subject, the *Conformité du Langage Français avec le*

*Quarterly Review*, 1865.]



Grec, 1565, is an attempt to show that French idiom bears a closer parallel to Greek than to Latin. From this the conclusion is drawn that as Greek is the most perfect of known tongues, French, which has so great affinity with it, must take rank above all other languages. The Dialogues, 1578, of which we have already spoken, are directed against the Italian innovators. Lastly, the *Précellence du Langage François*, 1579, is intended to show the intrinsic merits of French. French is quite equal, from its own resources solely, to holding the highest place among the modern dialects of Europe. The form of the tract is a comparison of French and Italian. He will confine himself to refuting the claim of Italian to be the first of languages. For if he succeeds in showing that French is more excellent than Italian, *a fortiori* it is more so than Spanish. 'Si vinco vincentem te, multo magis vincam te.' He apologizes, as usual, for the brevity and imperfection of his pleading on the ground of haste. He undertook at the King's request to write it in fifteen days, and without his notes, which he had not brought with him. Consequently he has only been able to produce a 'coup d'essai,' a prelude to a work, not a work. His title-page bears 'Projet du Livre intitulé,' etc. There are men in France who might plead the same cause better than himself. But he does not consider himself the most incompetent. The courtiers affected, indeed, to say that Greek was his province, not French. Well, he could talk Greek, and had done it before now. But for all that he could talk French too. They said he travelled so much abroad that the purity of his French was corrupted. Had not the same reproach been cast upon Xenophon, the purest of Attic writers? These journeys were never for any long period. They even help him. As Plutarch says that painters judge their own works better if they put them aside for a time, so by his occasional absences he has become aware of many an intruding neologism which escapes the notice of those who live



always at home. The comparison of Italian with French is conducted upon three points: 1. *Gravité*, by which he means dignity, or weight. 2. Grace. 3. Copiousness. The last head occupies the larger, and to us more interesting portion of the volume. It was the point on which the classically-educated Frenchman of that time felt more solicitude than on any other. The attempts to translate—and translation was one of the chief occupations of the educated—the juxtaposition of French and Greek, seem to have forced upon them the sense of the comparative poverty of the modern idiom more keenly than any other of its deficiencies. The progress of the language was the ambition of every writer; and progress was identified with a material increase of the vocabulary. Henri Estienne echoes both these sentiments. But he will not admit that poverty is inherent in the language. French is rich enough, if we know how to use its resources. He does not encourage the project of a Greek loan. He directs us rather to the wealth of words which lurk in the technical vocabulary of the arts, the terms of chase and falconry; in games, such as mall, more played in France than elsewhere. Old saws and proverbs embalm many valuable words which might be revived. The old romances, of which Henri was a diligent reader, are a real mine of old language. And, lastly, there are the provincial dialects, which must never be permitted to usurp the place of the French, but from which it may borrow much with advantage. The true French is the speech of that district which is still called by the country-people ‘la France’; the district between St. Denis and Argenteuil, in which Paris is situated. Readers of Montaigne will recognise the very suggestions made a few years afterwards in the *Essais* (III. 5): ‘Et que le Gascon y arrive, si le François n’y peut aller.’

We have dwelt the longer on this tract of Henri Estienne because this ambition to *enrich* the French

language is the great characteristic of this period of French literature. It is a characteristic which it owes to the first contact of the French genius with the treasures of antiquity, the first intoxication of the Revival, when the matured thoughts of Greek and Roman sages were wrested from the doctors and the scholars, and given to the men and women of the world. This was the element which the French understanding with its practical spirit and its clear good sense absorbed from the classics. No country has done less for the mere cultivation of Greek philology. No nation appropriated with more avidity all that part of ancient experience which was applicable to the immediate purposes of life. The Plutarch of Amyot was the companion of Henri IV. Our readers will recall the note, fresh as a Channel breeze, addressed by Henri to the Queen from ship-board off Calais :—

Vive Dieu ! vous ne m'auriez sceu rien mander qui me fust plus agréable que la nouvelle du plaisir de lecture qui vous a prins ; Plutarque me soubscrit toujours d'une fresche nouveauté ; l'aymer c'est m'aymer, car il a esté longtemps l'instituteur de mon bas aage ; ma bonne mère, à laquelle je doibs tout, me mit ce livre entre les mains, encore que je ne fusse à peine plus un enfant de mamelle.

After appropriation came the necessity of expressing these ideas in their own language. Hence the impatience under its contracted limits, and the desire to expand these limits by a material addition to the stock of usable words. This phase of effort in French literature was a transient one. It did not outlast the sixteenth century. It passed away with the assimilating effort, with the occupation of translation. When French ceased to be continually paralleled with Greek its barrenness ceased to be painfully felt. The occupation of enriching the language with new terms gave way in the next century to the opposite one of selecting and rejecting. This has remained ever since the governing aim of French literary skill. To repel foreign elements, to weed, to exclude, to eliminate,

such is the constant tendency of their taste in language. In this way it is, by reversing the procedure of the great writers of the sixteenth century, that French has been modelled and chiselled to that academical finish which is the pride of her approved writers. It has gained neatness, point, and precision at the expense of compass, sweep, and breadth of genius. Notwithstanding the different principles from which they proceed, that of universal comprehension and that of fastidious exclusiveness, Henri Estienne in the sixteenth, and the academicians of the nineteenth century, are agreed on one point, viz. the pre-eminence of French over every other modern idiom. Estienne, in 1579, predicts that the speech of his country will be the organ of European civilization with the same assurance with which M. Nisard announces it to us as an accomplished fact, that French is '*la langue de l'esprit moderne ; langue maternelle pour nous ; langue adoptive pour quiconque dans les lettres, les sciences, l'art du gouvernement, dans les travaux de l'esprit ou de la politique, a laissé ou laissera un nom durable.*'<sup>1</sup>

We should have to rank Henri Estienne among political writers, and in the very highest rank of such writers, could we attribute to him the anonymous '*Discours merveilleux de la Vie de Catherine de Médicis.*' That all the biographers should follow each other in doing so will surprise no one who has observed how in literary history a conjecture passes into a certainty by repetition. We might, however, justly have expected that a monograph *couronné* by the Academy would have devoted special attention to this point ; for doubts had been thrown out in one or two quarters as to the Stephanian authorship of this remarkable pamphlet. M. Feugère alludes to the suspicions that had been expressed, but only alludes to them. He simply sets them aside, and goes on to give an outline of the *Discours*, with remarks, and even a quotation, the whole

<sup>1</sup> Lit. Franç. I. 458.

filling together more than six octavo pages, assuming it as the production of Henri Estienne. It is, therefore, quite impossible that M. Feugère can have given even a single perusal to the volume of which he speaks so glibly, and so prettily. Yet it consists in the edition now before us (s. l. 1575) of only 95 pages in 12mo. It is, besides, by no means an uncommon book, having been, as it well deserved to be, repeatedly reprinted in France, and translated into the language of every country. To any one possessing even that modicum of acquaintance with H. Estienne's books and personal history which our prize essayist does possess, a single perusal is sufficient. The case is not even one of doubt. Henri Estienne neither did write nor could have written the *Discours Merveilleux*. The pamphlet is not, as M. Feugère thinks, a general philippic against the Queen Mother. It is a very special pleading, emerging at a particular moment, and directed to a particular object. It is directed against the unauthorized assumption of the Regency by Catherine during the interim between the death of Charles IX and the return of his brother and successor, Henri III, from Poland. We are able, from internal evidence, to assign certainly, not only the year but the month of its composition. It was written in the early part of July, 1574. It is addressed to the burghers of Paris by a person on the spot, who possessed a minute and personal acquaintance with the situation of parties at the moment, not to say with every intrigue and turn of affairs since the accession of Charles IX. Now, in 1574, Henri Estienne had been absent not only from Paris but from France for many years. On the 16th May in that year he was still at Geneva. Later in the summer he set off on his first journey to Vienna, intent on quite other business than the imprisonment of the Duke of Alençon and the conspiracy (so called) of Lamole and Coconas. Henri Estienne did not visit Paris till November, 1578, or become intimate at Court till the spring of 1579. He never

at any time had the minute knowledge of contemporary persons and politics which is possessed by the author of the *Discours Merveilleux*. The *Discours* has not the low *verdeur* of style of the *Apologie pour Herodote*, with which M. Feugère absurdly compares it. It is, notwithstanding its invective, a state paper, lofty in tone, masterly in manner. It is written from a constitutional point of view, and by one well read in the constitutional history of his own country. In short, it is written in the interest of the Duke of Alençon, and of that part of the *noblesse* which formed the nucleus of the party of the *Politiques*. Again, so far from displaying the passion of a Calvinist sectary, which M. Feugère attributes to it, it is difficult to make out to which religion the writer belongs, so careful is he to avoid every allusion to the subject. It is, in short, more preposterous to attribute the *Discours Merveilleux* to Henri Estienne than to ascribe to him the *Moyen de Parvenir*, as it is said that Charles Nodier did.

Finally, there is, though it is not mentioned by any of Henri's biographers, an explicit disclaimer of the authorship by himself. That it should have escaped notice is surprising, as it occurs in the very one of Henri's books which is most read by the French—a book which is written not in Latin but in French; and the passage in question occurs within the first few pages of the Preface. Henri is giving the reasons why he declines to follow out the comparison instituted in his tract between the Italians and French into other points than that of language. One reason is that it would be scurrilous to do so:—

Ma plume n'a point accoustumé de se mettre à telles matières qui font tomber en des invectives (encore qu'aucuns m'ayent presté cette charité *de me vouloir faire auteur d'une plus dangereuse*, moy pouvant prouver mon alibi de cent lieues long).—*Précellence du Langage François. Preface.*

M. Feugère has actually edited a reprint of this tract, and yet in his *Life of Henri Estienne* has made no use

of this curious personal allusion. The allusion to the Discours Merveilleux is unmistakable, and it proves two things. First, that the false ascription of the Discours to Estienne was made at the time, and was not an after invention of bibliographers. Secondly, that already in 1579 the authorship had been not only denied, but disproved by Henri. He had evidently succeeded in removing all suspicions from himself; otherwise he could not have been received at Court with so much favour as the suspected author of so telling an attack upon the policy of the Queen Mother. Who then was the author of the Discours Merveilleux is a problem which we must leave to native critics, and to the next French biographer of the Estienne.

V.

*MURETUS*<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Times*, August 23, 1882.)

A CENTURY ago it would have been unnecessary to ask the question, 'Who was Muretus?' In the days of Latin scholarship, the days of Lowth and Joseph Warton, Muretus, or extracts from him, was as familiar to the sixth form boy as Terence or Ovid. Muretus was not a classic, but a neo-Latin writer of the second half of the 16th century. But of all the imitative classicists of the Renaissance, Muretus is the one best adapted to be put into the hands of boys whom it is desired to train in a good Latin style. Muretus's Latin wants the native *verve* of Joseph Scaliger, and does not move with the easy colloquial freedom of Erasmus. Muretus's rhythm, in prose, is stately and oratorical, but his style has salt and pungency, and he is never content with the solemn and empty commonplaces of the ordinary Ciceronian Latinists. They say nothing in sounding periods; Muretus always has something to say proper to his audience and the occasion, and tries to say it as Cicero might have said it, without the superstitious avoidance of new or post-Augustan words which the Ciceronians affected.

At the present moment our grammar school curriculum is in a period of transition. Latin composition (so called) is still exacted, but it is no longer cultivated with the attention necessary to reach excellence. There are many things of which it may be said that if they are worth doing

<sup>1</sup> *Marc-Antoine Muret, un professeur français en Italie dans la seconde moitié du 16me siècle.* Par CHARLES DEJOB, Prof. de Rhétorique au Collège Stanislas à Paris. Paris, 1882.

*Times*, August 1882.]

at all they are worth doing well. But of Latin style we may say, what is much more, that if it is not taught well it had better not be taught at all. It is not difficult to foresee that, first, Latin versification, and, next, Latin prose, will disappear from the grammar school. The art will not be expelled; it will die a natural death. The article produced has now so little art or beauty to recommend it, that it must soon be felt that it is not worth producing. As long as Latin style was the first and highest accomplishment of our classical schools, Muretus, with his finished periods of modernized Ciceronianism, was always in demand. His imitation of the ancients was the most perfect, because, unlike the servile procedure of Manutius and the Ciceronians, it was imitation, and not a copy. Apart from Muretus's survival as a model of style, the life of the man was known to historians of literature as a typical life of a man of letters of the day. Muretus's day was the age which followed the age of Erasmus. Born in 1526, and dying in 1585, Muretus fills the space between Erasmus and the great French scholars, Scaliger and Casaubon. A young professor of the University of France has seized upon Muretus and produced a monograph which, without being a model of research, is comparatively free from the vexatious inaccuracy which disappoints us so often in the French handling of literary history, and which makes all French biographical collections untrustworthy. Muretus, a Limousin of bourgeois birth—he assumed the *de* afterwards without any right to it—without fortune and without education, raised himself merely by writing good Latin, to fame, to wealth, to position, all but to the purple. He achieved this, too, not by aid of a good character, but in spite of a very bad one. He was learned—'docte' even by the standard by which Scaliger measured men—'too learned to be made a cardinal,' said that prince of scholars. But Muretus's knowledge of antiquity was not extensive when compared with that of



Lipsius or Sigonius—his forte lay wholly in style, or ‘eloquence,’ as it was then called. We hear much of the value of ‘style,’ but it would be hard to find an instance in which it did so much for any one as it did for Muretus.

We naturally ask by what means this valuable accomplishment was acquired. Not by instruction, for Muretus was a self-taught man. ‘From some perversity of disposition,’ he says of himself, ‘I never could endure any of my tutors for three days.’ Ruhnken, the great Dutch Grecian, who edited the works of Muretus, has a simple explanation of how he came to write like Cicero. After observing that of the two most close imitators of Cicero, Pliny and Manutius, the former has not a single sentence which the master would have owned, and that the second, Manutius, is a feeble reproduction, Ruhnken asks ‘Why is it that Muretus has succeeded?’ It is because he had a genius formed like Cicero’s, while those of Pliny and Manutius were not so. Ruhnken’s explanation seems at first sight trivial; it is really Buffon’s dictum in the true sense of that much-abused phrase, ‘le style est l’homme même’; style is not an accomplishment acquired by art or study, but is the expression of the inner nature.

Like all self-taught men, Muretus had no sooner learnt a little than he thought himself qualified to teach. Everything connected with Montaigne is cherished by the French. Montaigne is their Shakespeare; ‘a good enough Shakespeare for the French,’ Charles Lamb might have said. So the name of Muretus is still held in honour among our neighbours because Montaigne has recorded that he had him for one of his ‘précepteurs domestiques.’ The critics still dispute what this means, and the chronologists are puzzled to find a year when it could have been. A foreigner may be permitted the conjecture that the form of speech called ‘gasconnade’ has been employed by Montaigne to enlist in his service a tutor of whom he can say ‘que la France et l’Italie reconnoist pour le meilleur.

*Times, August 1882.]*

orateur du temps.' It may be observed that Cotton's version 'orator' here misrepresents the French 'orateur,' which means 'stylist,' not speaker.

Supporting himself by casual and vagrant tuition, Muretus at last, like all men of literary ambition, gravitated to Paris. He arrived at a propitious moment, and, thanks to his compatriot Dorat, was admitted at once into the inner circle of the audacious young Revolutionists, who had flung down a challenge to all the received poetical canons. The war-cry of these pre-Raphaelites in literature, who had begun by calling themselves the 'Brigade,' but afterwards placed themselves in the skies under the name of the 'Pléiade,' was 'imitation of the ancients.' Nothing could be more congenial to the classical taste of Muretus, and he wooed the Muses in French like Dorat, and with no better success. His French verses, says Colletet, compassionately, 'pour estre escrits d'un style assez rude, ne laissent pas de contenir plusieurs belles et nobles expressions.' Muret, as we may now call him, soon discovered, with the instinct of genius, that, whatever Ronsard and Du Bellay might do for him, imitation of the ancients must be carried on in Latin. Some of his Latin pieces, written under the inspiration of the Pleiad movement, are probably the most perfect approach to a reproduction of the exquisite grace of the Augustan elegy to be found in the countless volumes of neo-latin versification. We may notice in passing that the Tennysonian 'starlike sorrows of immortal eyes' bears a near affinity to a line in these *Juvenilia*—

Pande oculos, pande stellatae frontis honorem.

Muret renounced French composition, and confined himself to the modest *rôle* of commentator on the 'Amours' of his friend Ronsard.

No two systems of life can be imagined more opposed than that of Casaubon shutting himself in his poverty-stricken garret alone with God and his Greek books, and

the life of social pleasure and enjoyment which Muret, equally poor, led at this time in Paris. On a sudden a cloud rose on the horizon, and he had to withdraw from Paris in haste. In what proportion the imputations of heresy and immorality were mixed in the charge brought against him we have no means of knowing. He fled to Toulouse, pre-eminently the capital of fanaticism—a city where immorality of the sort imputed might be overlooked, but where the suspicion of Calvinism was death. We must conclude that the fugitive felt that he could more easily clear himself upon the one count than upon the other. The odious accusation followed him here, and he had to save himself again by flight. The only hope now was Italy, where a more lenient view might be taken of a moral offence, provided the offender was ready to give signal proof of his hatred of the innovators in religion. A short acquaintance with Italy showed Muret that the way to redeem his character was not by amending his conduct, but by loudly professing his attachment to the Papacy. The rest of his life was laid out on this plan. The infamous panegyric which he pronounced before Gregory XIII, on the 23rd of December, 1572, upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was only one of his frantic endeavours to rehabilitate himself with the Catholic reaction. Other of his official orations breathe the same bloodthirsty sentiments. In his panegyric on Pius V he celebrates the implacable hatred borne to the heretics by the defunct, who thought life not worth living unless he was engaged in purging them of their errors or the world of their persons. That it should be necessary for Muret, who was neither fanatical nor cruel, to hold this language, is sufficient evidence of the state of feeling in Rome during the Catholic reaction—it was the hatred which is bred of fear, than which none is more desperate. Muret has been called an ‘atheist’; but this is a hasty version of one of Joseph Scaliger’s caustic speeches, to the effect

*Times, August 1882.]*

that 'Muret would be a good Christian if he only believed in God as well as he can talk about Him.'

These extravagances of orthodox assertion, the exaggerations of a man who fears not to be believed, came from Muret after he was firmly established at Rome, and after he had become one of those rare persons for whose utterances all Europe waits. To find anything like this ascendancy of the written word we must go back to the days of Erasmus. But what Erasmus said was listened for because of the position he occupied between conflicting parties—between the Revolution and the Church. It was known that Erasmus could present of the event of the day the true humanistic view—the view of reason undimmed by sectarian passion. Muret had the ear of the Latin-speaking world, not because of what he said, but because he said it incomparably well. What he said was but blatant Ultramontanism, so extreme that on one occasion his oration had to be suppressed by the Court of Rome because he had gone too far. But his dulcet words, his rhythmic flow of sentence in the language which all educated Europe spoke or read, charmed every ear.

A speaker or writer must have some platform, some vantage-ground. The modern publicist has his newspaper or review; the writer of the 16th century required his patron. This Muret found in the house of Este. His Zoar of refuge when he escaped from the fires of Toulouse had naturally been Venice, the hospitable city where all immigrants were welcome and no questions asked. Here he opened a lecture-room, and his silver tongue filled it at once with patrician pupils. At this time the house of Este distinguished itself above the other princely houses of Italy by its patronage of learned men, and the Cardinal of Este, Ippolito, brother of the reigning Duke, Ercole II, was not merely ambitious of playing the part of Maecenas, but wished to have such men as companions and inmates

of his palaces at Ferrara, at Rome, and at Tivoli. Offers were made to the French fugitive. The officiousness of some backstairs informer, or, as others say, a renewal of misconduct on the part of Muret, had nearly closed this door to the adventurer. But friends—at his worst, Muret never wanted friends—contrived to reassure the Cardinal. The offender promised good behaviour for the future, and in 1559 Muret transferred himself to Ferrara, into the Cardinal's palace, attached to his service, but without any definite duties to perform. The conditions as to lodging and pay were not brilliant. Two rooms were assigned him for his own use, and another for his servant. But they were not furnished, and as everything, silk excepted, was cheaper at Venice than at Ferrara, Muret is advised to bring his furniture with him. A *batterie de cuisine*, however, will not be required, for he will eat at the cardinal's table himself, and his servant with the domestics of the house. If the chain was not gilded, it was as light as it was possible to make it. The cardinal declared that the service most agreeable to himself would be that Muret should devote every instant of his time to letters. A Roman cardinal endowed letters in the person of Muret, in the same liberality of spirit as the Protestant University of Leyden did thirty years later in the person of Joseph Scaliger.

Muret had now got his foot on the first round of the ladder of promotion. His pen, the enchanted wand which had worked these wonders, continued to serve him still. First employed in writing letters or speeches of mere compliment, Muret was gradually engaged for more serious occasions. The harangue which he composed for the French envoy sent to congratulate Pius IV on his elevation, in which he predicted that the Government of France, inspired by 'the most exemplary lady, worthy of all praise'—Catherine de Medicis—would succeed in purging the kingdom of the heretics, secured for him

the position of Official Orator of the Court of France. Muret transferred himself to Rome, and in the year of his patron's death, 1572, became Professor of Latin in the University of Rome. From the chair of Latin he passed to that of Jurisprudence; came back again to the classics; took orders at fifty, preached sermons before the Pope, and would have been raised to the purple by Gregory XIII but that enemies were able to revive the old scandal enough to defeat this, but not enough to tarnish the lustre of the new priest. Indeed, it was probably less the malignity of whisperers than the decay of the credit of classical scholarship which made him miss this highest honour. Of this decay, of the desertion of Muretus's lecture-room, of the mutinous conduct of the students, of the interference of the Government with the freedom of the professors,—Muret was forbidden to lecture on Plato's Republic and with difficulty obtained leave to expound Tacitus,—of the surveillance of the professors by the bedells—of these and other chagrins of the life of a humanist during the Catholic reaction, the author of this biography has drawn a vivid picture from the letters and lectures of Muretus. We know not any other source in which can be studied the slow process by which Italy was thrown into the intellectual slumber of three centuries, from which she is only slowly awaking in our day.

## VI.

### JOSEPH SCALIGER<sup>1</sup>.

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(*Quarterly Review*, July 1860.)

FROM the space which Joseph Scaliger once filled in the world—at least in the world of books—it might have been thought that he would have found many biographers. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every writer of any figure had his Boswell. Joseph Scaliger wrote the Life of his Father, Julius Caesar. But Joseph himself is an exception. Professor Bernays, at the distance of two hundred and fifty years, is the first person who has undertaken to give any complete account of perhaps the most extraordinary man who has ever devoted his life to letters.

This remarkable silence is itself not without a cause. Scaliger's great works in historical criticism had outstripped any power of appreciation which the succeeding age possessed. It was not that his name was forgotten at his death; on the contrary, his fame maintained itself at least during all the first period of splendour of the Leyden school, by whom reverence for Scaliger was exalted into a *culte*. But this veneration was inspired by Scaliger's secondary labours—by his gift of emendatory criticism, and his skill in the Greek language. His merit came to consist, with these worthy commentators, in his having given good editions of two or three Greek authors, and, with the schoolmasters, in his facility in writing verses. But when it was found that the Variorum Classics were vastly better edited, and that his Greek Iambics contained metrical errors, his credit was shaken. In the philosophical

<sup>1</sup> *Joseph Justus Scaliger*. Von JACOB BERNAYS. Berlin, Herz, 1855.  
*Quarterly Review*, 1860.]

eighteenth century, when the tables were turned upon classical learning, when, from having engrossed all the honours of the republic of letters, the classics were voted obsolete, or only endurable in a 'modern dress,' Scaliger became a synonym for a pedant. When Churchill, foaming at the mouth, would make his teeth meet in Warburton's flesh, he can do no worse than compare him to 'the Scaligers, the learned pedants of the sixteenth century.' Only a scholar of comprehensive knowledge, here and there one, such as Wesseling or Ruhnken, was capable of measuring the stride of Scaliger. Gradually, and recently, the revival of the study of the ancient world in Germany has drawn attention to the founder of historical criticism, and men have become aware of the gulf which divides the emendatory critics, the 'syllabarum aucupes,' the herd of grammarians and antiquaries, from the master-mind of Joseph Scaliger. 'What, when compared with him,' cries Niebuhr, 'is the book-learned Salmasius? Scaliger stood on the summit of universal solid philological learning, in a degree that none have reached since; so high in every branch of knowledge, that from the resources of his own mind he could comprehend, apply, and decide on, whatever came in his way.'

Professor Bernays, himself a rare union of comprehensive intellect with intimate familiarity with the details of the literary history of the time, has at last restored the younger Scaliger to his rightful throne. The powerful delineation of his philological labours presented by Dr. Bernays, throws quite a new light on the origin of historical science in modern Europe. In laying before our readers some notices of the personal life of the archcritic, we must beg to refer them to the volume of the Breslau Professor for a strictly scientific survey of his philological and critical performances.

Joseph Juste de L'Escale was born at Agen, then in the province of Guienne, 4-5 August, 1540. Joseph was the



tenth of fifteen children, whom his father had by his marriage, at the age of 46, with Andiette de la Roque Lobejac, aet. 16. De L'Escale is only the French form of Della Scala, the title of the princely house of Verona, who were dispossessed by the Venetians. From a cadet-branch of this family Jules-César, the father of Joseph, believed himself descended. When the Jesuits afterwards got the ear of literary Europe, they spent a vast amount of lying and forgery in disproving this descent, and at last succeeded in persuading the world of their story. The world was bored enough with Joseph in his capacity of 'Princeps litterarum': it could not put up with having to acknowledge him a Prince by blood besides. The Jesuit onslaught on Scaliger—for we shall use henceforth the Latinized form of the name—is an important feature in his life, and will have to be explained presently.

At eleven years of age Joseph was sent to a Latin school at Bordeaux, a school where his elder brother Sylvius had been before him, and whither two younger brothers accompanied him. A fondness for bringing celebrated names into contact has made the biographers say that George Buchanan was one of his masters. But Buchanan had quitted Bordeaux, where he had been a master at the Collège de Guyenne, or High School, in 1544; and at the time that Scaliger went to school there, Buchanan was in Portugal. A plague—or rather *the* plague of 1555—breaking out at Bordeaux, the boys were sent home. Joseph never returned to school; nor did he get any regular instruction at home. But he enjoyed what was more useful to him than any schooling could have been—daily intercourse with his father. Julius Scaliger, though advanced in the seventies, and broken by rheumatic gout, still retained much of the vigour of his extraordinary mind. He soothed his declining years with writing Latin verses. Scarce a day passed but Joseph was called upon to write to his dictation eighty, or one hundred, on one

occasion two hundred, lines. The prosody and grammar of these effusions are far from exemplary, but there is a command of the resources of the Latin vocabulary which we may seek in vain in the thinner diction of the best modern Latinists. Besides thus acting as his amanuensis, he was required by his father to produce daily a short declamation in Latin prose, turning on any story or matter of fact he chose to select. In other respects he was left to himself, and we do not hear of his yet attempting any course of classical reading. But the daily practice of speaking and writing a language, under the control of one who knows it thoroughly, is worth more to a boy than any amount of reading. We may fairly ascribe to this exercise the athletic Latin prose which appears already fully matured in Joseph's earliest production, the *Conjectanea in Varronem*, and that firm grasp of the principles of versification which distinguished him from all the scholars of his time. Bentley's judgment, '*nemo in arte metrica Scaligero peritior*,' holds good, without exception, of all scholars before and after Scaliger till Bentley himself. The praise is relative; for no one knew better than Bentley that Scaliger was not free from various erroneous opinions on scansion, which Bentley himself was the first to correct. To his own keen taste we must attribute it, that Joseph, while he imbibed the good, rejected the bad. He has escaped the faults of his father's style; the ambitious strain which in Julius's Latinity fatigues the attention. The last thing which a youthful taste learns is the might of simplicity. The more artificial the model, the more captivating to the tiro. We should remember this, if we would do justice to the originality and native idiom which distinguishes Joseph's style, equally free from the platitudes of Ciceronianism, and the hopeless involutions of contemporary French Latin.

More important, however, than the technical tuition, such as it was, was the domestic intercourse he enjoyed as his

father's constant companion during the last four years of his life. To this we may trace his disposition for *real* knowledge, and the observation of nature. His subsequent superiority over other scholars lay not merely in his being a better scholar, but in his being something more than a scholar. The knowledge of the other philologists, however acute or book-learned, is bounded by their books. They know what the ancients said on any matter, but have seldom any practical knowledge of their own. Scaliger, on the contrary, never loses sight of the actual world. This power in him is, perhaps, a natural gift; nothing more, in short, than vigour of understanding. But its habitual direction and employment was an impulse communicated by the father. Intimately connected with this were the pains taken by Julius to impress upon all his children the habit of truthfulness. 'We never went before him,' says Joseph, 'but he bid us "Never tell a lie."' In Joseph, truth became less a moral habit and a rule of conduct than the very law of his intellect. Its manifestations explain his personal history as well as his books. He found his vocation in philology in the single-eyed endeavour to carry the real and the true into regions in which arbitrary caprice, fancy, tradition, and prejudice, had hitherto passed unquestioned. His straightforwardness in speaking, both of men and things, brought upon him no little of that personal malignity of which he afterwards became, in such a peculiar way, the object. Here, again, the young man's simple nature assimilated the good, and threw off the unwholesome elements of the nourishment presented to him. He had no taste—perhaps he was too young—for the subtle and sophisticating Aristotelic speculations in which the father revelled. Joseph afterwards read up Greek philosophy as matter of duty, but never dwells upon it with pleasure. In his rare allusions to such topics we may even think we trace a tone of positive distaste. Dr. Bernays says there are only

twenty quotations from Plato to be found in all his books. These quotations, too, are chiefly from the lesser dialogues, occasionally only from the *Timæus* and the *Laws*. In quoting the latter on one occasion he adds, 'that it is a long time since he read that dialogue.'

It may excite our surprise that Julius should not have attempted more instruction with a youth of the promising capacity he must have discerned in his son Joseph. We must call to mind the distractions caused by the pestilence, which in 1555 reached Agen, and drove the family into the country; the father's age and infirmities, and his probable expectation that his end was imminent, when his son would be free to return to Bordeaux. Besides this he had neither the intention nor the wish to bring up any of his children to letters as a pursuit. It does not appear that Joseph had learned the rudiments of Greek at the time of his father's death, 21st October, 1558. He certainly had not learned more than the rudiments. He had seen enough, however, to understand that 'not to know Greek was to know nothing.' The death of his father affected him so deeply as for some time to disorder his health. As soon as he had recovered from the blow, he determined to make good this deficiency.

Adrian Turnebus was at that time the most renowned Greek scholar in France and in Europe. For a youth of eighteen, who had yet to begin his grammar, less than the first Grecian of the day might have served. But this is a truth which only experiment can teach us. Joseph made his way to Paris, and enrolled himself in Turnebus's class, that he might imbibe Greek at the fountain-head. A trial of two months opened his eyes, and he understood that to begin one must begin at the beginning; a lesson, in learning which two months were well spent. He adopted the resolution—be it remembered he is nineteen—to shut himself up in his chamber, and become his own teacher. It is not said, but we may be certain that it was instinct,

not accident, which guided him to Homer. With the aid of a Latin translation he went through it in one-and-twenty days. From Homer he passed in order down the series of the Greek poets; and four months sufficed to devour the whole. The same instinct, and the same spirit of determination, guided him here in not interrupting his poetic reading by any deviation into prose; the differences of idiom being, he may have felt, distinct dialects, incapable of being mastered at one effort. As he went along, he formed a grammar for himself by his own observation of the analogies, the only grammar he ever learnt. Huet, alluding to the Scaliger feat, thinks it incredible, but on no better ground than that he himself had made an unsuccessful attempt to repeat the experiment. Gibbon, more modestly, declares that he was well satisfied with himself when he got through the same task in as many weeks as Scaliger took days. We might quote against these authorities Wyttenbach despatching Athenaeus in fourteen days; or Milton's assertion that he had read 'all the Greek and Latin classics' in five years, if it were not that parallel is misplaced in speaking of Scaliger and Greek. There are things which a man cannot teach himself. And this he had now to experience, when, elated by his victory over Greek, he attempted to carry Hebrew by storm in the same manner. He did ultimately acquire both Hebrew and Arabic. But Dr. Bernays, who has the best title to judge in the case of the first-named tongue, pronounces that he never reached, in Hebrew, that practical hold upon the idiom—the *usus linguae* which was the foundation of his critical skill in Latin and Greek. This is sufficient to correct the idle romance of those biographers who, in their ignorance, make Scaliger's mythical eminence to consist in his knowing many languages. He spoke thirteen languages, says one of the most recent of these open-mouthed wonderers,<sup>1</sup> as if

<sup>1</sup> Poirson, *Histoire du Règne de Henri IV*, vol. IV, p. 230.

Scaliger was a Wotton or a Mezzofanti. It illustrates the way in which the French manufacture history, to say that the origin of this extravagance is a flight of Du Bartas. (*Sem. seconde.*)

Scaliger, merveille de notre age,  
Le Soleil des sçavants, qui *parle éloquentement*  
L'Hébreu, Grecquois, Roman, Hispagnol, Alemant, etc.

Of the four years Scaliger spent at the University of Paris, nothing is known<sup>1</sup>. In 1563 he received an invitation from a nobleman of Poitou, Louis Chasteigner, Lord of La Roche-Pozay, to travel with him. The acquaintance, which may have been formed at the university, ripened into friendship. For thirty years Scaliger was domesticated in this family, and when he finally quitted France in 1594, one of the sons accompanied him to Holland in the character of pupil. A connection which might be useful to him as a young man became necessary to him in after-life; for in the course of the Civil Wars his little patrimony perished in the wreck of the paternal property at Agen, and the house of La Roche-Pozay became his asylum. That Scaliger felt this dependence is certain: 'All my life,' he says, 'I have eaten the bread of charity' (*eleemosynis vixi*). But it was made as little galling to him as such a clientship can be. As long as Louis lived, he treated Scaliger as a brother; and the sons, Jean, who succeeded his father as Lord of La Roche-Pozay in 1594, and Henri-Louis, afterwards Bishop of Poitiers, inherited their father's esteem for their illustrious guest. Of the period of thirty years, 1563-1594, not more than half was actually spent by Scaliger under his patron's roof. But it was always open to him, and his books and papers—his only property—seem to have been deposited in one of his Poitevin châteaux. Such arrangements, where the great man took into his house a man of learning nominally as his secretary or

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

tutor to his children, but really as companion to himself, were common enough at that time and long after. So D'Ossat, afterwards Cardinal, read Plato with Paul de Foix; so Locke lived with Shaftesbury; so Bentley, though only tutor to his sons, ruled Stillingfleet's household, as the Bishop almost complainingly describes it. It does not appear that the elder La Roche-Pozay was a man of peculiarly classical tastes. Like all the seigneurs of that disturbed period, he led of necessity a semi-military life, in camps, and forays, and sieges. But even the military noblesse of that day read Greek; and Louis studied the theory of tactics in Polybius, which Scaliger expounded to him as they rode. We gather too that they had read, at least, the Latin poets systematically through, though only Propertius and Statius are named<sup>1</sup>.

These thirty years, during which Scaliger acquired his knowledge and his reputation, were by no means years of quiet and leisure. In reviewing the period himself, at its close, he says (1594):—

If in our editions of classical authors hitherto we have not given satisfaction to men of learning, and we know too well that we have not, my excuse is the desultory nature of my life, and the want of leisure, the indispensable condition of study. From the year 1563, when I first went to live with M. de La Roche-Pozay, up to the present moment, I have had no rest for mind or body, but have been harassed by incessant anxieties, or movement from place to place.

His biographer is inclined to think this complaint a little overcharged. But it certainly agrees with all the notices contained in his correspondence relating to the period in question. And when we look at the disturbed state of the country—and especially of Poitou, the Marche, and the Limousin—during the greater part of the time, we shall rather wonder how study so systematic could be carried on at all, in a country where every château was at any moment liable to be beaten up by a raid of the foe, or

<sup>1</sup> Comm. in Propert. II. 2, 12.



to have to find quarters for a troop of its own partizans. He has repeatedly to excuse himself from answering some query, because he is separated from his books. 'N'eust été cette maudite et meschante guerre,' he could (1587) have communicated to Dalechamp an important MS. for his edition of Pliny. 'All public disorders are enemies to this sort of literature,' complains Markland, meaning that the public have thus something else to think of. But this is a light evil. The man who was not content 'scribere sibi et doctis' would have little of Scaliger's sympathy. His own complaint, 'inter arma non esse Musis locum,' meant much more. It was the complaint of a man who had handled a matchlock, and who had had to snatch a hasty read of a pocket classic by the light of a camp-lantern<sup>1</sup>. To reading such as Montaigne's, a bit here and then a bit there 'à pièces descousues,' such a life might be even favourable. Scaliger, however, made it compatible not only with the systematic study of the whole of the remains of the ancient world, but with a work of plan, compass, and concentration, such as the *De Emendatione Temporum*.

We have said that of this period of thirty years during which Scaliger was the inmate of the de La Roche-Pozay family, only half, or thereabouts, was actually passed under their roof. The first four years, 1563-1567, were occupied in travelling with the young lord of La Roche-Pozay, who was making his grand tour. Dr. Bernays makes him go as ambassador to the Holy See; but this must be an error. The Roman embassy of Louis de La Roche-Pozay was at a later period, in 1576. In 1564 he was not yet thirty: scarcely a ripe ambassadorial age, but the very best age for a tour of instruction. Italy was their first destination. They made a prolonged stay at Rome, went on to Naples, and returned to Rome. At Rome Scaliger found his countryman, Marc Antoine, commonly known by the

<sup>1</sup> Tuque mihi vigilis studiorum conscia curae,  
Illustrans noctes parca lucerna meas.—*Poemata*, No. 44.



surname of Muretus. Muretus, when a youth, had been a great favourite with Julius Scaliger; had visited at his house at Agen, and used to call him 'Father.' He had afterwards alienated Joseph by passing off upon him some Latin lines of his own composition as a 'fragment of Attius'; and Joseph had retorted by an epigram which perhaps more than paid off the score. Muretus now handsomely sank the quarrel, and remembered only the old intimacy. He undertook to show the strangers the lions of Rome. He very soon detected that in the son of his old friend he had to do with an extraordinary man, and as long as their stay in the Eternal City lasted, Muretus never quitted Scaliger's side. He was able to be especially useful, besides, in making him acquainted with all the literati of the place. For Muretus, though in his youth he had narrowly escaped being burnt at fanatical Toulouse for the laxity of his talk and his behaviour, had quite recovered himself, enjoyed high consideration at the Court of Rome, and was in communication with all the Italian *érudits*. Leaving Rome, the travellers visited the north of Italy and Venice. As may be supposed, Scaliger did not neglect the opportunity of seeing the home and the graves of his ancestors. His address to Verona—choliambics in imitation of Catullus's lines to Sirmio—which was then under the rule of Venice, breathes a spirit of no feigned hatred against the 'City of Pirates, the city of rapine and perjury, the poison-cup and the dagger,' the ruiner and oppressor of the country of the Scaligers, the proscriber of their very name. It is strange now, when general sympathy is on the side of Venice, as fallen under strange masters, to go back to a time when the republic was herself the oppressor and ravisher instead of the victim—'the arbiter of others' fate,' instead of 'suppliant for her own.' On Venetian territory he took the precaution of concealing his name. For the Venetians were very jealous of their acquisition of the Veronese, and chose

to give out that the family of the Della Scala was extinct; an assertion they would assuredly have made good upon all claimants of the name who might venture within reach of their police.

Of Italy, or rather of the Italians as they then were, we shall not wonder that Scaliger carried away an unfavourable impression. It was the time of the Catholic and conservative reaction against the paganism and indifference of the *Renaissance*. Religious profession, and zeal for the Church, were now in vogue. But Scaliger's eye was not imposed upon by appearances:—'The Italians are a set of atheists,' was the exaggerated phrase in which he utters the opinion he had been obliged to form. The phrase requires interpretation. It is aimed rather at the hypocrisy than at the professed scepticism of the time. Men did not disbelieve the truths of the Christian religion, but they affected a zeal for the interests of the Church beyond what they really felt. The free and ardent spirit of curiosity which had animated the Italian mind in the early part of the century was exhausted. In its place had come, not secret unbelief, but callous acquiescence. The soul, the heart, and the imagination were dormant or dead, and were replaced by a cold and superficial polish of the understanding. The zeal for the interests of the Church which animated the religious orders was not participated in by the *literati*, but they submitted to it. They were cowed, not converted. Literature had degenerated into style—a prolix and insipid effusion, which came not from the mind. They had no longer thought or knowledge to inspire their pen, yet their pen was more prolific than ever. To all this Scaliger's habit of mind was in antipathy. He could care for no knowledge but what was real. Truth, not amusement, was his aim. His verbal criticism, on his skill in which so much stress has at times been laid, was never to him more than the road to exact knowledge. The Italian scholar necessarily seemed to him a frivolous

and emasculate being, who used the classics as playthings, ignorant of all that grand experience of life and the world which was wrapped up in them. The dislike was, of course, mutual. The simplicity and directness of Scaliger's character provoked the bitterest hatred on the part of these affected *virtuosi*; at least, the foundation was now laid of that rancorous hostility with which he was afterwards pursued by the whole clique of Catholic Latinists.

There were, however, several exceptions to a dislike which was rooted in the very foundations of character. Where his feelings were interested, Scaliger could like and love even where he did not esteem. It is difficult to think that he esteemed Muretus as a scholar. But this stylist without convictions, who could write at least as well as Cicero, only that unfortunately he had nothing to say, found his way to Scaliger's affections. Scaliger never names him but with a certain tenderness; grieves for his death (in 1586); and always holds up his style as a model of prose Latinity. He forgave him his panegyric on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, evidently from the knowledge that Muretus did not mean anything by it, and would have been as ready to write on the other side had he been retained on it. 'There are not many Muretuses in the world,' he said; 'if he only believed in the existence of a God as well as he can talk about it, he would be an excellent Christian.' On another occasion, in comparing Muretus with Lipsius, he is made to say, 'Lipsius is nothing to him'—a judgment which ought to have guided those compilers of literary history who have pretended to enter the narrow pedant Lipsius in a 'triumvirate' with Scaliger and Casaubon. To the Italian friends of Scaliger must be added the laborious antiquary Onufrio Panvinio. As a native, and the historian, of Verona, he had a double claim to a good reception from Scaliger, who was introduced to him by Muretus. But the early death (in 1568) of this prolific compiler—at thirty-nine he had written

more volumes than he was years old—interrupted an acquaintance to which Scaliger seems to look back with interest. With these exceptions, we find no traces of partiality for the Italians or their ways; for Rome and its pharisaical religion only the deepest aversion. The lines in which he bids farewell to Rome in 1565—he never returned there—are of such Archilochian bitterness that Dr. Bernays will not reprint them. They are given by Des Maizeaux in his notes on the ‘Scaligerana’; but the reader can dispense with them, as they only express the writer’s intense feeling without either elegance or point.

From Italy the travellers passed to England. In the spring of 1566 we find Scaliger in Edinburgh, at that moment when the public speech was of ‘the discord between the Queen and her husband’<sup>1</sup>. But he brought away from our island a not more favourable impression of our countrymen than our neighbours in general were used to do at that period. The barbarism of our manners, and the want of those material accessories of civilisation among the middle class which were in use on the Continent, predisposed our visitors against us; while the energy and quick circulation of free life which now extorts their respect was not yet developed. He made, however, some acquaintances in Oxford and Cambridge; though his most valued English correspondents, William Camden and Richard Thomson, were later introductions. For Rainolds, President of Corpus, the most learned theologian in the English Church of that, perhaps of any time, Scaliger conceived a profound respect, and lamented his death (1607) as a calamity to all the Protestant churches. Rainolds and Whitaker were known to him only by their writings. Camden had never been out of England, and was not personally acquainted with Scaliger; but he introduced himself by letter at a later period, forwarding to Scaliger a copy of his *Britannia* (1594). His only regular English

<sup>1</sup> Randolph to Cecil, 25 April, 1566.

correspondent was Thomson, a person well known in the learned world of his day, though now so wholly forgotten, that Dr. Bernays calls him 'one Thomson.' He was an M.A. of Clare Hall, and one of the translators of the Bible, being grouped with Andrewes, Overall, and Saravia, for the portion from Genesis to Kings. Having been born in Holland, though of English parents, he had been led to form foreign connections. He had travelled in France and Italy, sought out the acquaintance of scholars wherever he went, and maintained correspondence with them afterwards. He returned to England and to Cambridge in 1599, and from that time made the University his residence, becoming proctor in 1612. In his youth he had played at emending the classics. Farnaby acknowledges his assistance in his preface to his Martial, in the *diletante* Italian style apparently. But in James's reign he was drawn in, like all the rest, to the growing theological polemics, in which all learning was wrecked. He became a strenuous champion of the Arminian side, and wrote pamphlets 'by order' in support of Andrewes. The style of these productions is better than their matter, and bears marks of imitation of Scaliger's peculiar Latin. He does not venture to name Scaliger, whose name was unpopular with the theological belligerents, owing to his known contempt for their ignorant squabbles, but he quotes him once as 'the Muses' nightingale.' The stock of knowledge he brings to the controversy is not more than respectable, and may be measured by the fact that he is found consulting Scaliger by letter as to whether S. Irenaeus wrote in Latin or Greek. When we find Prynne styling Thomson 'a dissolute, ebrious, and luxurious English-Dutchman,' we must remember that any licence of abuse was considered justifiable against an 'Arminian.'

Next to seeing and learning to know each other, the great object of the journeys of the learned, then, was to see MSS. At the present day, when the whereabouts

of all MSS. of the classics is ascertained, an editor may still have to undertake a journey to Rome or to Florence for the purpose of collation. In the sixteenth century, when a scholar had read all the Greek that was in print, it was still necessary that he should visit the great libraries, in order to complete his knowledge by reading what as yet existed only in MS. Though, by the end of the century, the hopes long entertained of recovering more of the capital productions of classical antiquity had pretty well died away, there was still much of the Lower Empire, of the Ecclesiastical writers, of the Grammarians and Lexicographers, of great value for illustration and interpretation of the nobler remains. The harvest of fragments too, scarcely yet after the lapse of 300 years all gleaned, had already begun. During his visit to Italy, Scaliger's attention seems to have been given chiefly to inscriptions. The labour he bestowed on their transcription, a task which the frivolous Italian literati, who lived among them, were too supine to undertake, is evidenced by the great collection of Gruter. In this *Corpus Inscriptionum*, published by the Commelins at Heidelberg, in 1601, a large, if not the largest, part, was supplied by Scaliger. Indeed so great was Scaliger's share in this work, commenced at his suggestion, continued by his encouragement, and deriving its chief value from his corrections, and the Indices, the labour of ten months of his life, that Gruter is overpowered by his ally, and driven to the unmanly device of concealing the extent of his obligations. In Italy, Scaliger may have thought his time better employed upon this most perishable class of ancient relic. In England, where inscriptions were not to be had, his attention was turned to the libraries. He seems to have been disappointed at not finding here more Codices. From this it may be inferred that the fact was not yet generally known, that no English monastic house had employed itself in the transcription of Greek MSS. He

soon perceived, however, that our strength lay in our National Chronicles. Without any of the *Renaissance* pedantry which contemned everything not written in Ciceronian Latin, Scaliger admired the variety of our monkish chroniclers, in which, for the Anglo-Norman period, we yield neither to France nor Germany. None of these were as yet in print—Archbishop Parker led the way, with Matthew of Westminster, in 1567—and Scaliger must have formed his opinion from the written copies. What Greek we had did not escape him. He notices the Cambridge MS. of Origen against Celsus, which was not printed till 1605, an edition for which the Cambridge copy was not employed. The Lexicon of Photius, which was afterwards borrowed by Scaliger from England, was not the famous Codex Galeanus, which had not yet found its way into Trinity College Library, but a transcript made by Richard Thomson at Florence.

His first interest was for books, but by no means his only one. We have no notice of his travels, and it is only from casual hints in his later writings—a note here and there in Eusebius, or an allusion in his Table-Talk, that we see how various was his observation. The change in the patois with each day's journey in Italy; the absence in England of seignorial jurisdiction; the merit of the Border ballads; the beauty of Mary Stuart; our burning coal instead of wood in the north; the indolent lives of Fellows of Colleges; the universal prevalence among us of the sectarian point of view; these little memoranda of travel are dropped here and there quite casually, and belong to that habit of his mind already noticed, which sought to bring all the parts of common knowledge to bear upon the illustration of the ancients. If in these matters of fact he is not always accurate, the errors will be found chiefly in the Table-Talk, and are ascribable to his reporters. But he is often right where his critics are wrong, e.g. he speaks of the rich endowments of the



Church of England, but qualifies this by saying, that the Crown has invaded them, and extorted a moiety for itself. Here the editor, Le Clerc, contradicts. But Le Clerc did not know that Scaliger was speaking of those scandalous cases, notorious enough in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where bargains were made for pensions to be paid out of the episcopal revenues to royal favourites, or sees kept vacant while a minister drew their income. So the see of Ely lay vacant for eighteen years (1581-99); and Andrews, as is well known, was kept out of preferment, because he refused to be a party to a transaction of this nature.

The feeling with which Scaliger left Italy was one of pity or contempt for the mental and moral enervation of its educated men. That with which he regarded the English was rather aversion for our manners. It was the repugnance of his French nature; for in these things Scaliger was a genuine Frenchman. Time and experience did not qualify this sentiment. As late as 1603 he writes to Casaubon, then meditating settlement in this country, to dissuade him:—

You would be going amongst a people who cherish a traditional hatred of the French, and exchanging a certainty for an uncertainty. Settlement in a foreign country is at best a hazardous experiment. You would be incurring a great expense, and only get laughed at for your pains by all the court-monkeys. I could tell you many tales of their inhuman disposition, their inhospitable treatment of foreigners, their peculiar grudge against our country. Even if it be in your fates that you shall go to reside in England, at least do nothing to precipitate the event.

There is in these words something of the bitterness of an exile; Scaliger had been ten years in Holland when this was written. But he never speaks in this way of his hosts, the Dutch, though all the honour and consideration with which they treated him did not compensate him for the loss of his own country. This ill-repressed antipathy to English manners is the more remarkable, because Scaliger had no Catholic sympathies. The repulsion



was not one of creed. In common with all the Protestants, he looked to Elizabeth as the protector of the reformed interest in Europe. In spite of community of political interest his freer nature could not accommodate itself to the starched puritanical reserve which formed the typical character of the English gentleman of that age, and was the very mould in which our domestic virtues were originally cast.

In this patriotic spirit he returned to France only to find that his own country offered him neither hope of an honourable career, nor opportunity of studious retirement. It was in a blaze with Civil War—that which is styled by historians the Second War of Religion (1567–8). In this, and in the third which grew out of it, Scaliger was involved through his connexion with the La Roche-Pozay family. For three years he led an unsettled camp-life; moving from château to château in the train of his patron, if not actually fighting under his banner. He lost a great part of his early friends in the murderous fights; was cheated out of his patrimony during the period of lawlessness; and noted with despair the steady progress of religious faction and its concomitant barbarism among the noblesse, of penury and misery among the peasantry. The political horizon of France and of Europe was overcast by the portentous shadow of Spain—the Spain of the Jesuits and the Inquisition; of Philip II and the Armada. The hearts of the brave and free were failing them for fear. That fatal temper was forming, mixed of fanaticism and infidelity, which broke out afterwards in the St. Bartholomew and the League. France was no longer a place for letters or learning. It was indeed scarcely a time to complain of the neglect of science when virtue itself was in danger of perishing; when, under the auspices of the infamous Catherine, perfidy, disloyalty, and treachery, were becoming religious duties. Scaliger determined to withdraw from the sickening scene. Disgusted with life

almost before he had entered upon it—he was (1570) in his thirtieth year—he quitted Poitou and took refuge at Valence, in Dauphiné. The comparative security of this remote province, and the fame of Cujas, the greatest civilian who had arisen since the revival of letters, had drawn hither a crowd of auditors from all parts. Cujas received him with open arms as a friend, not as a pupil, and shortly succeeded in raising him from his despondency. He entered with his usual zest into the spirit of the place, undertaking the study of the Roman Law, to which he had been till then a stranger. His proficiency was rapid, and Cujas would have had him embrace the profession, offering him an assistant-professorship. But Scaliger was true to himself. He never for a day hesitated as to his own career, or played with this and that. He had vowed himself to philology, and he remained faithful to it as his only and sufficient calling. He would master the Civil Law but as an instrument of philological inquiry. How indispensable a knowledge of this living tradition of Rome is for the understanding of the Empire, scholars have always recognized. What light may be reflected back from the Imperial Law upon the earlier period of the Republic has first been shown in our own day by the brilliant results educed by Professor Mommsen and the school forming around him. Cujas, too, was not only a great lawyer, but a great critic. Scaliger pronounced—but this was before Casaubon had published—Dorat and Cujas the only living critics capable of making a conjectural emendation. Cujas's valuable collection of MSS. was treasure-trove to Scaliger. He fell upon them, and was almost testily complained of by their owner 'd'avoir depucellé les manuscrits.' In his will Cujas had left his books to one who knew so well how to use them. This was after the death of his only son. But three years before his own death, Cujas's second wife brought him a daughter, and Scaliger did not get a single volume.

The library, as well as the very considerable fortune which the father had amassed, was speedily dissipated by Susanna Cujas, in the course of her wild career.

Upon these days of his peaceful retirement in Dauphiné Scaliger always looked back with a peculiar satisfaction, though a sad one. He seems to have thought that if ever creative impulse stirred within him it was then—

Tunc, tunc poeta, tunc Apollini carus  
Vixi; Camenis tunc amicus audivi;  
Nec ulla surdo plectra movimus Phoebo.

The sympathy of Cujas had first rallied him from a state of intellectual despondency. In the circle gathered round the great Jurist he found, for the first time, a congenial sphere: a new and promising field of study opened before him. The enthusiasm for his science, which Cujas knew how to inspire into his pupils, communicated itself to Scaliger. Politics and party passions were banished from this sanctuary of Themis. ‘Nihil hoc ad edictum praetoris’ was the playful way in which Cujas was wont to stop dispute which began to take a political turn. Twenty years younger than Cujas, Scaliger would inspire no jealousy in his master, whose reputation was now established beyond the reach of rivalry. In the voluntary homage of the young law-students, who flocked from every quarter round the ‘Pearl of Lawyers,’ was laid the foundation of that universal fame to which Scaliger slowly rose. Upon this growing celebrity Cujas placed the stamp of his own countersign, when, in his published Commentary on the Digest, he accepted an emendation as supplied him by ‘doctissimus Josephus Scaliger, a quo pudet dissentire.’ Here too was formed, among other friendships, one most valued by Scaliger and only broken by death, with De Thou (Thuanus), the future President of the Parliament of Paris. The History of De Thou, once the source in which every practical statesman sought political wisdom—Johnson designed to translate it, Pitt quoted it in Parlia-

*Quarterly Review*, 1860.]

ment—is now scarcely known except to professed historians. In his Own Life (*De Vita Sua*), De Thou thus speaks of his intimacy with Scaliger :—

It was at Valence that my friendship with Joseph Scaliger was commenced. He had gone thither, on Cujas's invitation, in company with Louis de Monjosieu and George Du Bourg. This friendship, begun in the daily intercourse of Valence, has been continued since, either by personal communication or by correspondence, for the space of thirty-eight years uninterrupted. This friendship is the pride and pleasure of my life. All the calumny and misrepresentation which it has occasioned me, are, in my opinion, balanced by the satisfaction of an intercourse so honourable and so delightful to me. I know that I have been reproached with it by mischievous men ; but I both glory in it publicly, and cherish it in my own breast. As for Scaliger's sentiments on religion, I solemnly affirm that I never heard this great man dispute on the controverted points of faith ; and I am well assured that he never did discuss them but upon provocation, and then reluctantly. Independently of his religious opinions, were there not in Scaliger the most transcendent attainments of human erudition ? And did not the singular endowments bestowed upon him by Heaven claim the veneration of all worthy men ?

This apology for a friendship with a Huguenot is a humiliating confession of the degraded state of public opinion in France at the time it was written. But it belongs to a later period, 1601.

This time of sunshine at Valence was as transient as the happy days of our life too commonly are. It was just that brief interval of about two years which separated the third war of religion from the St. Bartholomew (1570-72). That bloody night, however, was not the occasion of Scaliger's leaving Valence. Queen Catherine had deputed Monluc, Bishop of Valence, to negotiate the crown of Poland for her son the Duke of Anjou. Cujas recommended Scaliger to the bishop as one of his retinue. On the 22nd of the fatal month of August, 1572, Scaliger, who happened to be at Lyons on business, received notice to meet Monluc at Strasburg. He set off, taking the route through Switzerland, and slept at Lausanne on the dreadful night of the

24th, ignorant of the tragedy then enacting in Paris. Not till he reached Strasburg did he learn the horrid news. The other members of the embassy had already arrived at the rendezvous, but Monluc did not make his appearance. Disconcerted by the failure of their chief, and fearing to remain so near the French frontier, while alarming accounts were hourly coming in of the fury of the Catholic populace in the provincial towns, the party determined on dispersing. Scaliger was too glad to regain the shelter of Swiss territory. He bent his steps, naturally, to Geneva.

For Scaliger, as we have said, was a Huguenot. The date of his conversion, a step so decisive of the colour of his future life, cannot be fixed to a day, only because there was no formal abjuration and reception. He was brought up in the Catholic faith, in which his father had died. But the opinions of Julius had taken towards the close of his life a very liberal complexion. Not that he embraced Lutheran tenets, but he was disgusted with the wickedness of the dominant churchmen. In his series of *The Saints* there is a short poem addressed to St. Peter, which might have been written by a Protestant, and which the Jesuits accordingly mutilated when they reprinted the volume. 'Though my father,' said Joseph, 'had not a knowledge of true religion, yet, had he lived in these days of the Jesuits, he would have hated them; for anything like falsehood and hypocrisy was what he could not abide.' It was not, however, till Joseph had been four years in Paris, and had completed his university course, that he was first taken by a friend, M. de Buzanval, to hear a reformed preacher. After this he submitted to the regular instruction of a Huguenot pastor, and attended his last mass during his stay at Rome, in 1566 probably, when he was twenty-six years of age. We may allow the predisposing causes of this conversion to have been the bias received from his father's philosophical opinions, from the example of Turnebus and De Salignac, and the indignation excited in

young and generous minds by the cruelties with which the Government sought to put down the reformed opinions in France. In Scaliger's youth hardly a day passed on which some unhappy Huguenot was not roasted alive for his religion. Such brutal scenes most surely revolt those minds which they do not subdue. But, after allowing for these influences, we must look within rather than without, for the momentum which Scaliger's religious convictions obeyed. The creed of a scholar or a man of science is often a matter of small interest to him; he wears the religion of his country as he does its garb. With Scaliger it was not so. He could not have been a Catholic. For his knowledge was not a professional skill, a linguistic, a verbal art, or a literary taste. His criticism was to him an instrument of truth. Philology was not an amusement for the ingenious, but the mode of ascertaining the true sense of ancient records. And the controversy as it came to stand at the end of the century between Catholic and Protestant was much more one of interpretation than it has since become. We now think Scaliger's dictum, 'All controversies in religion arise from ignorance of criticism' (*Non aliunde dissidia in religione pendent quam ab ignorantia grammaticae*<sup>1</sup>), somewhat overdrawn. But it was almost literally true at that time. Not only had the Catholic theologians rested their case on all sorts of false renderings and expositions of the Scripture and fathers, on supposititious documents, on historical frauds, on exploded hypotheses, but their principle of interpretation was a rotten one—the principle, namely, that that is the true sense of a text which is conformable to the received doctrine of the Church. A clear scientific insight into the laws of interpretation inevitably forces the mind which arrives at it to rebel against such a maxim. The spell is broken, and it becomes aware that that may be the true sense of Scripture which the Church may have ruled to be

<sup>1</sup> 1 Scalig., p. 86.

heresy. It was, therefore, impossible in the sixteenth century for a consummate critic to be other than a Protestant. 'Jamais superstitieux ne fut docte,' is a saying of Scaliger which intimates his consciousness of the real alliance between knowledge and the Protestant faith. And, in another conversation, he says of his Augsburg correspondent, Welser—'Romanism (*superstitio*) prevents Welser from knowing more than he does.' A mere antiquary like Sigonio, Latinists like Lipsius or Muretus, textual critics and collators of MSS., might be either Catholic or Protestant, as it happened. But where character and intellect, knowledge and will, are intimately blended, the entire man is of a piece and uniform; his opinions are no longer matter of accident or impulse; he is the law unto himself. The whole of Scaliger's utterance, whether in conversation or in his books, is stamped with this noble surrender of the understanding to the truth, whatever it might be, as the inevitable law of his thoughts which he had no choice but to obey.

The name of Scaliger appears in the City-Register as admitted citizen of Geneva, 8th September, 1572. Geneva became again at the St. Bartholomew, what it had been thirty years before, on occasion of the edict of Chateaubriand, the city of refuge for the unhappy Protestants flying from death. It was now filled with refugees from all parts of France, and they were received, as before, with hearty welcomes. Among other former friends whom Scaliger fell in with here was one of the Valence circle of students, Claude Groulart. His name stands next on the Register to that of Scaliger as 'Ecolier de Dieppe,' admitted on the same day. He became one of a number of young students whom Scaliger gathered round him here, as he did afterwards at Leyden, giving them regular instruction and more general encouragement and guidance in their studies. Groulart returned to France on the restoration of order, and rose to distinction in his native



province in the only way in which advancement was attainable, by conforming to the Catholic church. He was afterwards one of the most strenuous advisers of the abjuration of Henri IV.

Beza and the managers of the Genevan Academy—a quasi-University set up by Calvin with a view to supply ministers to the French churches—were urgent with Scaliger to settle among them as a teacher in the institution. He was very reluctant. He never had any taste for lecturing ; but he yielded at last, predicting that he should not satisfy the expectations formed of him. On the 31st October, 1572, according to an entry in the Register of the ‘Venerable Company,’ he was admitted ‘Professor of Philosophy.’ Here he read on Aristotle’s *Organon*, and Cicero’s *De Finibus*. The students’ judgment was, ‘Monsieur Scaliger did not beat about the bush like the rest, but explained his author.’ Groulart, who had begun Greek late, said, ‘he learnt more with Scaliger in a month than with others in a year, because he never went off into useless matter, and no difficulty stopped him.’ Groulart’s Latin version of three orations of Lysias is reckoned among the best specimens of translation, and was praised as such a century later by Huet—a credit it probably owes to its having been looked over by Scaliger. Geneva, however, with its ecclesiastical police and the petty tyranny of its pastors, was, at best, but a tolerable abode. Every other interest was there as nothing in comparison with church interests, and church interests were there understood in a narrow spirit of sect which denounced all Protestant communities beyond the strictly Calvinistic. To the ordinary discomforts of exile was added for the refugees the misery of want—alms the Republic was itself too poor to give. They must work ; and in a little town and territory so overcrowded with foreigners, the supply of labour was out of all proportion to the demand. Calvin, in inviting a French seigneur to expatriate himself, had



warned him 'not to suppose he was coming to an earthly paradise. Our people here are so wretchedly off, that I am almost ashamed to speak thereof. You will have here the pure word of God, and that is all. As for comforts, you will have to take that which God shall give you, and to do without those of which He shall think fit to deprive you.' That Scaliger was not ungrateful for the shelter afforded him, we gather from some verses written at Geneva, in which he says—

. . . metu dejectus, obsitus luctu,  
Atratus, expes, in tuum sinum fugi  
Geneva, quae me patriae exulem terrae  
Blanda atque amica caritate fovisti.

But lecturing was irksome to him. 'His vocation,' thinks his intimate friend Vertunien, in 1574, is not 'caqueter en chaire et pedanter.' When afterwards, at Leyden, Scaliger counts among his blessings that here he 'is not deafened with the harangues of professors, or the impertinences of fanatical preachers' ('nullis cathedris pedagogorum obstrepimur, nulla nos fanaticorum concionatorum mendicabula obtundunt<sup>1</sup>,') we see what were his reminiscences of Geneva. He took his leave in the summer of 1574, and returned to France; not, however, to Valence, which Cujas had now quitted, but to Poitou and the protection of his friend and patron La Roche-Pozay.

Of the next twenty years of Scaliger's life (1574–1594), hardly any events are recorded, because there were few to record. We only know that he was domesticated with the Lord of La Roche-Pozay, sharing the fortunes of that family, which was throughout that turbulent period engaged on the Royalist side. Their possessions lay in Touraine, Poitou, La Marche, etc., the centre of French Calvinism, and therefore the most exposed to the ravages of the Catholic troopers. In times of peace, the family, and Scaliger with them, were continually on the move from one château to

<sup>1</sup> To Casaubon, January, 1601.

another, in the old seignorial fashion. In times of disturbance, they secured themselves in their castle of Preuilly (in Touraine), which was sufficiently strong to hold at bay any body of marauding leaguers from Bretagne, if they did not bring artillery with them. Scaliger's books, of which he gradually amassed a considerable number, were at Abain, and the continual separation from them was a great hindrance to him<sup>1</sup> in his various undertakings. Far from being glued to his desk, he was perpetually in motion, ready to take his turn of garrison-duty in case of necessity; not unable or disinclined to join a party for *la chasse*, and to spear a boar with his own hand. In 1581 he is paying a visit of condolence to Cujas, who was now at Bourges; in 1583 he is at Nerac, at the court of the King of Navarre; in 1584 he paid a visit to Paris; in 1586 he is staying in Provence: and though we know that he did not in all this period quit France, it should seem that this is by no means a full account of all his journeys in different parts of the kingdom. As this locomotion, however, has to be spread over twenty years, there was left ample time for steady labour. In this respect, command of his own time, Scaliger's position, humble as it was, was not unfavourable.

If a man were desirous, at that day, of devoting himself to classical learning, the only bread-winning profession open to him was that of teacher (*pedant* they called it) in a university or a school. Whatever might be the case in Italy, in France church endowments were not employed to reward or promote learning. The Huguenots had no endowments, and the ministry among them was, if no longer the road to martyrdom, at least a life incompatible with any secular study. Scaliger is almost a solitary instance of a man who gave up his life to study, without

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bernays, p. 173, says at Preuilly, quoting De Reves, *Epistres Françaises*, p. 53. But a comparison of that letter with Ep. ad Lips., *Scaligeri Epistolae*, p. 88, leads us to the conclusion that they were kept at Abain.

being attached to a university. He was not married. His personal wants were few, and provided for by the liberality of his friend La Roche-Pozay. The remains of his mother's fortune enabled him to provide himself with the most necessary books. He found himself thus, in the maturity of his powers and the fulness of his knowledge, enabled to give up his undivided mind to literature, to grasp it as a whole, and so to conceive and execute a series of master-works, distinguished by the comprehensiveness of their range from the fragmentary patchwork of the commentators, and by the fresh life of genius which pervades them from the dull compilations of erudite antiquaries.

In 1577 he brought out at the Paris press of Robert Estienne an edition of the three Latin elegiac poets—Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. In this and in the Festus, which he had printed at the same place the year before, he showed what he could effect, if he chose, in that branch of criticism which restores corrupted text. This very subordinate exercise of ingenuity was then rated, doubtless, far beyond its real value. Yet even here the prevailing procedure was conducted on erroneous principles. The Italians had been the great offenders. Their scholars had destroyed the integrity of the text of the Latin classics by thrusting upon it any and every alteration which occurred to them as an improvement or a novelty. Emendation was, with them, a pastime with which an idle hour might well be whiled away when society was not to be had. Even the systematic correction of a complete author was too large an undertaking for this enervated generation, and the Italian presses produced nothing but volumes of miscellaneous criticism or desultory marginalia. The better specimens of this class, such as the *Variae Lectiones* of Muretus, or those of Petrus Victorius, contain little else but trifling remarks, or the common anecdotes repeated from Plutarch or Suetonius, betraying the poverty

of the land, and making us aware that the Italian man could not get beyond the reading or the sphere of thought which he reached in his school-days. This frivolous toying with literature could only be expelled by presenting a model of thorough treatment. The two French critics who preceded Scaliger, Lambinus and Turnebus, had done much to introduce a more manly turn of thought and a more sustained industry into this department. They had, too, entered upon the field of Greek—a language which few Italian scholars had ever mastered, and for which they had now become wholly incompetent. But even Lambinus and Turnebus do not rise beyond the thought of making classics an instrument of education—of editing ‘in usum studiosae juventutis.’ Scaliger first showed the way to that sound notion of textual criticism in which the genuine tradition is made the basis, and alteration is only permitted on condition of establishing itself by rigorous proof. True, it has required a long experience and many attempts to bring the rules of criticism, simple though they seem, into the clear light in which they stand before a modern editor. Both in establishment of text, and in accumulation of aids to right interpretation, 300 years have, it may well be supposed, added not a little. But we need not forget our obligations to those who first taught criticism to walk in the road in which it should go, who reclaimed it from a hap-hazard guess-work, and made it a rational procedure subject to fixed laws. This Scaliger’s editions of the *Catalecta*, of Festus, and of the three erotic Poets did. They did it, too, with a mastery over not only the language, but the literature, which was then the common language and literature of all educated persons, and the result was to attract general attention to Scaliger even beyond university circles. It began to be understood that a man had arisen who could not only do better than any one else what every one else was doing, but who was able to lead the way to a new method of treatment

of ancient literature—a method which promised incalculable results.

No sooner had Scaliger, by his *Catullus*, etc., placed himself by common consent at the head of textual critics, than he took leave for ever of diorthotic criticism, and struck out a new path. He saw his way to a task, to which the restoration of texts in their integrity, even could it be completely achieved, was but a stepping-stone. Leaving editing to others, he threw himself upon the material contents of the books, and embarked, alone of all the early philologists, upon the unexplored ocean of primitive history—a voyage in which he had no predecessors, and, till within the present century, no followers.

The transition to the new field of labour was his edition of Manilius (1579), the five books of whose *Astronomica*, the most difficult of the Latin classics, offer to the interpreter a series of puzzles which frightened off the smaller critics. Scaliger grappled with the problem, and mathematicians assert, rather forced his way through it by sheer dint of arm than solved it. As his object was scientific, and not philological, he did nothing for the text except where necessary for his purpose, viz. to make Manilius a peg on which to hang a representation of the astronomical system of the first century A.D. The Manilius was, in fact, but an introduction to a comprehensive chronological system which he brought out in 1583 in his *De Emendatione*. By this grand effort of genius, Scaliger may be said to have created for modern times the science of chronology. Hitherto the utmost extent of chronological skill which historians had possessed or dreamed of had been to arrange past facts in a tabular series as an aid to memory. Of the mathematical principles on which the calculation of periods rests, the philologists understood nothing. The astronomers, on their side, had not yet undertaken to apply their data to the records of ancient times. Scaliger was the first of the philologists

who made use of the improved astronomy of the sixteenth century to get a scientific basis for historical chronology. With the modern light which Copernicus and Tycho Brahé supplied, he went back upon the ancient epochs and systems, and showed on what principles they had been formed. Nor did he confine himself here within the range of Roman antiquity, the narrow horizon which had so long bounded the view of scholars. The various Greek modes of reckoning time, the Hebrew calendar, those of the east and west from Persia to Mexico, as far as the materials were then accessible, are all subjected to scrutiny. In ascending to primitive ages, he saw how chronology may become to the critic an organ of discovery for times when historical narrative fails us. This suggestion is seen already in the first edition of the *De Emendatione* (1583). Following out his own hint, he conceived the idea of compiling a book which should embrace the archives of the whole early world.

We are so accustomed to take this point of view of Universal History that we do not readily imagine the effort required to rise to it at a time when the primitive classical ages were imperfectly known, when nothing at all was known of the extra-classical world (Syria, Egypt, etc.), and when between the classical and biblical world an impassable barrier was considered to exist, and it was a cherished principle of Protestant exegesis not to bring any secular knowledge to the interpretation of Holy Scripture. Scaliger was the first to perceive that the history of the ancient world, so far as it could be known at all, could only be known as a whole. Further, that the only direction in which the facts of this remote period could be looked for was in the remains of those chronologers of the empire, who, copying statements they often did not understand, transmitted in this way to future generations the universal tradition of the human species. He set himself, accordingly, to collect the distorted fragments of Berosus, Menander,

Manetho, and Abydenus—names which have ended by riveting the attention of historical antiquaries. Ultimately he resolved to adopt, as the basis of such a representation of primitive tradition, Jerome's Latin translation of Eusebius's Chronicle. A few words may be necessary to explain the importance of this Chronicle, one of the most precious of the remains of Greek historical literature.

It is well known, even to the general reader of ancient history, that the Greeks, for many ages, entirely neglected the history of those whom they, in their narrow conceit, termed the 'Barbarians.' Pleasing their imaginations with the romantic fables of Homer and Herodotus, they did not suppose it worth while to obtain a real knowledge of the past history of the great Oriental empires. Greek history was thus for centuries merely Greek, national and local. Even when they wrote about the Persians or Phoenicians they only reported travellers' tales, gleaned by word of mouth in the evening khan or the mid-day agora. It was not till the time of Alexander that conquest opened to them the real records of the Babylonian empire. As their sense of nationality declined, their interest in what was foreign gained ground. As their imagination lost its vigour, their perception of truth and fact strengthened. Astronomical observations began to furnish a new and certain basis for the computation of past time. One by one the subjugated nations laid open their annals to the eyes of their conquerors, proud to contrast the hoary antiquity of their pedigree with the recent origin of the Hellenes, whom they looked upon as still in their childhood. The materials were thus gradually accumulating for a general history of the world and its inhabitants. But a focus was still lacking which should draw together these scattered rays of history, and present the nations of men as only different members of one common family. The central point was, at last, in the fulness of time, supplied from the Bible. From the moment that the Jewish Scriptures became known to the



Greeks, the sacred volume could not but take its place as a compendium of the history of the world. With all the exclusiveness of Jewish nationality, the Old Testament yet presented what no book had done—the families of the earth looking back to a past and forward to a future which made them aware of the unity of their destinies. The Alexandrian antiquaries at once adopted the Scripture narrative as the centre round which to group all they could find recorded of the Oriental empires. With the growth of Christian ideas and Christian interests a controversial element was imported into historical criticism. It became a point of honour with the Christian annalist not to allow to any other race an antiquity superior to that of the Jewish people. It was the endeavour of the heathen antiquary to carry back, as far as possible, the commencement of Babylonian or Egyptian dynasties. At the beginning of the fourth century A.D., Eusebius, the learned Bishop of Caesarea, undertook a synchronistical compilation of the annals of all known nations, from the beginning of the Assyrian empire to his own time. This harmony of all sacred and profane history became at once the standard chronology of the Christian world. The original Eusebian work has perished in the wreck of Greek literature. But a Latin translation by St. Jerome, with a continuation to the death of the Emperor Valens (A.D. 378), has been the fortunate vehicle which has conveyed to us, through the middle ages, the contents of this inestimable document of pre-classical history. For ages the scribes continued to preserve it as an integral portion of the works of St. Jerome, with a very remote idea of its value. On the revival of letters neither the Paganizing *littérateurs* nor the Protestant controversialists knew what to make of it, and it was left out of their editions of Jerome's works as so much useless lumber. Even Erasmus omitted it from his scholar-like edition of that Father. It was not restored to its proper place in his works, before the handsome but



uncritical edition of Verona, 1734. For the Italian literati the Chronicle was devoid of interest, for they cared for nothing but Roman history. To the Protestants anything which placed the Biblical annals *en rapport* with the history of other nations was a profanation ; so far was the level of theological attainment in the sixteenth century sunk below even that of the times of Eusebius.

Scaliger had, as we have seen, from an early period, proposed to himself an aim in philology which rose equally above the aesthetic trifling of the Italian Ciceronians and the narrow sectarianism of the Protestant biblicist. Ancient learning was for him a means of instruction, not of amusement ; a road to truth, not a storehouse of religious polemics. The Eusebian Chronicle, in which no artifices of style disguised the facts, in which the annals of all nations are ranged side by side with the Jewish, seemed to him the very object he was in search of to which to apply his stores of erudition. If the substance of the Chronicle was tempting, the form in which it has come to our hands offered an irresistible attraction to Scaliger's peculiâr habits of mind. The Greek original having perished, the question presented itself to him, How far is the Latin version, as we have it, a faithful representative of that original ? Besides the general liability of all translation to minor errors, there was, in the present instance, a greatly increased probability of such error by the rapidity with which the translator had worked. It was, as the Saint himself pleads, a 'tumultuarium opus,' needing, on the score of correctness, much allowance from a friendly reader. Nor was the duty of a translator from Greek into Latin understood as we understand it in rendering from a contemporary foreign language into our own. It was no part of Jerome's purpose to preserve Eusebius's work. He thought only of supplying the Western world with a manual of general history. Omission and insertion, when they tended to improve the book for the purposes

for which it was now designed, were a merit, not a crime, in a translator. Jerome had an eye not to the book-shelves of the curious, who would collate and compare, but to the communication of the elements of history to the Western churches, in countries where civilization was already trembling to its fall before the barbarian hordes. To these occasions of error may be added the corrupt state of the MSS. of the Chronicle, an evil to which a book full of dates was especially exposed.

Proceeding on these facts, and following up the trail of the Eusebian Greek which may be detected here and there lurking in Byzantine writers, Scaliger fell upon the hypothesis that the original Chronicle, as Eusebius published it, had consisted of *two* books ; that the first of these books had either never been translated by Jerome at all, or had irretrievably perished in the dark ages. That the reason of this difference in the fate of the two portions of the Chronicle was the different character of the two. The later or second book, being a chronological table, had been preserved for its practical utility as an epitome of ancient history. That the first book, on the other hand, had not been thought worth copying out, because it consisted of extracts from Greek historians, who treated of Oriental history ; but, for us, it was precisely this lost first book of Eusebius which possessed the highest value.

This hypothesis as to the extent and character of Eusebius's work was hazarded upon such slight data that we need not be surprised at its seeming to ordinary critics little more than a delusion. Extraordinary as it was, it was far surpassed in audacity by the resolution he founded upon it to reproduce the work of Eusebius in the original Greek. The second book of the Chronicle, which existed only in an abridged form in Jerome's Latin, was to be restored complete in its original language. The first book, which was totally lost, was to be recovered both as to substance and language. Divinatory criticism has often

undertaken to work wonders by conjecture operating upon collation of MSS. Bentley's Prospectus of a New Testament engaged to retrieve the text 'exactly as it was at the Council of Nice, without the difference of twenty words, or even of twenty particles:' a brag, by the way, which Bentley did nothing to redeem. But we doubt if the annals of editing can parallel this scheme of Scaliger for the restitution of the Eusebian Chronicle. The resources on which he relied in first undertaking the feat were his skill in imitative translation and his command over the whole extant remains of Greek literature. Of the first of these methods—retranslation—he did not, in the end, make any use. Of the extent of his research and his ingenuity in detecting the smallest scrap of Eusebius, under whatever disguise it might be hid, it may be sufficient to cite the testimony of a witness not too well disposed towards Scaliger. The Meticharist Aucher, in the preface to his edition, says of Scaliger, 'Universam paene Graeciam lustraverat, nec veterum scriptorum erat quisquam unde aliquid in suam rem posset mutuari, qui diligentissimi hominis aciem effugisset.' The fragments, however, thus won from the wreck of antiquity would have gone but a little way towards the restitution of a whole book, but for a piece of luck which Fortune, with her propensity to help the daring, threw in his way. In the year 1601 he had come upon the track of a MS. chronicle by a Greek monk, which possibly contained Eusebian fragments, and probably was to be found in the Royal Library at Paris. The MS. is found there. Scaliger, then at Leyden, writes letter upon letter, supplicates and implores. But the librarian Gosselin, then in the imbecility of extreme old age, would not be moved either by the humble perseverance of Casaubon or the high authority of De Thou. At last, after a year's siege, July, 1602, the MS. is obtained. He then finds that 'this single writer is more towards his purpose than all the other Greek authors put together:' for it

turned out to be the Chronicle, since so well known to chronologists, which was compiled by the monk George, coadjutor (*syncellus*) of Constantinople at the beginning of the ninth century. Syncellus has transcribed Eusebius almost verbatim. Although Scaliger, in his exultation at the discovery, was betrayed into the error of transferring to the columns of his Eusebius much of Syncellus which had never belonged to the Bishop of Caesarea, we can say with Niebuhr that no one ever better deserved than Scaliger the reward of such an antiquarian find at such a moment. The Greek Eusebius, recovered by this and other aids—which cannot be here described—appeared at last, in 1606, as part of a folio Thesaurus Temporum, in which every chronological relic extant in Greek or Latin was reproduced, placed in order, restored, and made intelligible. The greatest triumph, however, achieved by this massive volume was in connexion with the Eusebian Chronicon. The Veronese edition of St. Jerome, as has been said, first incorporated the Latin Hieronymian version in the Opera Omnia of that Father. The editor, Dominico Vallarsi, undertakes, in the preface to the Chronicle, to refute Scaliger's theory of the extent and nature of Eusebius's work. Though Vallarsi's scholarship is of the slipshod Italian sort—he has hardly a grammatical knowledge of the Greek language—he cannot be denied the praise of industry and zeal in collecting all that had been written on the subject. He writes clearly, and, by aid of the accumulated light of 150 years, he is able to expose some of Scaliger's errors. At the very time that Vallarsi was thus presumptuously canvassing Scaliger's hypothesis, a MS. volume was slowly finding its way to Constantinople, which was destined to refute Vallarsi's learned reasonings by the shortest and surest evidence that could be had. This was nothing less than the long-desiderated Chronicle of Eusebius, perfect, but in an Armenian translation. This MS. of the 12th century—the translation itself dates from

the 5th—was brought to Italy, and at last in 1818 given to the press in the Armenian convent at Venice. It then appeared that Scaliger's divination had guided him right. There was a first book, and Jerome had translated the second only. Many also of Scaliger's emendations were established, many of the omissions he had charged on Jerome were found to be omissions. It may not be concealed that this signal triumph was dashed by mistakes as signal which the same discovery revealed. In assigning the contents of this Book I, Scaliger had gone infinitely astray: he had given to Eusebius much of Syncellus which was really taken from Africanus, and for his charge of bad faith against Eusebius there does not appear to be the least foundation.

There is a curious piece of history connected with another section of the *Thesaurus Temporum*. Among the miscellaneous matters which make up its vast bulk, there is one which has more than once been the subject of misapprehension on the part of scholars. This is a complete Olympiac table, from the 1st to the 249th Olympiad, which Scaliger had drawn up with much pains, ransacking every corner of Greek remains, edited or inedited, for authorities. The pleasure he took in writing Greek, and the convenience of citing the authorities in the original, had induced him to compose it wholly in that language. As it is printed in the *Thesaurus* in close sequence with the series of continuators of Eusebius—it follows immediately after the last of them, Nicephorus,—as no express notice is given in the title, and as the Greek is allowed to be an admirable imitation of antiquity, it is not very surprising that hasty readers should have taken the piece for a genuine classical relic. No thorough reader could have done this, as Scaliger has given in one place<sup>1</sup> a distinct declaration of his own authorship, and has in others alluded to it as his own compilation. These indications,

<sup>1</sup> P. 431, 2nd ed.

however, were easily missed by skimming readers. The Olympiac Table has been a trap into which hasty and unwary readers have fallen one after another, while the sharp-sighted and careful have avoided the snare. Salmasius and Petavius, in the earliest generation after Scaliger, Bentley, Ruhnken, Wesseling, in the 18th century, down to Niebuhr and Clinton in recent times, were much too accurate readers for such a blunder. But Scheibel, in his very learned monograph on this tract of Scaliger, has enumerated some thirty names, including not only literary men like Bayle and Lessing, but even professional critics like Ottfried Müller and Heyne, who have cited the *Ὀλυμπιάδων Ἀραγραφή* as a genuine Greek document. Meursius corrected texts of ancient authors to force them to agree with errors made by Scaliger in his Tables. Thomas Reinesius even wrote a dissertation on the authorship of the anonymous piece, and concluded from internal evidence that its author was either a Gentile, or, at most, a Jew: a warning to critics—the true scholar does not require it—of the necessity of reading through every book they may have occasion to cite.

To return to Scaliger's personal history. The publication, in 1583, of his *De Emendatione* placed him at once beyond rivalry at the head of ancient learning; beyond rivalry, but not beyond hatred—hatred all the more bitter because rivalry was hopeless. In the chronic quarrel which has disgraced the republic of letters ever since that community existed, the combatants usually snapped right and left, and gave as good as they got. It was a promiscuous *mêlée*, in which each abused everybody, and every one came out a little the worse for the scuffle. But the lofty pre-eminence to which Scaliger attained, and which he himself determined to vindicate, gave the combatants for a season a common animosity, and every hand was united against the despot. The envenomed propor-

tions which the attack on Scaliger attained, the importance which came to be attached to it, and the whirlpool-force with which it drew all around into its vortex, cannot be understood without a view of the state of parties at the period, which is beyond our limits. We can only give here a very summary indication.

The year 1583 fell in a short breathing-time which was granted to the unhappy country in the middle of its religious troubles. It was a respite only, for there had been neither compromise nor settlement. Both parties felt that it was only through another armed struggle that their respective positions could be definitively ascertained. The Reformed doctrines were very far from being equally distributed over the surface of the country. The Calvinists were massed together in districts. This was their only chance of security, for, where they were not strong enough to defend themselves by force, they were butchered. In the district between the Loire and the Garonne they had taken deep root. So overwhelmingly Protestant was this district, that, even so late as 1625, there was a scheme in the English Council for erecting it into an independent Protestant republic. It was here accordingly that the Catholic seigneurs directed their most desperate efforts. The state of those districts in 1581 is placed before us in a summary of facts by a contemporary writer, who had gathered them from official returns. In the two dioceses of Poitiers and Luçon 58 Catholic priests and monks, and a far larger but not ascertained number of Huguenot ministers, had perished by a violent death since the beginning of the troubles. There had fallen in the field 213 Catholic gentlemen, 317 Protestant; of common soldiers 7000 Catholic, 11,000 Huguenot; 2100 houses had been burnt or pulled down. These were natives of the province. Of Frenchmen, natives of other parts of France, 40,000 had fallen in the murderous fights or massacres within the above-mentioned limits; 700 persons had been executed



for religion, by the way, miscalled, of justice. Confiscation had ruined the Huguenots ; but the Catholic peasant was scarcely better off : crushed by the war and the exactions of the great seigneurs, who 'galopoient et trahissoient pirement le manant que s'il eût été leur esclave<sup>1</sup>.'

A country hardly breathing from such tragic scenes, and looking forward to a not distant renewal of them, was not a favourable arena for feats of learning or science. Of what value are character or attainments in a society which only asks of any one which side is he on ? The mere material wounds of the country, ghastly as they were, might have been healed by a few years of peace. Then, it might be thought, when security of person and property was restored, knowledge would be again in honour. Then, the respect due to one who through thirty hopeless years had devoted himself to learning—the best learning then known—would be reaped at last. But it was not so. In this respect Scaliger was most unfortunate. He may be said to have fallen, if ever great man did, on evil days indeed. The ascendancy of Henri IV brought at last the desired peace, or its immediate prospect. The material wounds of civil war began to close. Civility and letters began again to raise their heads ; but the moral wound inflicted upon France by the wars of religion was not healed, nor in the way to be. The result of the Civil Wars was no compromise upon equal terms between the parties ; it was the unqualified triumph of the Catholics, the permanent humiliation of the Huguenots. The Calvinists had risen in self-defence ; they had saved their necks at least till a better opportunity ; let them be thankful for getting off with life. Strange ! the Protestants were on the winning side, and yet had to treat on unequal terms with their beaten enemies. Even the reservations made in their favour could not be carried out ; public opinion would not allow of it. The mob was against them. The League was defeated at Arques

<sup>1</sup> Froumenteau : *Le Secret des Finances de France*, 1581, p. 250.



and Ivry, but Rome was triumphant. The war had been begun for the extirpation of heresy: it succeeded in extirpating virtue, honour, and nobility of mind. Men emerged from the long struggle with the conviction that a religious faith was a political pretext—that zeal was a disease to which the lower classes were subject, and upon which wise men worked for their own ends. A philosophical scepticism had become the creed of all thinking men. Montaigne and Charron express the mind of the time. But, whatever you might think, before all things you must make open profession of Catholicism. To be a Huguenot was to lose caste; to profess unbelief was to forfeit party influence. The barefaced corruption of the Catholic seigneurs who had taken up arms for religion, and laid them down for a consideration, seemed to sanction any amount of baseness in inferior men. That noble stamp which we find upon the character of the great Huguenot leaders—Coligny, Du Plessis-Mornay, D'Aubigné, La Noue—died with that generation, and has never been reproduced in France. An heroic breadth of soul, animated by a simple piety, and chastised by a chequered experience, in which adversity had far the larger share, is the common characteristic of the Huguenot seigneur of the epoch. The emergencies of the Civil Wars, acting upon the native chivalry of the French noblesse, and supported by the profound spiritual conviction of the Protestant, generated this lofty type of character—the finest which the whole range of French history has to show. The miseries of the wars of religion were hardly too high a price to pay as a school of such grand virtue. Ordinary times could not have raised the men. The Duc de Maëenne hit the secret of the Huguenot character when he said: 'Ces gens étaient de père en fils apprivoisés à la mort.'

Scaliger had been schooled in this discipline. How far he was from being a bigot has been seen: he had no sympathy with the bigotry of his co-religionaries. The

fanatical section of them had as little liking for him ; but it was impossible for him to be other than Protestant, the only creed which was compatible with his character or his understanding. Had he been a mere man of letters, he might have transferred himself, with Henry of Navarre, from one church to the other, as so many others did. He would then have shared the triumph and enjoyed the rewards of the dominant religion. His declining years might then have been surrounded with affluence and troops of friends. His home might have been Paris, and the whole Catholic world might have been united to do homage to the last scion of the Della Scala ; but the sacrifice of mental independence was one which he could not make, even at such a price. Abjuration, however fashionable and convenient, was simply impossible for him. He does not make any parade of his consistency, for he could not be other than he was. This was so universally felt, that while Casaubon was incessantly plied by solicitations to 'go over,' no one ventured to hint such a step to Scaliger. He was not ambitious of any post which was open to a mere man of letters ; but he sensibly felt his dependence. He would have been glad to have been no longer a burden upon his generous friends, and to have had the command of a library of books ; but the only resources were a university chair or a pension. The French provinces indeed stood thick with abbeys, priories, and rich ecclesiastical sinecures ; but these were appropriated by the lay noblesse, who paid a curé a starving stipend for performing the spiritual services. Merely being a Protestant was not necessarily a bar to obtaining a rent-charge on such a benefice. Sully had procured himself abbeys to the amount of 40,000 francs a-year ; but for such appropriation, which was notoriously illegal, you must have power—only a member of the haute noblesse could make or keep such a prize. For a pension, Scaliger enjoyed that already, i. e. the patent for it. Henri III, at a time when it was the

policy of the court to conciliate the Huguenots, had conferred on Scaliger a pension of 2000 francs : he might as easily have given 20,000 ; for in the then state of the French finances, such a compliment was worth the value of the paper on which it was written, and no more. When Henri of Navarre came to the crown, De Thou and Jeannin made efforts to get it paid ; but nothing was to be obtained for a Calvinist. Millions were being paid away to the grand seigneurs in gratifications before they would lay down their arms. And then Henri's mistresses were so exorbitant. Lestoile indeed (*Registre-Journal de Henri IV*, p. 525) asserts that Jeannin, then ambassador at the Hague, made, by order of Henri, 'munificent presents to the learned men in Leyden, Scaliger, Baudius, and others.' It doubtless flattered the vanity of the Parisian *badands* to think so ; and as Lestoile reports it, no doubt he heard it said ; but Scaliger never had a farthing. As late as 1608 Jeannin succeeded in getting Scaliger's name on the list of pensions which were to be actually paid some time or other. January, 1609, Scaliger died. As for the only professional resource by which he could have maintained himself—a university chair—we have already seen his aversion to teaching ; but had he been ever so inclined, that resource was not open to him in France. As long as Paris was in the hands of the Leaguers, they had closed the colleges, and massacred or driven out the regius professors. After Henri became master of the capital, he affected to patronize education, and set about the restoration of the University. But this was in 1597, and by that time Scaliger had found another asylum.

In 1590 Justus Lipsius, who had been twelve years Professor of Roman History and Antiquities at the University of Leyden, applied to the curators for leave of absence of some duration. He wished, he said, to try the Spa waters for a disordered liver from which he suffered. Though this was all he said, his intentions seem to have

been guessed. No one expected that he would ever return. Nor was any one surprised when the news came that Lipsius had followed the fashion, and conformed. He had withdrawn to Mainz, and, in the Jesuit College there, had been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Lipsius, though of another order of mind to Scaliger, yet ranked deservedly as the first of living Latin critics. His loss was, therefore, felt as a severe blow to the rising reputation of the young university. The question arose how he was to be replaced.

The origin of the University of Leyden is well known. In reward of the heroic defence made by its citizens, in the memorable siege by the Spaniards, they received from the States of the Netherlands an offer of a perpetual immunity from taxation. The influence of John Van der Does, Lord of Noortwyk, a distinguished statesman, better known as a universal scholar by his Latinized name of Janus Douza, prevailed upon the city to prefer the boon of the foundation of the University. Douza, as one of its first curators, continued throughout his life to foster the school he had thus called into being. Under his enlightened patronage the University of Leyden grew in a single generation into the first Protestant school in Europe. It was unable to vie with elder foundations in the splendour of its endowments, and Douza had recourse, of necessity, to the more economical, but, at the same time, more efficacious system of honour. 'He knew,' says Sir W. Hamilton<sup>1</sup>, 'that at the rate learning was seen prized by the State in the academy it would be valued by the nation at large. In his eyes a university was not merely a mouth-piece of necessary instruction, but a pattern of lofty erudition, and a stimulus to its attainment. He knew that professors wrought more by example and influence than by teaching; that it was theirs to pitch high or low the standard of learning in a country; and that as it proved arduous or easy to come

<sup>1</sup> *Discussions on Philosophy, etc.*, p. 362.

up to them, they awoke either a restless endeavour after an ever-loftier attainment, or were lulled into a self-satisfied conceit.'

With such maxims of academical management nothing was more natural than that Douza's eyes should be turned towards Scaliger, when the question arose who should fill the gap occasioned by the secession of Lipsius. The precautions taken in approaching Scaliger, the homage to his haughty claims, the express recognition of his princely descent and his literary pre-eminence, testify at once the earnestness of the desire felt to get him, and the notoriety which even these personal traits of character had already attained. They may have been made known to Douza by Lipsius, who, however, knew Scaliger only by correspondence. They may have been ascertained on the spot by Dominic le Bauldier. This amusing personage, sharp-sighted enough in reading the weaknesses of others, though so laughably ignorant of his own, had left Leyden for France in 1588, and had resided there ever since. With his usual alacrity for doing every one's business, he wished to negotiate the settlement of Scaliger in Lipsius's place at Leyden—having on hand, at the same time, a little scheme for bringing Lipsius to Paris. Douza, however, understood that Scaliger was not to be angled for with such slight tackle as Le Bauldier. A regular deputation in form was sent to wait upon him. Gerard Tuning, a young law-professor of Leyden, was the envoy. He carried, not a nomination, but a petition addressed to Scaliger by the Curators of the University, and a letter from the Government—the States-General of the Netherlands—praying his Lordship 'S'il plaise à votre Seigneurie servir de flambeau et esperon aux études languissans de la jeunesse par deçà.' To reinforce these prayers the ambassador was further provided with a dispatch to Henri from the States-General; also a private letter from Prince Maurice to the same. The States-General implore Henri to further their views upon

‘the Phoenix of letters,’ ‘for the honour of God and the promotion of *the common cause*’;—Henri, who hated Scaliger, because he saw through him, and would not flatter him, and who had already made up his mind to betray ‘the common cause,’ in order to secure the Crown of France! Prince Maurice, better informed, avoids these blunders, and writes a mere formal request.

With these credentials Tuning arrived at Dieppe, and found the King engaged in the blockade of Rouen. Henri was quite agreeable; had no objection to part with the ‘Phoenix of letters’; had indeed particular reasons why he should go to Holland; and wrote Scaliger a missive, intimating in pretty plain terms that the sooner he took himself off the better. Tuning started for Touraine, with this letter under passport. But in spite of Ivry, the League was still in force to the north of the Loire, and Tuning was stopped and plundered. So he reached Preuilly with nothing to produce of all these magnificent appeals, and without even a scrap of writing to authenticate him. With what honeyed words the diplomatist supplied the loss of his instructions we do not know. Whatever they were they were not successful. Scaliger sent back the negotiator with letters to the Curators and the Prince, which, at least, left room for further application. The Curators he addresses in a modest and grateful epistle:—

There is every reason why I should accede to the honourable proposals you have been pleased to make to me. Civil rage has banished letters from France. This country is no longer a home for men of virtue. In Holland, it seems, I could be useful; here I am scarcely held to possess common sense. More than all, from you I should receive that consideration of which my country has never thought me worthy. All these are strong motives; yet somehow there is wanting a favourable wind to swell the sails of my desires. I cannot be more explicit in writing; but Tuning will possess you by word of mouth more fully of my meaning.

We can have no hesitation as to the feeling which dictated this reply. Scaliger already foresaw the position

in which public affairs would finally adjust themselves ; a position in which the tried and the true, the loyal adherents of the 'common cause' would be sacrificed to gain the disaffected. He knew that the King and the 'politiques' would be equally glad to be rid of the obligation of doing anything for him. All these were inducements for him to go. But friends, less clear-sighted and more sanguine, urged his stay. Things were not so hopeless as he thought. The King meant well by his old friends ; if he were obliged to sacrifice himself to gain new ones, he would never leave the old in the lurch ; the time would come when he might venture to avow them again. And, even if things should go worse for the Huguenots than it was likely they would do, did not that make it more the duty of every good citizen to stand by his cause to the last, and perish with the rest, rather than run away, save himself, and leave the rest to their fate ? This was an argument which could not but weigh with Scaliger. To which must be added, that it is hard for a man at fifty-two to expatriate himself ; to leave old friends and go amongst strangers ; to exchange the smiling and vine-covered slopes of Touraine for the fogs and swamps of Leyden ; hardest of all, to tear oneself from the haunts and the home of thirty years, however ungracious and inhospitable it may have shown itself.

Some of the more staunch of the old Huguenot leaders would not have Scaliger leave France without an effort to retain him. Du Plessis-Mornay, as the head of this section of Royalists, and the only one who still retained some influence in the camp of Henri, was engaged to second their scheme, which was to get Scaliger appointed preceptor to the young Prince of Condé. As the King was still without issue by his first marriage, the Prince of Condé was heir presumptive to the crown. Such an appointment was at once honourable and influential. Henri consented, and at Du Plessis-Mornay's suggestion, the Princess



wrote herself to Scaliger. Her letter is so characteristic of the person to whom it is addressed that we shall give it in the original.

Monsieur de l'Escale,—Encore que de long-temps vos vertus ayent illustré non seulement ceste France, mais toute l'Europe, si est ce qu'il semble que Dieu vous offre une occasion pour leur donner d'avantage de jour. Car bien qu'elles soyent espandues sur divers peuples, je tiens la plus part indigne de recevoir ceste lumière ; mais si vos labeurs s'employent à former un prince tel qu'est celuy que je desire qu'il preigne instruction de vous, ce sera faissant bien à un apporter de l'utilité à tout cest estat. La peine en sera moindre et la gloire plus grande. Ces considerations si importantes me font esperer qu'aurez très agreable le desir que j'ay que vouliez accepter la charge d'instituer mon fils, lequel commence d'estre en aage pour recevoir vos belles impressions ; son esprit est plus avancé que ses années. C'est pourquoy je croy, qu'ayant les premiers fondemens de vous, l'oeuvre en sera plus parfaicte. L'esperance que l'on prent de luy merite d'estre augmenté par les enseignements d'un si digne personnage. Ne refusez donc, je vous prie, de servir au Roy mon Seigneur en ceste occasion, lequel je sçay avoir ceste volonté, et d'obliger toute ceste France à vous. Pour mon particulier, j'estimeray atteindre au comble de ma plus grande felicité si je puisse acquerir ce thrésor à mon fils ; faisant peu d'estat de toutes les grandeurs du monde si elles ne sont accompagnées de la vertu. Le Gentilhomme vous dira plus particulièrement mon intention sur ce subject. Auquel me remettant, je vous prieray le croire, et que je seray à perpetuité,

Vostre très affectionnée et obligée amye,

KAT. DE LA TREMOILLE.

This request, urged almost in a tone of supplication, Scaliger respectfully declined. He was not insensible to the honour, but he could not turn courtier at his age. 'Je ne veux point être courtisan,' he said to his friends. The Princess had recourse to his friends, at the urgency, doubtless, of Du Plessis-Mornay, and got the elder La Roche-Pozay to try his influence. But Scaliger knew far better than his friends to what he could and could not adapt himself, and he was firm in his refusal. As the offer made



to him had had Henri's special approbation, the King's aversion to Scaliger was not likely to be lessened by his rejection of it. This Scaliger too must have felt. After an interval of twelve months came a second application from Holland. Douza had now discovered that Scaliger's disinclination to lecture was the insuperable obstacle to his accepting Lipsius's chair. This only needed to be understood to be set right. They did not want him to lecture: nothing more was asked than his presence in Leyden, where he might dispose of his time as he pleased, and continue the series of his great works free from the interruptions to which he was exposed in France. At least, if he could not resolve upon making a permanent settlement among them, let him come provisionally, for a long visit, and see for himself how he liked Leyden.

Scaliger now no longer resisted. But he would only accept provisionally. He would come and see. He took with him the young La Roche-Pozay, under the express stipulation that he would bring him back himself within the twelvemonth. His books and papers, too, he left behind in Touraine. His true-hearted patron, the *père* La Roche-Pozay, would not part with him on any other terms. He was certain that, 'when peace was once restored, some opening would be found for establishing Scaliger in France; then he would come back to stay, and they would yet spend their old age in each other's society.' Florens Christian, however, who had been Henri IV's tutor, and who knew his royal pupil well, did not conceal that he thought differently. He wrote to Scaliger—

Not to stand too stiffly upon the provisional character of the Leyden appointment. Holland had the good fortune to be presided over by a valiant and religious Prince, and a lover of learning, Monsieur the Count of Nassau. Before you make up your mind for leaving such a home, bethink yourself, if you please.

Here, for greater security, the honest Calvinist drops his French for Latin :—

Bethink yourself that the Princes of France excel truly all other princes in blood and deeds of arms, but that learning must look elsewhere for patronage and encouragement.

Henri IV hated Christian for his honesty, for his keen sense of humour, and lastly for having been his tutor. Scaliger felt that Christian was right. About the King's sentiments he was left in no doubt. Henri was at the trouble of writing him a second missive, brief enough, expressing his satisfaction that he was at last going to Holland, avoiding all allusion to the provisional character of the visit on which Scaliger laid so much emphasis, and not even paying him the compliment of regretting his loss to France. On his road to the coast Scaliger had an interview with the King for the purpose of taking his leave of his Sovereign. 'So, M. de L'Escaie, the Dutch want to have you, and are going to allow you a good pension? I'm very glad to hear it!' Then, breaking off, Henri put to Scaliger a question which we cannot here repeat, which at another time might have been a joke, but under the circumstances of this leave-taking was a cruel insult. A stolid insensibility for the feelings of others was indeed the chief ingredient in Henri's 'Béarnaise humour.' Scaliger took ship for Holland at Dieppe about Midsummer, 1593.

Scaliger's reserved intention of returning to France in spite of these discouragements at least saved him the pang of feeling that he was quitting his own country for ever. But he never did revisit it. No overtures were made to him till the last year of his life, while every year things got gloomier, the Reformation dying out, and France relapsing into Catholicism. In Leyden every one strove to make his sojourn agreeable, and to soften the pains of exile. Here he tasted for the first time his own fame, and, what is better than fame, the silent recognition of superior knowledge. He soon came to be upon a confi-

dential footing with the first men of the Republic, Oldenbarnevelt and Van der Mylen. In Douza's house he was as one of the family. The widowed Princess of Orange, a worthy daughter of Coligni, treasured him. Prince Maurice of Nassau distinguished him by the most flattering attention, placing him at table above his princely cousins, and not requiring in return to be waited on at his levées, a considerate indulgence for which Scaliger is particularly thankful. His intimacy at the French Embassy, at least after the arrival (in 1597) of a superior man, Choart de Buzanville, in that service, gave him the best possible *point d'appui* outside of Dutch circles. This intimacy was not merely pleasant as being with a well-educated countryman, but gave him the best insight into the interior of European politics in that critical period when the Jesuits were preparing their great conspiracy against the liberties of Europe, which afterwards took the shape of the Thirty Years' War.

Nothing could exceed the pious solicitude of the Curators to make their illustrious guest feel that he honoured them in settling among them, not they him in inviting him. They created for him a quite exceptional position, which joined to the complete command of his own leisure all the dignity and influence of high academic office. As he continued to protest his unfitness for public lecturing, they ceased to press it upon him, and contented themselves with his silent influence upon the place. He instantly attracted round him, with the magnetic force of genius, all the rising talent of the University. For intercourse with young men Scaliger's temper was well adapted. He appeared to them with all the prestige of his illustrious fame, and the overwhelming weight of acquirements without a parallel. Yet this hero of science, who seemed to realise the most romantic ideal an ardent student could form of universal knowledge, was ever ready to discuss with them on familiar terms all in which they were inte-

rested—to talk over men and books—to enter upon the merits of Livy or Statius, of Hesiod or Procopius, as freshly as if he had been reading them for the first time. Age had not subdued the vivacity of his temperament or the vigour of his language. His pithy and direct judgments upon men and things made their way straight to the understandings of the youth, who waited on his words, because they interested their feelings. The timid and the ill-natured complained that he was rash in assertion and reckless in his censures—that there was more passion than judgment in his opinions. ‘His ability would be truly wonderful,’ writes in 1594 one who was ill-disposed to him, ‘s’il avoit l’esprit autant posé comme il l’a bizarre.’ Ill-nature is keen-sighted and generally hits its mark. But this fearlessness of expression was the frankness of a noble nature, not the *médiance* of a petty spite ; and what justly offended the caution of the aged and the prudent was the very ingredient of conversation likely to attract the young. The circle of young Dutch students who were drawn to Leyden by Scaliger’s presence there formed not merely a future school of philology, but embraces almost all the eminent names by which Holland was distinguished in the next generation. For the younger Janus Douza, Scaliger had conceived a tender affection. For his premature death he wept for days, ‘comme une vieille.’ He recognised the early promise of Hugo Grotius, and predicted his future celebrity. It would be tedious to the reader to enumerate names famous in the history or the schools of Holland, but little known beyond its precincts. One must not be omitted, that of his favourite and most attached disciple, Daniel Heinsius. Scaliger interested himself particularly in this youth, in forming him and in promoting his temporal interests. He used his influence to obtain for him the post of librarian, and till the last never ceased befriending him. Heinsius repaid these benefits by a devotion little short of idolatrous. Heinsius

never left his side, waited upon everything that fell from his lips, watched by his death-bed, received his last words, and edited his Remains. He was never with Scaliger, he said—and he was with him daily—without feeling the inspiring influence of his mental energy. Heinsius had made notes of his table-talk ; but they are unfortunately lost. From so accomplished a note-taker they would have been, doubtless, of superior value to the collection of the two Vassans which we have. Dr. Bernays thinks that the inflated language which Heinsius and others of the Leyden circle used in speaking of their patron-saint, provoked, in the way of reaction, the abuse which was lavished upon Scaliger. It may have helped to give it currency ; as, no doubt, the circulation of the pungent sarcasms which Scaliger threw about him upon pretentious ignorance aroused a vast amount of personal animosity against him. Never, perhaps, has any one in the history of letters wielded such a power over reputations as Joseph Scaliger, from his throne at Leyden. It cannot be said that he is unwilling to praise where there is room for it. But his standard of attainment is a lofty one. Himself at the top of knowledge, he surveyed from that eminence the attempts of others, and measured exactly the degree in which they approximated to success. He never tramples upon modest and unassuming merit, however imperfect its attempts. What he cannot stomach is presumptuous dogmatism, ignorant of what it is to know. This class of writers, always a large one, hopeless of corrupting or softening their inexorable critic, had no resource but to combine against him. But it was not from them that the envenomed hostility proceeded which broke in a storm upon the last ten years of Scaliger's life. The provocative lay much deeper : it lay in the attitude which, as a critic, Scaliger had taken up towards the documentary evidence on which the Catholic controversialists rested their case, and in the irretrievable overthrow by him of the credit of the Jesuits

as expounders of antiquity, classical or ecclesiastical. They were sunk past recovery by the fair weapons of learning and argument. It only remained for them, by a combined and systematic assault upon the individual, to attempt to counterbalance that supremacy which his powers and knowledge had, by this time, secured to the Protestant cause. The danger to the Church, which could not be parried upon the open field of erudition and critical debate, might be averted by the moral assassination of the Protestant champion.

In the history of the Society of Jesus, its Second Period is marked by a desperate effort to obtain possession of the region of letters and learning, in the same way as it had, in its First Period, conquered that of religious sentiment. In the first half-century of its existence—1540–1590—it had almost monopolized the reputation of sanctity, of the skill to handle the tender conscience, to sound the depths of casuistry. It had gained for the Church a complete triumph upon the purely religious and devotional ground. In the Middle Ages a triumph here would have been enough. There was then no other public opinion or common feeling. But in the sixteenth century this was no longer the case. The *mind* of Europe was awakened. He who would rule opinion now, must show, not merely credentials of his piety, but proof of his knowledge. The women and the ignorant—both very important conquests—had been recovered through the confessional and the pulpit. But there remained to be subdued this new, hitherto unknown, element of public opinion. The Jesuits were not daunted by the formidable nature of their novel enemy, though Church history supplied them with no precedent to guide their tactics. They saw the strength which the Reformation derived from possessing all the leaders of the new school of Classical and Oriental Philology. Elegant Latin writing was no longer enough. New lines of inquiry and research were being opened

up, and men had no longer the same ear for polished versification and sounding oratorical periods. The philologists must be converted, and their dangerous researches stopped or diverted. The Society itself, too, must breed its own philologists, and get up criticism in order to defend the ecclesiastical traditions. In one part of this tactic they had tolerable success. Muretus and Lipsius were carried over in triumph. Of Casaubon they had strong hopes. But Scaliger? He was known to be as immovable in his Protestant faith, as he was invincible in the field of criticism and knowledge of antiquity. As long as this Achilles remained in the Protestant camp, his single arm secured the victory to his party. There was but one resource—tyrannicide. The knife of the bravo might take off the captain who could not be worsted in the field. The pen of the slanderer might write down the archcritic, whom it was impossible to foil at his own weapons. The whole learning of the Jesuit schools could not vindicate the integrity of the false Decretals, or prove the works of Dionysius to be the production of the convert of St. Paul, but persevering calumny might silence those who dared to intimate the imposture which had been so long palmed off upon the world.

In this spirit the Jesuits entered the territory of letters. Their efforts were but too successful. They clouded the serenity of Scaliger's declining years, and have hung an air of doubt round his character with posterity. Where opinion has to be acted upon, truth, it is often taken for granted, will in the end prevail. Not always, nor without drawback. No individual, however superior, can fight a party, even in the cause of truth. Even Achilles must have his Myrmidons. Nor did the Jesuits merely succeed in damaging the individual. They struck a heavy blow at ancient learning, by introducing into it that spirit of personal polemic of which it never rid itself during the whole of the seventeenth century. They not merely effectually



disguised the defeat of the Roman controversialists in a cloud of scurrilous personalities, but they created an aversion to philological studies, lowered their credit, and broke up the alliance which had in the outset been so happily formed between honest research and the reformed doctrines.

The signal of battle seems to have been given somewhere about the first year of the seventeenth century. Scaliger's withdrawal from France had relieved him from the local entanglements and hatreds of his own country, only to expose him to a wider sphere of religious animosity. It is remarkable that none of his assailants were French. From whatever cause this proceeded, it was not from any lurking sympathy. Neither then nor since have his Catholic fellow-countrymen shown any remorse for having exiled their illustrious compatriot, or made any attempt to 'réclamer' him as their own. Flanders and Germany were the positions from which the Jesuit guns were pointed against Leyden. At Antwerp, Louvain, and Mainz, they had establishments for training their literary banditti. Here renegades from Protestantism were received, and were especially welcome if they could bring contributions of scandal against their old associates. Having lived with the Protestants, they knew their friends' weak points; ruined in character themselves, they were zealous to ruin others. If an imputation could not be made to look plausible, it could be made to look black; quantity was not stinted; they were laid on, says Scaliger, 'by the waggon-load.' Martin Delrio, who had taught at Liège and Louvain in Scaliger's neighbourhood, but was now removed to Gratz—one of the Jesuit strongholds for the blockade of Germany—opened the game in 1601. Delrio's language is comparatively decent. It is a noisy lament over Scaliger as a blasphemer and contemner of the 'authority of the Church,' in denying the genuineness of the writings of Dionysius, and in having affirmed



that monachism was unknown in the apostolic age. He goes on to a personal description of Scaliger, offensive and insulting, but not wholly untrue; a caricature rather than a libel. Delrio, in fact, was only the light skirmisher put forward to draw Scaliger's fire. But it would not do. The man was too inconsiderable. Scaliger took no notice, or awarded him only a conversational sarcasm.

The trenches were, therefore, opened on a new quarter. Scaliger had that feeling for his Hebrew attainments which we often have for that point which we are conscious is not exactly our strongest. His reputation as an Orientalist was a tender point with him. Serarius, a Jesuit of Mainz, who had some skill in Hebrew, was set on with this bait. They printed for him at their press in Mainz a book on The Three Jewish Sects (*Trihaeresion*), in which, quite by the way, some of the Hebrew criticisms in the *De Emendatione* were called in question, but without violating the received courtesies of controversy. Scaliger could not resist the temptation. Though not replying himself, he appended to a friend's reply to the book a contemptuously savage demolition of Serarius; and, finding his hand in, he could not refrain from a castigation of Delrio by the way. More important was an epistle addressed to the friendly editor of the volume, Drusius, Professor of Hebrew at Franeker. In this epistle, written in a vein of caustic humour, in which Scaliger has never been surpassed, he throws down his challenge to the whole Order:—'Till now he had kept silence under their provocations. If the offence were repeated he should not take it so quietly in future.' Friend and foe felt that this epistle was a declaration of war. The Heidelberg Calvinists congratulated themselves upon this out-spokenness; and the Jesuits no longer delayed the production of their heavy artillery. In 1605 Carolus Scribanus, Rector of the Jesuit College at Antwerp, produced the *Amphitheatrum Honoris*. The Amphitheatre is not directed against Scaliger only; it

includes the Calvinists generally. It is difficult to give the English reader any idea of this production. It must suffice to say that it is one of the most shamelessly beastly books which have ever disgraced the printing press. The leading characters among the Reformed are brought up one after another, and the most filthy imputations alleged against them, without the smallest evidence, or the pretence of it. Even the titles of its chapters could not be reproduced in these pages. In any moral condition of society the compiler of such a mass of ordure would have been driven from among men as a pollution of his species. But fifty years of Jesuit reaction had told terribly on the moral sense of Europe. Scribanius was a defender of the Church, that was enough. The Amphitheatre speedily reached a second edition, to which a new Part was added, spiced with fresh turpitudes, and a special chapter on Scaliger. Nothing gives a more shocking impression of the depravity of party-spirit in those times than the hearty reception given to this infamous production. It has not a single redeeming point; neither wit, eloquence, piquant scandal, nor plausibility of imputation. It is a cesspool of filth, in which sectarian hate and an impure imagination do not seek to disguise themselves by any arts of composition. Good men were aghast, and recoiled from this Amphitheatre of *Horror*; but the Catholic public applauded; and when an attempt was made to get the sale of the book prohibited in France, Henri IV interfered in its favour, and sent the author a message of encouragement, and letters of naturalization as a citizen.

In 1607 the Jesuits followed up this first success by a second. The Amphitheatre had thrown dirt upon the whole Protestant body promiscuously, and only in the second edition had a point been made against Scaliger in particular. He was now made the subject of a companion volume, devoted entirely to himself, his personal history, and character. The Supposititious Scaliger (*Scaliger*

*Hypobolimaëus*) of Gaspar Scioppius, is a thick quarto of 400 pages, in which all the slander and gossip about Scaliger and his family which could be raked together in the Jesuit colleges in Italy and Germany is retailed as matter of fact. But instead of the obscure style and clumsy composition of the *Amphitheatre*, the Supposititious Scaliger is set off by all the arts of an accomplished rhetorician. Scioppius was a master of Latin style; he wields, with a force and nerve not inferior to Scaliger's own, a precise and pungent diction,—a terrible weapon in such a warfare and in the hands of such an adversary, reckless of truth and only intent upon wounding his opponent. We seem to see the steel of the assassin gleam cold and keen in the moonlight, as he withdraws it again and again to repeat his blow and make sure of his victim. A more judicious selection of a champion the Jesuits could not have made. No stronger proof can be given of the impression produced by this powerful Philippic, dedicated to the defamation of an individual, than that it has been the source from which the biography of Scaliger, as it now stands in our biographical collections, has mainly flowed. Such is the power of style! The Jesuits, in their most sanguine dreams, could never have hoped that the pure fictions of Scioppius would establish themselves throughout the literary world as the genuine tradition of the family history of the Scaligers.

Scaliger was in his sixty-seventh year when this terrible blow was dealt him. He might well reel under the shock. A man of irreproachable purity of morals, of religious habits, who had devoted every hour of his life to the pursuit of knowledge, and had done more than any living man to dignify the pursuits which all men agreed to honour, might at least have thought he had earned a peaceful, if not an honoured old age. And this was what it was come to! As the reward of his toil, himself and his ancestry were held up to the execration or ridicule of the

world, and the world received the portrait with rapture. In denying his descent, the Jesuits had found out the heel of Achilles. Upon his belief in his noble blood his whole attitude and demeanour in the world had been founded. If his intellect had broken the bonds of opinion and enjoyed a freer scope and ampler range than that of ordinary scholars, it was because he had started with a consciousness of being the peer of the best and noblest in Europe. His princely birth was but the other side of his princely genius. He had sought and won this principality in letters as some small compensation for the territorial principality of which his forefathers had been robbed. He had cherished, in this inward persuasion, a sensitive, even irritable, love of truth, which had made him abhor disguise and scorn prudence, and now he found himself exhibited to the world as an impostor and a cheat. A sudden revolution had shaken the foundations of his authority. The proud fabric of his reputation was dashed to the ground amid the jubilant exultations of enemies and the cold condolence of friends. He was alone. Upon his single head was discharged all the venom of a triumphant party. The triumph, too, was not over himself, but over science and learning, and over Scaliger as their representative. On every side the work of the Reformation was being undone. A torrent of fanatical passion had set in, and was sweeping away all that the human intellect had for nearly a century been so laboriously constructing. It was time for him to go; his life had been lived in vain. Put away the *Thesaurus Temporum*! What are honour, truth, virtue, science?—A dream. The Jesuits are masters of the world!

Recovered from his first consternation, Scaliger thought it necessary to reply to Scioppius's libel, though he had not noticed the *Amphitheatre*. His *Confutatio Fabulae Burdonum*, published in his sixty-eighth year, is one of the most vigorous specimens of Scaliger's unrivalled Latin

style. For the general reader this little tract is the most attractive of anything which he has left. It is overflowing with spirit and power, with historical knowledge and literary allusion. As a refutation of Scioppius it is most complete; but it had no success with the public. An answer never has. It is the privilege of slander that it does not admit of being removed, but attains its end by being uttered. Casaubon, indeed, was hearty and sympathetic; Heinsius was convinced; but the world regarded the sympathy of the devoted Casaubon as little as the indignation of the Leyden students. It was gratified to see Scaliger humbled, and it would not hear of anything that might abate its gratification. He was made to feel the truth of what he had once said, '*Nunquam major est vis calumniae quam in causâ optimâ.*' All consolation and support must be looked for within. The considerations he had himself, some eight years before, offered to a friend under a somewhat parallel infliction, show the direction his thoughts would take in his own case. Thus he writes to John Casel in 1600:—

You must remember how envy waits on merit as inseparably as shadow on body. You would not be the object of this enmity if you had not thus deserved it. I cannot recall any person of worth I have ever known who has not at some time or other been the victim of these malevolent passions, unless by studiously dissembling his gifts, and painfully conforming to the fashion of living and thinking of those around. But if you cannot escape envy you may vanquish it; envy itself, I mean, not the envious, which is but a poor triumph. Gifts of intellect and acquirements of learning are worth little if they do not furnish the soul with resources to meet the spite they excite. *Perfer itaque et obdura.* I am well acquainted with this sort of men, and am indeed daily exposed to their assaults. I can however, afford to laugh at their stupid malignity, and despise their rage; and sustain myself by a good conscience and lofty purpose.

If victory is not always granted us, we are sure of release. That hour was very near at hand. The Confutatio, which robbed better work of some valuable hours,

*Quarterly Review*, 1860.]

was finished in July, 1608. In October he began to feel symptoms, the meaning of which he well understood. The physicians who attended him complained of the difficulty of prescribing for one who was too well acquainted with the pharmacopoeia and the power of drugs. For two months it amounted to little more than a sense of uneasiness, against which he struggled as well as his strength permitted. He did not intermit his usual reading; he could take hardly any food, and his body was reduced to the last stage of emaciation, but his mind was as vigorous as ever—‘vigilant,’ says Heinsius, ‘like a soldier at his post.’ Up to the very last he was correcting Polybius, and had drawn a sketch of the *pilum* from the description of that weapon in Lipsius’s *De Re Militari*. About Christmas he took to his bed; dropsy had declared itself.

‘I came to him one morning,’—this is Heinsius’s narrative,—and asked him how he felt. ‘My son,’ he answered, ‘you see me in extremis. I cannot any longer bear up against the distress I suffer. My body is worn out by lying here and by the stress of my malady. My mind is as active as ever. If my enemies could see me now, they would say it is the judgment of God upon me. You know how they have said it of others. But you can testify to what you have seen. Go on as you have begun. Watch over the memory of him who has loved thee tenderly. God, I cannot doubt it, has thee in His favour. He will continue to do so; do thou only acknowledge that all thou hast is from Him. Be not ostentatious of thy gifts; they will shine all the brighter. Whatever thou dost, shun arrogance and a haughty temper. Never do aught against thy inward convictions for the sake of advancement. Whatsoever is in thee is God’s alone. Dear son! thy Scaliger is leaving thee!’

On the 21st of January, 1609, at four in the morning, he fell asleep in Heinsius’s arms. The aspiring spirit ascended before the Infinite. The most richly-stored intellect which ever spent itself in acquiring knowledge was in the presence of the Omniscient.

## VII.

### *LIFE OF JOSEPH SCALIGER.*

(FRAGMENTS.)

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[AMONG Mr. Pattison's papers and collections two fragments only of the life of Joseph Scaliger have been found in a sufficiently advanced and connected state to allow of their being given to the world. These are now printed as an Appendix to the preceding article. The first (really made up of three fragments) deals with Scaliger at the University of Paris, his Greek studies, and his Greek and Latin verse. The second (written in 1880), which appears intended to follow immediately upon this, deals with his connection and residence with the family of Chasteigner de la Roche Pozay. It contains frequent references to M. Tamizey de Larroque's *Lettres Inédites de J. J. Scaliger* (Agen and Paris, 1879). It must be borne in mind by the reader that no part of these fragments had received the final corrections or revision of the author, and that the whole is in an unfinished state. There are frequent indications of contemplated additions, alterations, and notes. Occasionally the same sentences are repeated in different places; and it has been found necessary to insert a word or two here and there for the purpose of connecting the sentences or paragraphs together. A few trifling corrections have been made, and some passages and suggestions for notes or amplifications omitted; but in all other respects the fragments are as they were left by their author, including several passages repeated from the *Quarterly* Article. But though unfinished, these fragments appear to contain so much matter of interest, not only in reference to Joseph Scaliger himself, but also to the condition of France and to Greek studies there, that it has been thought well to print them. The numerous references to the *Epistolae* and the *Scaligerana* have been corrected and made uniform. The edition of the *Epistolae* referred to is the Elzevir edition of 1627; the *Scaligerana* are always cited from Des Maizeux's edition, Antwerp, 1740.]



## I.

THOUGH bestowing great pains in perfecting Joseph in Latin, his father made no attempt to teach him even the elements of Greek. A barrier was thus placed before the curiosity of the youth, and as he grew up he became impatient to possess it. He exaggerated the value of the unknown. 'I thought then,' he says, 'that not to know Greek literature was to know nothing.' Every one in France was saying the same. It was the moment in French history when the passion for Greek was identified with the passion for culture and education. For a moment the ardour of the Italian renaissance, already extinct in the country of its birth, flamed out again in France. The glow and the inspiration were borrowed, but the ideal was with a difference; for while the Italian enthusiasm was for the Latin classics, the inheritance bequeathed to them by their own ancestors, the remains of the Greek world became the French Sangreal. The hidden wonders of Greek literature it was which kindled the imagination of ingenuous French youth. In this unexplored and infinite 'orbis novus' were to be found the treasures of science, of history, of philosophy, but above all of poetry. The lyric tradition of the *Langue d'oc* connected itself by natural affinity with the newly revealed Greek ode. The press of Paris began to give Greek books in response to the new demand, and the Collège de France, through Turnèbe or Dorat, was supplying Greek teaching at a level which was not reached in any other European school of that date.

To this source the young Scaliger rushed as soon as he was released by his father's death, eager to slake his thirst for learning. With the inexperience of his years he had imagined that he had but to sit at the feet of Turnèbe, and that the Greek language would flow into him from the lips of the master. He commenced a diligent attendance in the professor's lecture room, and to his great disappointment found that he derived no benefit. But it was not



till after the experiment had been continued for two months that he discovered that the fault lay, not with the teacher, but with himself. He was listening to a course calculated for advanced students, while he had not learnt the accidence and the rules of syntax. It dawned upon him that one must begin at the beginning,—a lesson in acquiring which two months had not been thrown away. In disgust with himself he forsook the Collège, and shut himself up in his chamber to grapple with the mysteries of the language by sheer force of intellect. He seized not a grammar, but a Greek Homer with a Latin translation. His choice of Homer was perhaps guided by finding in the title-page of the Basle Homer of 1553 the tempting promise that ‘by the aid of their word for word rendering, and the helps in their notes, beginners might master the poet without the aid of a teacher<sup>1</sup>.’ He went through Homer—he does not say if both Iliad and Odyssey—in twenty-one days. Huet, who, as a Frenchman and an ecclesiastic, has no love for the Calvinist, pronounces this a piece of Scaliger’s fan-faronnade. The reason he offers is, that he himself had made a similar experiment, and without success, though he had convinced himself of the possibility of enclosing the whole Iliad in a nut shell, which may seem at first sight the more improbable feat of the two. Gibbon, with modest sarcasm, declares (in his Autobiography) that he was well satisfied with himself when he got through the same task in as many weeks as Scaliger took days. Wyttenbach took only fourteen days in reading Athenaeus, and Casaubon only seven days over the one thousand folio pages of the Greek of Photius’s Bibliotheca, and twenty days over the seven hundred pages of Basil. There are many modes of reading, and the rate depends on what you read for. The less the reader knows, the quicker he can get

<sup>1</sup> *Adjecta Latina versione ad verbum . . . et difficiliorum thematum explicatione marginibus hinc inde . . . adpersa, ut Graecae linguae tyronibus, vel citra vivam praeceptoris vocem, cognoscere jam poetae scripta liceat.*

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

over the ground, as his attention is arrested by fewer points.

The number of days is of small consequence. What remains as the ascertained fact for Scaliger's mental history is, that in Greek at least he was one of the self-taught men. And this not for the reason that Casaubon was so, because there was no one at hand who could teach him, but because he would not learn from another. Some minds are so ; too obstinate or too original to approach any new subject along a prepared path, they must get at it in their own way, or they cannot apprehend it at all. The autodidact lies under some disadvantages. He loses time ; and time, in this short existence, is what no one whose ambition is to exhaust literature can afford. He is further liable to feed his self-confidence, and so not merely to rouse the enmity of his compeers, but to disturb his own intellectual balance. Scaliger's Gascon temperament, propense to self-glorification, was unduly developed by this solitary gymnastic, where he was matched against an adversary over whom he was always victorious. Vanity, his one moral weakness, grew into an overweening arrogance, an outre-cuidance which made no account of others, and demanded for himself a recognition of superiority, which might have been rendered if he had not asked for it, but which, when exacted as a due, the whole Dunciad of Europe rose up to deny. If Scaliger's glory has been obscured by his self-assertion, we must trace this in great measure to these solitary years of study, during which, unaided, he wrestled with the ordinary difficulties of the Greek language, and the added obscurities of corrupt texts ; and overcame them. For the self-taught man can at least count upon one set-off against the moral and intellectual dangers of the process. He acquires a firmer hold upon what he learns than can be ever obtained by the favoured scholar, whose way is smoothed for him by an expert teacher. In classical philology great names can

be placed to the credit of either system. And in this, as in every other branch of endeavour, the great men must always be regarded as exceptional phenomena. We must be content with recording that Scaliger, as Casaubon, was self-taught in Greek, and not go on to use the fact in support of a theory.

In reading Homer, Scaliger's method was to draw out a paradigm of the inflections for himself, and this was all the grammar he ever had. The spirit of thoroughness which guided him carried him through all the Greek poets in four months. He abstained from touching the prose writers till he had finished the poets. His instinct of style made him feel that, where the idiom of poetry and that of prose are so totally distinct as they are in Greek, the one would be more completely mastered if it were not mixed with the other. 'Between eighteen and twenty,' he says,<sup>1</sup> 'I knew my three tragedians thoroughly.' Two years were devoted wholly to Greek. He did not merely read, but exercised himself in composition and verse-making, both original and translated, in both languages, Greek and Latin. As he had no master to correct his lines, he must have formed his own prosody as well as his own grammar. Some of these pieces of early date still remain, having been offered, as the fashion then was, as 'étrennes' to friends. There is, e.g., a translation into Greek hexameters of the *Moretum*, done at Paris in 1561, and tendered as a compliment to Pierre Ronsard, which is astonishing as the work of one who had only begun Greek two years before. There are translations from other Latin poets, Virgil, Martial, Catullus, etc., of all periods of Scaliger's life, of which Friedrich Wolf says that they are as good as Nonnus or Quintus Smyrnaeus could have written<sup>2</sup>. And, according to Bentley's verdict, Scaliger's metrical skill had never been surpassed by any

<sup>1</sup> *Scaligerana Secunda*, p. 577.

<sup>2</sup> *Darstellung d. Alterthumswissenschaft*, p. 116.

scholar since the revival of learning<sup>1</sup>. Bernays, however, suggests that a higher place might be awarded to William Canter. Versification was an accomplishment of which Scaliger was not a little proud. Speaking in later life of his early performance of this kind, he says, 'In that three years, 1560-63, I amused myself with making verses frequently in both languages; I turned much out of the Latin poets into Greek, making it my aim that what I wrote should not only be Greek, but should seem to be my own. Many at this day can write creditable Greek verses, but few with that happy idiomatic turn which there ought to be in Greek<sup>2</sup>.' Except as showing the metrical skill of the writer, the verses are worthless. Scaliger knew this, and steadily declined requests to print, 'warned,' he said, 'by Politian's example, though it was some excuse for Politian that he had marked on each copy of verses the author's age at time of writing. If he were to publish he would do the same, but, on the whole, it was hardly worthy of Politian, in the maturity of his genius, to have deliberately printed his schoolboy Greek verses<sup>3</sup>.'

Some force above the common, we may admit, must have been at work to carry Scaliger at one bound to where a whole seven years' apprenticeship hardly brings on others. He himself has touched the true basis of what we vaguely call 'gifts.' Speaking of a Pole who had a new patent system of learning Greek he writes (1574), 'As for your Polish friend's new method of learning the Greek language, I can only say that each student's own industry and pains, with—and this is the main point—*determination*, is the best and only method<sup>4</sup>'. In conversation with the friend to whom he thus wrote, he said, 'No language stops me, if I take a little pains. All the languages I know I have learnt without grammar or

<sup>1</sup> 'Nemo in arte metrica Scaligero peritior.' Menand., p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Epistolae, p. 51.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 104.

dictionary, making my own as I went along. A slight taste of any language is enough to give me an insight into its analogies. Whoever would conquer what I have conquered must do it in the sweat of his brow <sup>1</sup>.'

From Greek he would pass with the same ardour to the conquest of Hebrew. The suggestion came from Guillaume Postel, but the inducement was, as in the case of Greek, the belief of reaching through Hebrew an untravelled world of knowledge. Scaliger, during these years of heroic application and renunciation, lodged over a bookseller's shop. It may have been the shop of the Marnef brothers, but, whoever the printer was, he was an ally of Guillaume Postel. And it so happened that that restless visionary wandered back to Paris, and claimed hospitality from his bookseller when Scaliger was in the house. Postel was in the fifties, and Joseph Scaliger only twenty-three, but there was much in common between them. Postel's real learning would seem to the young man greater even than it really was, and his enthusiasm for his ideas was met by an equal ardour on the part of the inflammable Gascon. Postel was self-taught <sup>2</sup>, and, what is most seductive to a young imagination, believed in the attainment to mysteries hidden from the world through the key of the Oriental tongues. Scaliger was fascinated by this apparition, a compound of the prophet and the savant, who had been all over the East, even at Constantinople, about which the savour of Greek learning still lingered, and who knew more tongues than any man living. The young man resigned his bed to the elder <sup>3</sup>, and waited on his words. Their intercourse only lasted three days, for that time

<sup>1</sup> *Scaligerana Prima*, p. 142.

<sup>2</sup> 'Il apprit de lui mesmes tout l'artifice et parfaicte cognoissance de ceste langue.' Thevet, *Pourtraits et Vies*, p. 589. Thevet knew Postel; the sketch in his huge folio is drawn at first hand, and is the source of nearly all that is authentic in the many lives in the books of reference which copy from each other without verification.

<sup>3</sup> 'Meo lecto illi cessi, quum sperarem me ex congressu ejus quotidiano aliquem fructum percepturum.' *Epistolae*, p. 706.

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

sufficed for Postel to get into new trouble with the Parlement, and to be carried off to a dungeon. But three days had been enough to excite Scaliger's curiosity about the Oriental tongues, and he thought now, as three years before about Greek, that nothing was known if you did not know Hebrew. He recognised at the time that the seer was a little mad, and came to know afterwards that his linguistic attainments did not go beyond the surface<sup>1</sup>.

Accordingly Scaliger fell upon Hebrew with the same passion of study to which Greek had yielded. Either the genius of the language wanted the qualities adapted to his taste, or he was disappointed in the material contents of the books. He never, in Bernays's judgment, attained to that sure footing in Hebrew which characterises his handling of Greek. 'He never overcame the disadvantages which surely attend the learner who begins late and is without a teacher. In spite of intuitions into the higher problems of the language and literature with which he occasionally surprises us, he wants that assured hold of the common every-day tongue, that "*usus linguae*," which was at his command in Greek—a possession of which the foundation was laid in enormous reading and incessant translation in these early years in Paris<sup>2</sup>.'

At a later date Scaliger acquired, besides Hebrew, several languages of the Semitic group, Talmudic Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Aethiopic, as also Persian. Though he is apt to speak of his own performances with what seems to us indecent triumph, he is always modest on the subject of Hebrew. He knows his own limitation. 'My father knew Arabic well, and I am not altogether unacquainted with it,' he says to Vertunien<sup>3</sup>. And he writes at a later time to Casaubon, 'I have turned over many volumes of Arabic, and have made for myself out of my readings quite

<sup>1</sup> '*Linguarum non ignarus, sed nullius ad unguem peritus.*' Scaligerana Prima, p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Bernays, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> Scaligerana Prima, p. 112.

a vocabulary. Yet I know for all that, that I have gone a very little way in the language, and am indeed but a mere tiro<sup>1</sup>. After the first onset under the impulse derived from Postel, he ceased to regard his Oriental reading as a pursuit for its own sake, and only sought in it the subsidia indispensable for classical illustration, or the chronological survey of all human history. Hence we must correct the idle romance of the biographers, who make, not knowing what to make, Scaliger's mythical eminence to consist in his knowing many languages. 'He *spoke* thirteen languages,' writes the best modern historian of the reign of Henri IV<sup>2</sup>, copying that ready source of all history for the French—the Biographie Universelle. The origin of this extravagance which turns Scaliger into a Wotton or a Mezzofanti is perhaps a flight of Du Bartas (Semaine Seconde).

Scaliger, merveille de notre âge,  
Le soleil des sçavants, qui *parle éloquemment*  
L'Hebrieu, Grecquois, Roman, Hespagnol, Alemant.

There is certainly a shade of complacency in the way in which Scaliger speaks of his linguistic acquirements generally. That he seems to dwell most on his Arabic is due to the fact that it was an acquirement of later date, and one which was still being cultivated at the date when his table-talk was being taken down by his young friends, the Vassans, 1604–1606. But with all his pride in what he had learned late, and with superfluous effort, he did not deceive himself as to the extent of his knowledge. He writes to Lydius, of the University of Franekar, in 1600:—

Our worthy friend and most learned man (Raphelengius) has left behind great collections on the Arabic tongue, but nothing, I suspect, in a state sufficiently finished for publication. He had formed a lexicon of the language, copious it is, yet inferior in this respect as well as in method and perspicuity to mine. Yet

<sup>1</sup> Epistolae, p. 208.

<sup>2</sup> Poirson, Hist. du Règne de Henri IV, 2<sup>de</sup> édit. IV. 230.



he had the use of mine for two years, and has copied it verbatim in his explanation of many words. Mine has 22,000 words, of which more than 14,000 are roots. This Thesaurus I have collected out of Arabic books, of which I myself possess store. Yet in spite of this copious vocabulary, I am well aware that I cannot claim anything like a thorough knowledge of the language, though I may perhaps say that I know more of it than any living 'Latin,' as the Orientals call us. I must be a mere log of a man if, knowing so many thousand words, I did not understand something of Arabic. And I do not neglect it still, but without satisfying myself, and, therefore, without expecting to satisfy others<sup>1</sup>.

The three years of ardent study [spent by Scaliger at the University of Paris], were necessarily years of close confinement and abstraction. They remind us of the three years of solitary meditation in the heart of Paris, during which Descartes passed his apprenticeship to philosophy, about the same age, 'without seeing a single friend, or so much as going out for a walk.' The craving for solitude—*menschenscheu*—not uncommon at that period of youth, concurring with a passion for knowledge very uncommon, produces a furnace heat of intense application, by which the mind and character are, as it were, fused, and the young genius receives the abiding ply and temper which alone can fix him for life in the scholar's calling. Fifteen years later than this, the Paris period, Vertunien bears witness that Scaliger's 'incredible love of letters had not abated<sup>2</sup>; he is never weary of study, nay he comes to us from it with renewed spirits.'

There came, of course, an end to this superhuman strain of the faculties, and to the total seclusion from human kind which it involved. Before 1563 Scaliger had made some acquaintances among the youth of his own age, and even become known to one or two men who were already celebrated. We have seen how a chance threw him at once into an intimate acquaintance with Postel. William

<sup>1</sup> Epistolae, p. 577.

<sup>2</sup> Scaligerana Prima, p. 149.



Canter, about Scaliger's own age (*b.* 1542), was in Paris in 1561, and the two became intimates<sup>1</sup>. 'A young man well-learned, and united to me by ties of the closest intimacy,' he writes of Canter, ten years later. But already in 1561 he recognised in Canter a kindred passion for Greek, for it is to him that he offers, in September of that year, his first essay in Greek elegiacs, a translation of Propertius, IV. 17.

In September 1562, Muretus came to France, and as an old friend of his father, Julius Caesar Scaliger, and his guest at Agen, Joseph was as much with him as Muret's only occasional visits to Paris from Charlieu made possible. Muretus had now had some years of Italian polish, and in the opinion of the Italians it was only in Italy that taste and style could be acquired<sup>2</sup>. Muretus, who had left France under a cloud, had now as secretary to the special embassy of the Cardinal of Este become a personage, and it may be to him that Scaliger owed his introduction to some of the notabilities.

His most important introduction, however, of this period was that to Dorat.

Jean Dorat was now, as Regius Professor of Greek letters, at the height of his reputation<sup>3</sup>. The character of that renown marks a-peculiar era in the history of the French Revival. Budé, who had left the scene twenty years before, had represented the beginning of the school of erudition. Turnebus, Henri Estienne, Lambinus, and others still living, were pioneers in that branch of philology in which Scaliger was himself to achieve a higher fame,

<sup>1</sup> For the intimacy *Catalecta*, p. 48; for the date *Poemata Graeca*, p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> 'Nell' arrivar a Parigi mi pare vedere l' allegrezza y vostra conoscendovi tanto dissimile da quello che eravate quando vi foste un' altra volta.' Manzio to Muret Dejob, p. 153.

<sup>3</sup> The orthography of the name is Dorat, as it stands corrected by La Monnoye in his additions to *La Croix du Maine*, I. 445, and not Daurat or d'Aurat. Auratus, the Latinised form *euphoniae gratia*, led to constant puns by the epigrammatists on the colour of his hair, from which Ménage has concocted an etymology such as he loved. *Menagiana*, IV. 161 (edit. of 1716).

knowledge applied to the restoration, purification, and interpretation of ancient texts. The common aim of this school was to prepare the classics for general reading, it being assumed that the thing best worth reading extant was the classics. Dorat represents that moment in French literature—a moment which has never recurred—when Greek learning was in alliance with public taste and polite letters. In England this phase of accomplishment, which survived till within the present century, monopolised the name of scholarship. The English word ‘scholar’ has no equivalent in any living language. In Germany the word ‘Gelehrte’ is characteristic of a country which has learning without a literature. France, which has a literature pauperised by the absence of knowledge, has no word which can represent ‘scholar,’ as for nearly three centuries it has not known the class.

The school of Dorat were scholars in the English sense of the word. They were humanists, who, like the Italian humanists of the fifteenth century, desired to enjoy all literature, to read the classics for their delectation. They all read Greek and Latin, so that Jean Augier produces himself as an exceptional person, who dared to write poetry, though

Je n’ai jamais rien sceu n’y point étudié;  
Ebreu, Grec, ny Latin, je n’ay point oublié.

And as the enjoyment and appreciation of poetry is the most thorough test, and the last reward, of the mastery of any tongue, their aim implied in it something more than a slight acquaintance with the classics. The key to the classical fairy land was in Dorat’s possession, and to him came all neophytes for initiation.

Dorat has left behind him a volume of Poems<sup>1</sup>, chiefly Latin, some Greek and French interspersed. The printer’s errors which abound, the faults of grammar and prosody

<sup>1</sup> *Ioannis Aurati Lemovicis Poetae et Interpretis Regii Poemata.* Lutet. Parisior., ap. Gul. Linocerium, 1586.

which may be detected in this volume, must be ascribed in all charity to the advanced age of the author when his sheets were passed through the press, the year, viz., before his death. He died in the Armada year, 1588, at the age of eighty, having turned out in his life time some 50,000 verses, from which the 15,000 printed in the volume whose title is given in the note are a selection. In the whole mass I cannot discover a spark of poetic feeling. Nor as Latin composition are Dorat's verses set off by any of those felicities of imitative diction which relieve the monotony of the modern Latinists' set themes. Scaliger, who pronounced Muretus to be 'elegantissimus poeta,' can only by a stretch of indulgence apply the epithet 'bonus' to Dorat. This moderate commendation, too, he limits by assigning a reason, 'because he can turn his muse on to any subject<sup>1</sup>.' The sentiment which runs through the book is always mean, sometimes, as in the epigrams on Ramus, or the insult to the corpse of Coligny, base and brutal. But Scaliger, at the time he praised Dorat's poetry, had not seen the printed book, and knew only what might have been handed about in MS. Much of the Gallo-Latin verse of the time is of a poor quality—e.g., that of L'Hôpital and Lambinus; but in Dorat's book we should say that we have the dregs of the French renaissance.

Yet this abject verse writer is one of the Pleiad. There is one explanation of this paradox. Dorat was canonised by the gratitude of his pupils. A man of the meanest order of ideas, which he couched in shambling Latin, Dorat possessed the key of the new learning. Every schoolmaster could teach Latin, but few were there in France who could teach Greek. Turnebus, though he knew it, could not teach it. Dorat, by the testimony of Scaliger, this time able to employ a superlative, was 'Graecae linguae peritissimus.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Qui cum ad omne argumenti genus carmina accommodet, bonus poeta dici omnino meretur.' Scaligerana Prima, p. 26. I take this opportunity of noting that the article in the Scaligerana Secunda which begins 'Auratus, elegantissimus poeta,' is wrongly headed. For 'Auratus' read 'Muretus.'

‘There are no real students left,’ he said at another time, ‘with one exception, that is, Dorat. It is not given to every one to be able to restore an author to his original beauty and integrity. I know no one at this day who is capable of doing this, except Cujas and Dorat.’ What little emendatory work Dorat did, he gave away, e. g., Opsopoeus had, and prized, his emendations on the Sibyllines. All his energy went into his teaching. In his private lodging in the Collège de Coqueret was held an Academy of classical letters, an imitation of the Academies of Italy. Binet tells us, in his life of Ronsard, that Dorat, ‘foreseeing that Ronsard would one day be the Homer of France, and desiring that his spirit should be nursed with appropriate aliment,’ took him and read to him the Prometheus of Aeschylus from beginning to end. ‘Why is it, master,’ cried Ronsard, ‘that you have hidden such riches from me for so long?’ Blind to the poverty of his own verses, the grateful pupils saw in the man who introduced them to these mysteries, ‘the Homer and the Pindar of France, a beacon light to show the way to such as would visit the oracle of the muses.’ ‘Out of Dorat’s school,’ says Du Verdier, ‘issued more poets than did warriors out of the Trojan horse<sup>1</sup>.’ Add to Greek science a delight in teaching, and we understand how the ardent youth of France who, at this moment like Scaliger himself, believed that he who did not know Greek knew nothing, thronged to the Collège de Coqueret to get what it was difficult to get elsewhere,—an initiation into the new mysteries. The enthusiasm for the poets was supplied by the pupils; what Dorat could give was the power to read them. It was their gratitude for help of this kind that enrolled Dorat in the Pleiad, a rank from which his own performance must have emphatically excluded him. Nothing is more common than to find skill and delight in the niceties of grammatical

<sup>1</sup> ‘Jean Dorat, à bon droit appelé Homère Gaulois, et Pindare Grec-latin, le plus rare et subtil esprit de notre siècle,’ etc. Du Verdier, IV. 404.

interpretation, combined with a deadness to the beauties conveyed through the words explained.

It would have been difficult for any ambitious youth fed upon the classics to be in Paris in those years, without being drawn in by the fashion of writing verses. The mode of the day has always been a determining power in French literature. At the court of the last three Valois poetry was a universal passion, but the fashion in this instance was more than the fancy of a day. It was a necessity of the French genius complying with the new intellectual conditions created by the facts of the age, and especially by the rediscovery of the Greek and Latin classics. The classics came late to France, only after Italy had done with them; and when they did come, they were at first a monopoly of a few 'eruditi,' such as Budaeus. To the learned they revealed themselves as an inexhaustible accession of knowledge. But the learned were blind to them as objects of beauty. It was to the young men of the Pleiad and their friends that this revelation first came. With the intoxication of delight came the ambition to imitate,—to write like the Greeks, and in Greek. But the remoteness of the language, spoken by none, read by none but themselves, was an insurmountable obstacle to this. Then they all wrote in Latin, which was read by all who read anything. This was what the Italian humanists had done. The Italian renaissance had been a Latin renaissance, and had left in its outcome a vast neo-Latin literature, especially verse literature. Had the French renaissance come fifty years earlier, it is possible that in France too a neo-Latin poetry might have been all that came of it. As it was, this result was at one time not improbable. It seemed likely that the poetic outburst of the middle of the century would clothe itself in Latin, and not in French. Everything that was written ran into verse, and all verse was Latin verse. Even Joachim Du Bellay, whose *Défense*

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

et Illustration was a vigorous plea for the use of French, was driven to write in Latin in order to reach a wider public<sup>1</sup>. It was only gradually, and after many tens of thousands of Latin verses had been written, that the Latin vein dried up, and was left to the schools and Jesuit colleges, while those who aspired to be poets decided for their native tongue.

As soon as this revolution was accomplished, a sea of French verse broke over the printing press and threatened to submerge all other production. Latin had at least required some metrical skill and linguistic training. To write French verse required none. Sonnets, odes, elegies, epigrams, chansons, mascarades, quatrains, dithyrambes, were being indited on all sides. Lawyers, doctors, theologians, Catholics and Huguenots, Queen Margaret, the printers Gilles Corrozet, and Robert Estienne (II), Chancellor Pasquier, the nun Anne de Marquetz, the ladies Des Roches, the Captain at arms Odet de la Noue, the Calvinist minister La Roche Chandieu, to take examples at random, were all carried away by the stream of fashion, and wrote French verses.

It is customary in the histories of French literature to glorify this transition from Latin to French as an epoch in their poetical annals. It was, in fact, the resurrection of the French language, and the definitive dismissal of Latin from the world of letters. The Latin versifiers of the period are for ever consigned to oblivion, while the poets of the Pleiad and their contemporaries have had a kind of revival in our day. In speaking, however, of the poets of 1540-1600, we must distinguish between what they were for the language, and what they were for the literature of France. It was a misfortune or a mistake for anyone after 1540 to choose to write in Latin. For the French language the poets of this age were all that their panegyrists have said of them. For the literature, the average of the Latin poetry of the period must be ranked on a par with the

<sup>1</sup> See his apology to Ronsard, *Les Regrets*. Œuvres, II. 172.

vernacular. There is, in all those attributes of poetry that are separable from language, no difference between them. They exhibit the same limitation in the choice of subject; in the range of idea, French and Latin poets alike are occupied with monotonous complaints of the obduracy of some beauty, or insipid laudation of the exploits of a Valois or a Guise. The French or the Latin poet is equally penniless, and equally impudent in his mendicancy of place or pension. If some of the most interesting stanzas in Du Bellay's French are the autobiographical passages, the same is the case with the hexameters of L'Hôpital, who tells us his own affairs, in Latin as 'facile' as Du Bellay's French<sup>1</sup>. The Latin verse of this period is no way inferior to the French, turns on the same subjects, runs in the same lines. It is of a totally different complexion from the unreal but more correct exercises of the Jesuit schools of the seventeenth century. In the period 1540-1600 the two languages had a fair trial side by side, and the spoken language, as was inevitable, came out victor in the competition.

The story of the Pleiad is inseparably bound up with the history of classical study of which it was an outcome.

It is doubtful whether Scaliger was a pupil of Dorat for Greek; but the school of Dorat, with various members of which he was brought in contact during these years 1560-1563, had a powerful influence upon the direction of his taste and studies.

Julius Caesar's prolific vein of verse has been mentioned. As his father's amanuensis, Joseph's metrical sense was in daily exercise, and he very early began the practice of verse-making. When he lost his father, and removed to Paris, it seemed as if the philological study of Latin would absorb his energies, and the time-wasting (so our age deems it) accomplishment of verse would be laid aside as a frivolous and puerile pastime. Thus his first appearance in print, the *Conjectanea* (1565), shows

<sup>1</sup> 'Des Portes n'est pas net, Du Bellay trop facile.' Regnier, Sat. IX.

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*



little or no metrical interest. But even during the course of reading of which the Conjectanea are the fruit, Scaliger did not drop the habit of versification. Translations into Latin from the Anthology, and into Greek from various Latin poets, were his continual recreation. But they were also more than a recreation. They nourished that feeling for style which is the indispensable condition of reading poetry, and, therefore, of that reading of a dubious text which involves the thought of how it might be corrected, or, in other words, of what the logic of the verse shows the author must have really written. The decision of our<sup>1</sup> classical teachers to disuse, in the schools of 1880, the exercise of verse-making is not here meant to be impugned. That decision rests upon another order of consideration. But for the high accomplishment of classical scholarship, the training of the ear to metrical rhythm and quantity is as necessary as the training of the mind in syntax. The union in Scaliger of philological analysis with constructive composition was necessary to form that fertility of conjectural emendation which, however he abused it, must ever be the object of our wonder. The two interests,—the interest of research and that of style,—possessed him alternately. Giving in the Varro (1565) and the Festus (1575) specimens of knowledge of the classical remains, he was all the while collecting and emending the fragments of the Latin poets (Catalecta, 1573), revising the three elegiacs, translating Lycophron, the Orphics, the Ajax of Sophocles. Nor after he was embarked in the much more serious and absorbing historical investigations of which the De Emendatione and the Thesaurus are the monuments, did he disuse his old pastime of verse-making. Many of the versions printed in the volume of his Poemata, e. g., the Martial, the Gallus, the Cato, are of the later Leyden time.

<sup>1</sup> [The editors are unable to discover to what educational measure Mr. Pattison is referring.]



Bentley's casual remark, styling Scaliger 'a very great poet,' is before my eyes, warning me against the hazards of an incompetent criticism. Let Scaliger's Latin verses pass as poetry, if such they be; at least we are on firm ground in saying that his verse-making was an important element of his critical force. While with the Italian humanists, from Petrarch to Muretus, style was the end and goal of all classical reading, and with the later school, of which Casaubon is the representative, mere erudition is taken for the key of ancient literature, in Scaliger the cultivation of Latin poetry gave a constructive quality to his criticism, which the criticism of memory and erudition never reaches. Scaliger may, at first, by collision with the Ronsardists, have dreamed that he too was born in Arcadia, and that he might shine among the thousand stars of the poetical sky. But he soon saw, from the very success and popularity of the *Pleiad*, that Latin, as the future vehicle of poetry, was doomed, and thenceforward only versified for his own pastime, or as an exercise useful for the employment in which he most delighted, that of rectifying the copy and penetrating the subtler sense of the remains of the Latin poets. Yet he ever and again, on a journey or during the sleepless nights of age, recurred to the old trade of verse-making, rallying himself upon it afterwards as a weakness, and always relapsing again. 'I have prostituted my hours in writing complimentary verses to everybody like Dorat; I will do so no more'; he said to the Vassans<sup>1</sup>. And again: 'If my verse pieces, original and translated, were to be printed, they would make a volume. Du Puy kept everything, I never looked after them myself; as soon as made, I throw them aside. I hate my own things. Sometimes I have turned the same piece over again, forgetting that I had translated it before.' This disdain of poetizing as beneath the dignity of a

<sup>1</sup> *Scaligerana Secunda*, p. 561.

gentleman may be partly an affectation of the day; for we find it often, especially among men of action. We may recall the disdain with which d'Aubigné speaks of the 'poésies qu'il a autrefois brouillées en sa jeunesse,' though at the same time he provided by his will for the reprint of his *Tragiques*<sup>1</sup>. Nor was it only the men of the sword who affected to despise themselves for writing verses; Joachim du Bellay, one of the Pleiad, asks his readers in the address prefixed to his *Jeux Rustiques*, only to employ in reading his *Jeux* the same hours which he employed in writing them, viz., those hours which are ordinarily given to play, to shows, to banquets, 'et autres telles voluptez de plus grand fraiz.' In Scaliger, always thinking as he did of his birth, this affectation may have had some place. But he must also be credited, like Étienne Pasquier, with sufficient acuteness to have seen that his own verses were not equal in flow and ease to those of the best Latinists of the renaissance, Bembo or Politian<sup>2</sup>, and with sufficient acuteness to see what Étienne Pasquier and the better spirits of his generation saw, that for all modern subjects it had become necessary to use the modern idiom.

Like Pasquier, Scaliger in his later years turned to poetry, book reading, and composing, as a solace. No topic recurs more often in his mouth than the poets. To give some instances: 'Bembo and Sadolet are good poets'; 'Ronsard is a great poet in the French language'; 'Du Bellay is equally great in his native tongue and in Latin, in which he sometimes reaches (which few have done) the ease and sweetness of Catullus'; 'there are three things in which I consider myself a judge—wine, poetry, and character'; 'of verse no one can be a judge, who is not himself a writer of verse'<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Pontus de Tyard. *Crepit.* II. 38.

<sup>2</sup> He calls Bembo 'bonus' and Politian 'excellens poeta.' Scaligerana Prima, 28, 114.

<sup>3</sup> Scaligerana, *passim*.

It does not appear that Scaliger ever attempted verse in the vernacular. He knew the axiom, 'Fais tous vos vers à Paris,' and, conscious of his own Gasconism, wisely abstained, though exhorted to the attempt by Ronsard himself.

How canst thou expect to be read, Latinist, when Statius, Lucan, Seneca, Silius, and Claudian can scarce find a hearing, and stand but as dumb shadows in a study, to be spoken of but twice or thrice in a lifetime, though they were great masters in their mother tongue. And thou expectest to be read who hast learnt at school, by dint of the birch, that foreign tongue which those great men spoke naturally and without effort, to their valets, nurses, chambermaids. Oh, how often have I wished that those divine heads, sacred to the muses, of Joseph Scaliger, Daurat, Pimpont, d'Emery, Florent Chrestien, Passerat, would employ some hours in such honourable labour!<sup>1</sup>

Of Scaliger's Latin verse we have a small volume, once an indispensable part of every library, now swept away as filling space which can be better occupied. Scaliger himself is not responsible for this volume, which was printed seven years after his death by Scriverius, a Dutch gentleman, who collected books, and had a taste for classics, Latin especially<sup>2</sup>.

Scriverius seems to have got possession of the originals when Scaliger's papers were dispersed. Their author had sufficient affection for his verses not to destroy them, but did not think a volume of verse a becoming production for one of his age and standing. Upon that which he looked upon as a trifling toy, and which in our age has lost even that value, criticism would be wasted. We may briefly state the contents of a book which has a necessary place in a biography of Scaliger. Nearly two-thirds of the volume are taken up with translation; of Greek into Latin, and Latin into Greek. These are merely feats of ingenuity. Translation of a classic, one of the best of

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *Franciade*. [De Thou was seigneur of Emery, and Vaillant de Guelle, Abbé of Pimpons or Paimpont.]

<sup>2</sup> 'Scriverius habet multos bonos libros; non legit'; (i.e., does not lecture in the university) 'doctus est, sed latine.' *Scaligerana Secunda*, p. 567.

*Fragments. Posthumous.*]

exercises, can never have literary value, as it is impossible to reproduce in another language the form and grace, which, and not the material contents, constitute the charm of poetry or style. The Latin version of the Orphic hymns Scaliger himself calls 'a very faulty piece<sup>1</sup>.' It seems to have been written in the Varro-Festus period, and to have been an experiment as to how many obsolete Latin words could be got into a page of it. The version of the Ajax of Sophocles had been printed by Scaliger himself in 1574. This again was a mere posturing on the tight rope in the manner much admired in that age, each line of the original having a line in the same metre answering to it in the Latin. If Muretus made merry over it, it was less because of the misuse of archaisms, than because Scaliger had here forsaken classical purity to comply with a pedantic whim. Another favourite amusement of Scaliger's vacant hours was collecting the rich treasures of proverbial sayings scattered over the remains of the Greek classics, and moulding each into a single line, hexameter, iambic, or trochaic. His first collection of this kind was sent to Pierre Pithou in 1584. He went on adding to it, and in 1594 allowed Morel to print it with his (Scaliger's) name. By an impudent act of plagiarism, the Jesuit Andreas Schottus reprinted the collection in his *Adagia*, 1612, barely naming Scaliger in the preface, but in such a way as to disguise the fact that the versification is Scaliger's work. To the reader of Schottus's proverbs the lines present themselves as genuine classical remains on the same footing as the proverbs of Zenobius or Diogenianus.

The original portion of the volume of *Poemata* presents to us a little more personal interest. Some of these pieces will come for notice when we mention the occasions which gave rise to them. Here let it be only said in general, that Scaliger's Latin verse distinguishes itself

<sup>1</sup> *Epistolae*, p. 179.

from the contemporary verse in two points ; first by its *real* character. He never falls into the conventional platitudes in which the average poet loves to expatiate. The Latin verses of other poets have a common family resemblance, and might be mutually exchanged ; Scaliger's have an individual stamp, and are unmistakably his own. We are reminded of Goethe's saying of Schiller : ' I have never heard from him an insignificant word <sup>1</sup>. ' Secondly, by the absence of the amatory love which pervades all the Latin, and indeed the French poetry of the period. We have none of the counterfeit despair, sighs, and groans which weary us through so many hundred pages of the Valesian poets.

## II.

IN 1563 Dorat had gone for the summer vacation into the Limousin, of which he was a native, on the invitation of one of the young nobles of the province, Louis Chasteigner de la Rochepozay. When Dorat, at the close of the holidays, had to return to Paris to resume his lectures in the Collège de France, he was requested by this nobleman to send him a young man who was capable of reading the classics with him. Dorat, in a happy moment, recommended Scaliger. In this way Scaliger entered the household in which he was domesticated for the next thirty years of his life. In one or other of the many châteaux belonging to this family and its connections, he actually resided for at least half of that period at three different times, always returning thither as to his home, and being regarded by all the members of the family as an indispensable part of it. The shelter afforded him on the various ' terres ' of the Chasteigner enabled Scaliger to pass through the disastrous period of the religious wars in safety, though not in peace, gave him a roof over his head, a place to gather such a library as he had, and independent leisure for study without

<sup>1</sup> Said by Goethe to ' a friend of Sterling.' Caroline Fox's Journal (1882), p. 140.  
*Fragments. Posthumous.*]

the drudgery of teaching. 'Ever since my father's death,' he says, 'I have lived on charity<sup>1</sup>.'

There is an unmistakable tinge of bitterness in this sally, as in his saying at another time, 'I should have been better off if I had been son of Van der Vec, the tradesman; I should have had a sackfull of crowns<sup>2</sup>.' In proportion as a man's experience is wide, in that proportion he rates the advantages of wealth. Yet Scaliger was not insensible to the advantages he derived from his peculiar position, nor ungrateful to the noble family to whom he was indebted for it.

In one point of the greatest importance hardly any scholar of that or the previous generation can be named whose time was so largely at his own disposal. All the great philological names recall a life of struggle with poverty, or with the time-wasting exigences of teaching, the only escape from poverty. Erasmus, who did not teach, had to correct the press for a maintenance, or degraded himself by whining mendicancy. Muretus saved a small fortune out of his appointments, but his composure was wrecked in perpetual contest with Roman students determined not to learn. Scaliger, without wife or family, was placed by a munificent patron in a position of almost entire independence. Relieved alike of domestic cares and the anxieties of bread-winning, he came to classical studies with that single mind from which alone genial fruit can be raised. Others may accumulate the lore which grows by industrious reading; the freshness and elasticity which accompanied Scaliger through his survey of the whole

<sup>1</sup> Scaligerana Secunda, p. 559.

<sup>2</sup> 'J'aimerois mieux estre fils de Van der Vec, marchand, j'aurois des escus.' *Ibid.*, p. 556. 'L'érudition n'est pas le chemin de la fortune.' Huetiana, p. 209. Passerat had made the same discovery at twenty-seven:—

'Comme moi insensé, qui guidé de jeunesse,  
Ayant peu de souci, d'honneur et de richesse,  
Les muses ay suivi et leur mestier appris,  
Mestier sans nul profit, trompeur des bons esprits.'

Goujet, XIV. 16; and see p. 18.

classical world, and which gives life to his slightest utterance, can only come of an aristocratic nature, unbroken by the servile anxieties of work for wages and to please a master. The ever-present consciousness of noble descent was here combined with the singular fortune of enlightened patronage by a powerful house, to produce a critic with the mind of a 'grand seigneur.' This lordly temper vented itself in that masterful wilfulness of phrase, which not seldom degenerates into hectoring gasconnade, and that contempt for others, which he was at no pains to conceal, and which inevitably brought upon him the outpouring of the spite of all the pedants and dunces of Europe. The phrases 'prince of letters,' 'aquila in nubibus,' expressed the feeling of contemporaries for that distinction which pervaded Scaliger's conception and style, marking him as a gentleman over against the petty race of scholastic philologists.

The practice of entertaining a scholar,—partly as tutor, partly as reader or secretary, or as companion with only nominal duties—was one not unusual among the French nobles of the sixteenth century. As the only literature then extant was the classical, it was Latin and Greek which were the object of their talk and their readings, and the companion was, therefore, required to have a knowledge, not only of these languages, but of the books written in them. Literature meant learning. Francis I, who had some taste for letters, always had a learned reader at hand to entertain him at his meals with literary discourse. Duchâtel (Castellanus), who had been formerly Greek corrector in Froben's printing-house along with Erasmus, officiated among others in this capacity, and was very successful in putting the King to sleep while he was expounding. De Thou<sup>1</sup> relates how Paul de Foix, going as French envoy to Rome in 1574, took Arnaud d'Ossat with him, and beguiled the way as they rode

<sup>1</sup> De Vita Sua Hist., VII. 13.

over the plains of Lombardy by having Plato expounded to him. Paul, it seems, was impatient of the decorative element in the Platonic dialogue, and required his reader to reduce the fairy artifice of philosophical poetry to its residuum of solid doctrine. If d'Ossat was successful in doing this, we understand how he should have risen to diplomatic eminence, and been entrusted with the delicate negotiation of Henri IV, the reconciliation with the Holy See<sup>1</sup>. English life has not been without similar examples. So Hobbes was domesticated with the house of Cavendish; so Locke lived with Shaftesbury. Marvel entered Fairfax's household nominally as tutor to his daughter Mary; and Bentley, though only in the same capacity to the son of Stillingfleet, ruled the household, as the bishop almost complainingly describes it.

The expression used by Scaliger to denote his relation to the family of Chasteigner, 'in contubernio<sup>2</sup>,' 'I was domesticated with,' is precisely accurate. The terms on which he lived with Louis may be gathered from the few indications to be found in his books. In thirty years he lived about half the time under the roof of the Chasteigner, but always when absent he was, if not in attendance on some member of the family, considered as attached to its service. It was in the suite of one of the Chasteigners that Scaliger saw Rome, and narrowly missed a journey to Poland in attendance on another.

The Chasteigners were one of the oldest and most respected, though only of the second rank in point of power or property, among the families of Poitou. Talent had

<sup>1</sup> So Salmon Macrin had lived with Cardinal Bouhier; Nicolas Berauld in the family of the Cardinal of Châtillon; Lambinus in that of the Cardinal de Tournon; P'asserat in that of Henri de Mesmes; Jean de la Jessée ap. the Duc d'Alençon. Gonjet, XIII. 179. Niphus (grandson of Agostino) is referred to by De Thou 'dum in Foxii familia esset.' Thuani Vita, p. 16. The habit was a development of one which in the former age had been confined to princes, as Jean Marot was 'escripvain' to Anne of Brittany.

<sup>2</sup> 'Ab anno 1563, ex quo in contubernio generosi Ludovici Castanei Rupipozaci esse coepi.' Epistolae, p. 52.



always been abundant in the family, and its members had filled many high offices, civil and military. At one time and another they had possessed among them as many as 150 manors. In the sixteenth century they were chiefly represented by the branch entitled by the genealogists Chasteigner of Réaumur, but known familiarly as the Rochepozay from one of their principal châteaux. At the time at which Scaliger entered the family, the head of it was Jean, third of that name. Jean had led an active life in the service of the crown, and had received a musket ball in the thigh at the siege of Pavia, 1525, in consequence of which he limped in his gait. He had filled many important offices, and received many honours, among them the much-coveted collar of the Order of St. Michael. He had married an heiress, Claude Monleon, who had brought great estates into the family, among them the manors of Abain, Montfaucon, Bernay, and La Mothe Quinemont, with the châteaux of Touffou and Talmont. All these lying at no great distance from the possessions of Rochepozay, made this seigneur a considerable territorial lord in the provinces of Poitou and the Marche. Jean was now seventy-three, and was withdrawn from active life. Of his sixteen children two sons, Roch and Antoine, had fallen in the service of the crown before 1563. Both had fought in Italy; the Rochepozay family had all an inclination towards Italy, whether in war or peace, and Roch had had a romantic adventure about six years before Scaliger's arrival in Poitou. Roch was captain in the forces which Francis of Guise commanded in Italy in the unfortunate campaign of 1556-7. He was defending Ascoli against the Duke of Alba, and, being wounded in a sortie, fell into the hands of the Spaniards (July 1557). His captor sold him for 500 crowns to Francesco d'Ivarro, who, aware of his quality and overrating it, put upon him the enormous ransom of 15,000 crowns, demanding over and above 4,000 for his keep. Peace was made, but it did not bring release to

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

Roch. In vain were orders sent from Spain that he should be exchanged. He was too great a prize to be easily parted with. His owner 'le tenait aussi haut que si c'eût été un prince de France.' He was first deposited in the castle at Naples, and afterwards transferred to Milan. He solaced his captivity by learning Spanish, and by writing verses in that and in the Italian language. His brother Louis was sent to Milan to endeavour to get easier terms, but in vain. Roch was in his third year of prison when he succeeded in making his escape by the good old fashion of taking out the bricks in the wall of his chamber. After many hairbreadth escapes in the hue and cry that was raised after him, he reached Bergamo in the dress of a charcoal burner.

After his return to Poitou, Roch was engaged in many desultory fights and expeditions against the Huguenots. He distinguished himself at the assault of Poitiers, when on 1 August, 1562, the marshal S. André retook that city, with the usual consequence,—a general butchery of the Huguenots. But very shortly after, at the siege of Bourges, in the same year, Roch was killed, and his next brother François became heir to the estates.

It was in the lifetime of Jean, when, after the death of Roch, François had stepped into the position of eldest son, that Scaliger entered the Rochepozay household. It was not to François, however, that Scaliger was attached as companion, but to his younger brother Louis. Of François we hear nothing which would lead us to think that he possessed the tastes or accomplishments of his brothers. Roch, besides being an accomplished cavalier and writing verses, had the singular fortune of having his epitaph written in Latin by Scaliger, and in French by Ronsard. Antoine, who was trained for the Church and provided with an abbey—that of Nanteuil-en-Vallée—though he afterwards transferred himself to arms, had published a volume of *poésies* in celebration of the Italian campaign of Francis I.

Antoine's career in arms had been a short one, he having fallen at the siege of Terouenne in 1553. The sword devoured the French noblesse now with frightful rapidity, and nothing but their extraordinary prolific powers could have made head against the ravages of the religious wars. Roch and Antoine, two accomplished cavaliers of the best French type, having been swept away, the family were represented by François from 1562 to 1567 as heir-apparent; and on the death of Jean, in 1567, from that date to 1579, as lord of the united domains of Rochepozay and Monleon. Of François history can only tell that he held offices about the court, and was acceptable to the princes of the house of Valois, accompanying Henri III into Poland, and being retained by him about his person, as chambellan, after his return to occupy the throne of France.

In 1579, the three elder brothers having been removed by war, the fourth brother, Louis, became guardian to his nephew René, and by René's death in 1591, succeeded to all the family honours and possessions. Louis was born at Rochepozay in 1535, and was thus five years Scaliger's senior. A fourth son, he was destined for the Church, and sent to the University of Paris, where he is said to have heard Turnebus and Dorat. It is possible that the lectures of these celebrated scholars awoke in Louis the love of letters, the tradition of which was hereditary in his house<sup>1</sup>. The attraction of Italy, the land of ancient culture, early worked upon Louis, and he took the opportunity of his brother Roch accompanying the Duke of Guise to visit Rome and Naples. At twenty-one, and living in a camp, we need not be surprised that the military fever broke out in his blood, and finding a detachment going to Malta, under the command of Chanteroux, a Huguenot, Louis joined it with the design of becoming a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. Some disgust,—the

<sup>1</sup> Even their connections had a tincture. Scaliger says of M. de Beaufort, who was married to Louis' wife's sister, that 'pour un homme d'espée il a beaucoup de lettres.' Larroque, p. 104.

family tradition said dislike of the sea—diverted Louis from this fancy, and he returned to Poitou to receive the abbey of Nanteuil, which had been held by his brother Antoine, who had died in 1553. In 1559 Louis was again in Italy about the business of his brother Roch's ransom.

It was in 1563 that Scaliger came to Rochepozay as classical reader to Louis. This was shortly after the death of Roch, at which date Louis had transferred himself from the Church to arms, and called himself Monsieur d'Abain. In dropping the tonsure, Louis did not lay aside his love of reading. In two visits to Rome in 1565, and again in 1566, he was accompanied by Scaliger. The long slow horse stages were beguiled by the reading of some classical author. As D'Ossat had summarised Plato for Paul de Foix on the road to Italy, so, and on the same route, Scaliger discussed Polybius with Louis de Chasteigner, the pupil, when he reached the inn, writing down the suggestions on the margin of his copy. Scaliger has recorded his readings of the Latin poets, notably Propertius and Statius, with Louis<sup>1</sup>. Again, when Louis was fifty, and had been ambassador at Rome, Scaliger writes to Du Puy: 'M. d'Abain is returned from Italy more hungry for good letters than ever; he gives to study every hour he can spare from business. All the good Greek and Latin books which M. Muret has read with him,—Plutarch, Demosthenes, Seneca, Thucydides,—are full of fine conjectures. I assure you that he is really learned in the Greek tongue<sup>2</sup>.'

In 1567 Louis married Claude du Puy, who brought him an independent fortune. He was engaged throughout the series of murderous but resultless fights of the following years, and was present at the battles of St. Denys, Jarnac,

<sup>1</sup> For Statius see Larroque, p. 284. They had spent a whole winter over Thucydides. See Dejob's 'Muret,' p. 383, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Larroque, p. 125.

and Moncontour. It was characteristic of the time that these scenes of horror and carnage alternated with feasts and shows at court, and with the passion for the polite learning which was imbibed from Italy. In the intervals of slaughter Louis read the Latin poets.

Out of this close companionship a personal affection grew up between the two men which was not interfered with by religious dissension, or impaired by lapse of years. In the last letter Louis writes, 23 May, 1593, he explains how the exigencies of the campaign detain him from coming to take leave of his friend at his final departure from France. The three sons of the house had all been more or less pupils of Scaliger. One son, who bore the title of Baron of Maleval, had been killed in 1591 in one of the thousand skirmishes. The two next in age were entrusted to Scaliger's care for the purpose of being brought up by him at Leyden. Henri Louis did actually accompany him to Holland; the third son, Roch, was only prevented from doing so by illness.

After thirty years of this close intimacy Louis writes from Preuilly to Scaliger in Holland:—

I cannot express to you (22 September, 1593) how much happiness I have derived from your presence in this place. Your return from your visit to Holland, whenever it takes place, will not be so soon as my wishes would make it. I spend my leisure time in looking round upon the books which you have chosen for me as my favourites, and which you have left for my use on the table of your study. Pray you believe that I shall always cherish the books, whether mine or yours, till the happy day of your return. This is a vexatious business, this of Roch's sickness, by which he is prevented from accompanying you on your journey. He is now at Nanteuil with his aunt Schomberg to be nursed. Monsieur and Madame de Schomberg will send him after you if they see a safe opportunity, that he may have the honour of being with you and rendering you the service which he owes to you. I beg you will often let me hear from you, and I will not fail on my part to let you know how I fare<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Epistres Françaises*, 52.

*Fragments. Posthumous.*]

Again, in another letter, Louis writes :—

The greatest happiness I can have in this world is, that we may pass our old age together<sup>1</sup>.

This was not to be. Louis died at sixty in September 1595. When the news reached Scaliger at Leyden, his tears flowed the whole day for the loss of his friend,—a loss to a man of fifty-five irreparable.

The life of the student must be passed in the study, and is proverbially barren of incident for the biographer. When we consider the state of France during the thirty years in which Scaliger was building up the fabric of his comprehensive learning, it is impossible that there should not have been much to tell of personal adventure and that of the kind usually found most exciting, of siege and battle, of flight and escape, the alarms and casualties of a guerilla warfare. These thirty years of accumulation, 1562–1592, were the years of France's agony, in which every house was divided against itself, law and civil order suspended, the worst excesses on the part of the Catholics committed with impunity, except that vengeance was occasionally taken by the suffering Huguenots, when at a moment, or at any point, they found themselves in strength. No part of France was more violently torn by religious discord than those provinces which lay between the Loire and the Dordogne ; Poitou, the Marche, the Limousin, Angoumois, Perigord, Saintonge. Calvin's residence at Angoulême, the intercourse of the woollen manufacturers of Aubusson with Geneva, or other partial influences, have been variously assigned as the causes of this tendency. The truth is, that the Calvinists were most numerous in those parts of France in which material well-being and education had made most progress. For it was not the lower populace, but the more educated bourgeoisie, who were chiefly open to the novel ideas. Thus the reformed congregations were far from being equally distributed

<sup>1</sup> *Epistres Françaises*, 54.

over the face of the kingdom. The Calvinists were massed in districts. This was their only chance of safety, for where they were not strong enough to hold their own in arms, they were butchered.

Even in 1625, after one generation of decimation by the sword, and another of legal proscription, the Calvinists were still so numerous in this west-central region, that there was a scheme before the English council for erecting it into an independent Protestant republic. And the Rochepozay family was, as we have seen, in constant activity in all the campaigns and desultory skirmishes of the time, as they could not help being, inasmuch as their domains lay in different parts, but about the very heart, of the district of which the reformed doctrines had taken hold. Rochepozay itself is still found, in 1608, in the list of disaffected Huguenot villages.

There must, therefore, have been no lack of stirring adventure in the life of one, who, as inmate, shared the fortunes and the sentiments of the Chasteigner family. But whatever of such scenes Scaliger may have gone through, no record of them was ever made. While of Casaubon, for the whole of his student life, we know not only where he was each day, but what books he read from hour to hour, in the case of Scaliger we are reduced to those dignified, almost apologetic phrases in which his autobiographical fragment veils his achievement of a complete survey of classical antiquity. . . . To trace the growth and progress of Scaliger's classical study is impossible; some outline of his external movements it is possible to draw. From such an outline will become apparent the significance of these two impediments to mental development, constant change of place, and constant harass of the feelings from the sufferings of his friends, and from the bitter attacks of which he himself became the object. Under these two categories ranges itself almost all a biographer can tell of Scaliger's life.

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*



A glance at the chronological table in the appendix<sup>1</sup> will show how incessant was the locomotion to which Scaliger was driven by the shifting emergencies of civil war. His domestication with a powerful seigneur, lord of many strongholds, assured him an enviable security, but it was at the cost of following the family in their migrations at any hour of the day or night. Between their castles of Preuilly, Rochepozay, and Touffou in Poitou, Abain in Chantemille in the Marche of Limousin, the Chasteigner were incessantly on the move. Desultory reading of a classic, one book at a time, which might be carried in the pocket and noting an emendation as he rode along, would seem to be all that was possible in such a life. For concentric effort directed steadily upon one point is required unbroken leisure, and the command of a complete library. Neither of these indispensable conditions was at Scaliger's command till after 1593. By one of those wayward coordinations of things in which fate delights, the thirty years, 1563-1593, in which Scaliger was passing his apprenticeship to learning, were the thirty years' war of France—a reign of terror, during which repose and concentration were impossible. As to books, Scaliger had in time collected a tolerable library of his own. What came to him of his mother's fortune, after his brother had grasped all he could, and the Agen lawyers had intercepted the lawyers' share, had been expended upon the purchase of books. To get books of some sort was probably then no more difficult, though requiring more time, than it is now. But to get together the books you want, though not easy now, was then a task of special vigilance, energy, and perseverance. The immense facilities now brought within every one's reach by the establishment of public libraries, did not exist. The King's library was only in process of formation.

<sup>1</sup> [The contemplated chronological table of the events of Joseph Scaliger's life here referred to does not seem to have been in fact prepared by Mr. Pattison.]



Such as it was, it was all but inaccessible to Scaliger. It was in the charge of Gosselin, whose view of his office was that he was guardian of these treasures for the King, and that 'readers' were intruders. Scaliger had made attempts to get at some of the mass of unpublished Greek locked up there. In 1605, writing to Casaubon, he says, 'You must, now you are appointed (i.e., keeper of the King's library), make the MSS. available both for yourself and for the public. Hitherto the library has been serviceable to neither, the librarian (Gosselin) being too ignorant to use it himself, and too jealous or churlish to allow the use of it to others. I knew him forty-three years ago' (therefore in 1562)<sup>1</sup>. Occasionally, as in the case of that of the Célestins of the Marche of Limousin<sup>2</sup>, he penetrates into a monastic library, but with little result. The library of Fleury, which was in friendly hands, was dispersed in the beginning of the troubles. His letters are filled with entreaties to friends to lend him books. He importunes Pierre Pithou, returning to the charge five times, to lend him a MS. Macrobius<sup>3</sup>. He employs the agency of Arnaud du Ferrier, Ambassador at Venice, and of Hostager, a merchant at Marseilles, to get Armenian MSS. from the Levant. Nor is it only MSS. which were hard to find, even new books, if not printed in Paris, had to be got by favour. Books printed at Geneva had to be smuggled into France. He writes to Du Puy in 1586<sup>4</sup>, 'Faber's Seneca I shall be able to get, as it is being printed in Paris, but Hotoman's Brutum

<sup>1</sup> Epistolae, p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> This convent was open to him, because the Du Puys, ancestors of Madame d'Abain, were founders, but 'ils n'ont livre qui vaille.' (Scaliger to Dalechamps, 1584.) [In Bernays, p. 312.]

<sup>3</sup> Larroque, pp. 21, *et seq.*

<sup>4</sup> Larroque, p. 225. Again he writes in 1586, 'If your friend who once lent you a Koran is at Paris now, I entreat you to get the loan of it for three weeks, for though I have many copies of the Koran, I have not the Sunna which is at the end of his copy. You will be singularly helpful to me, if you will get this book for me.' (*Idem*, p. 261.)

Fulmen I have not seen. I entreat you also to get me a book of Lipsius which Cujas has written to me about, *De Pronunciatione*.' His appeals on this subject are almost piteous. 'I am here at the end of the world,' he writes from Chantemille to Claude du Puy, in 1586, 'among the shepherds, cattle, rocks, sabots, trowels of the Limousin, so that the only channel by which I can hear of new books is through you who live in the light of men<sup>1</sup>.' And again from Abain, in 1585, 'I am here shut up in a corner of the world where I can learn no news of books; there is much printed of which I know nothing<sup>2</sup>.' During the years in which Louis was ambassador he sent home to Scaliger everything which came out in Rome. Casaubon sends him copies or extracts from the King's library in Paris. Nor was Scaliger sparing of either money or trouble himself. Turnebus's Synesius 'must be got for me,' (1603), 'cost what it will<sup>3</sup>.' In 1602 he writes to Du Puy, 'There are many quite common books which I cannot obtain by any device; and if one such does come to my hands by a chance, God knows how the booksellers make me pay for it. So that the few books which I have got

<sup>1</sup> Larroque, p. 226.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 197. There was one library in Poitou belonging to a canon of Saint Hilaire, George Bito, 'qui a une belle librairie, et quelque chose d'exquis. J'ai promesse de lui, que quand j'irais à Poitiers, je jouerai de tout ce qui est en sa bibliothèque' (*Ibid.*, p. 37). Otherwise the barbarous destitution of these provinces was such that it was difficult to find a sheet of writing paper, and your ink you must bring with you. 'I am here' (Chantemille, 1576), 'in the Marche of Limousin with Madame d'Abain, where I have difficulty in finding paper to write to you on' (*Ibid.*, p. 47).

Though Poitiers otherwise affords 'une grande solitude de lettres et une grande légèreté et promptitude à faire sédition' (Larroque, 55); yet there were persons about who knew enough to know that Scaliger's books were worth stealing, e. g., the larron who pocketed the Statius on the margin of which he had made corrections (*Ibid.*, p. 284). He writes to Du Puy, 1588, 'Sylburg seems to think that I have a rich library filled with rare books. Those who are acquainted with my means know that this is not the case' (*Ibid.*, p. 273).

'Je crois qu'on me pourra appeler fol, de ce qu'en si malheureux temps je cherche des livres, la ou il faudroit plus tost faire provision de viaticum pour passer la mer, si ces fureurs de guerre durent' (Larroque, p. 141).

<sup>3</sup> Larroque, p. 377.

together have cost me a sum I should be ashamed to tell, and no one would believe me if I did<sup>1</sup>.'

Incessant change of residence, and a famine of books, were not the only hindrances to that integration of the remains of classical antiquity which Scaliger had learnt from Cujas to regard as his aim. He himself, as we have seen, placed 'animi perturbationes' on a par with these impediments.

If we call to mind what was passing all around him, it must be matter of astonishment that 'mental disturbance' did not entirely suspend, instead of merely impeding, study. We must not apply the analogy of our own so-called 'Great Rebellion,' to interpret the temper of the belligerents in the thirty years' religious war of France. Barbarous and uninstructed as the English court and nobility in the time of Charles I. were, the military proceedings were conducted with humanity and some regard to the usages of war. Other reasons there were for this comparative forbearance, but the chief reason was the nearly even balance of force between the two parties throughout the struggle. 'In the beginning of the civil war old Lord Northampton said he would burn Stene House, but Mr. Crewe sent him word he had too good a house at Ashby to begin such practices<sup>2</sup>.' In France there was no such equilibrium of parties; no organisation or generalship on the part of the minority to balance their inferiority in force. It was a reign of terror by the Catholics, only kept in check by the bursts of despair when the Calvinists, leaving their homes to pillage, went out as an army strong enough to hold its own. Defeated or victorious in the field, the result was the same when they returned,—decimation awaited them. They found no military leader to organise a standing force on a 'new model,' and no parliament to vote pay and supplies.

In the dawn of Protestantism it had seemed as if 'la

<sup>1</sup> Larroque, p. 347.

<sup>2</sup> Life of Lord Crewe, p. 6.

*prêche* ' was going to carry all before it. It swept over the land like a fire in a forest. An eyewitness, who was at Orleans in 1561, describes congregations of as many as ten thousand persons meeting four times a week under the city walls. And as late as 1563 an experienced diplomatist like Hubert Languet thought that the reformed doctrines had sunk deep into the minds of the majority of the French nation. But as soon as the clergy, who had been taken by surprise, had had time to organise resistance, it was seen how unfounded these calculations were. As soon as the test of physical force was applied, it was found that, except in a very few cities, the Protestant leaven had not reached the mass of the nation. By wholesale massacre or partial execution, the proportion of Protestants was being continually diminished. We have but to look through the pages of any one of the contemporary *Mémoires*, such as *Perussis*, '*Discours des Guerres de la Comté de Venaissin*,' or the *Commentaries* of Monluc, to see that from an early date the numerical weakness of the Huguenots had been discovered, and that thenceforward anything was allowable against them.

At Angers, for example, on the 4th April, 1562, we find the Huguenot inhabitants masters of the city, not of the castle. During their supremacy they were guilty of disorderly conduct, not molesting their Catholic fellow-townsmen, but breaking open churches and destroying '*images*.' And this they did in spite of the exhortations of Theodore Beza, who came and preached to them, and urged them to abstain from such demonstrations. But their reign was short. The 12th May, the governor of Anjou, the Duc de Montpensier, entered the castle with two companies, and deputed a commission to judge the rioters. The executions began on the 14th May, and from that date until the 13th March, 1563, when the peace of Amboise held the conquerors' hands, they

went on incessantly. The first victims were Mathurin Boujon, revenue officer, and Jehan de Montmartre, Protestant pastor, who were, by sentence, hung at the Sanita Croix of the Place Neuve. Also Jehan Divry, royal sergeant, was hung at the Place du Pilon, as Huguenot and robber. These entries go on for many pages of the contemporary chronicler. It will be observed that one of the two crimes for which sentence is passed is being a Huguenot, and that it ranks with robbery, the last, we may be sure from the known strictness of the Huguenots, being only there to save appearances<sup>1</sup>. This was in one year. The sum of the whole in this one city of Angers is thus given by another, not contemporary, chronicler, Pierre Raugeard. 'The Cabinet du roi affirms that during the troubles, inclusive of the St. Bartholomew, there were killed at Angers and in Anjou 7,500 persons. The number is in my opinion exaggerated. Be that so or no, this vermin has not yet been exterminated from Angers. There comes from time to time some commission agent or traitant, or other vagabond stranger of this false religion.'

These things were done in Angers, at no great distance from Abain. At Poitiers, yet nearer the places of Scaliger's habitual sojourn. . . .

The state of these districts in 1581 is placed before us in a summary of facts by a contemporary writer. In the two dioceses of Poitiers and Luçon seventy Catholic priests and monks, and a far larger, but not ascertained, number of Huguenot ministers had perished by a violent death since the beginning of the troubles. There had

<sup>1</sup> Journal de Louvet, pp. 265-280. But the two gallows which were in daily activity not getting through the work fast enough, the Duke of Montpensier published 'à son de trompe' permission to the Catholic inhabitants to fall upon the Huguenots, suggested in short a wholesale massacre. His permission was made use of, and it was calculated that only 250 Huguenots escaped. Godard Faulcner, *L'Anjou et ses Monuments*. Angers, 1839.

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

fallen in the field 213 Catholic gentlemen, 317 Protestant; of common soldiers 7,000 Catholic, 11,000 Huguenot; 2,100 houses had been burnt or pulled down. These were natives of the district. Of Frenchmen, natives of other parts of France, 40,000 had fallen in the murderous massacres, within the above mentioned limits; 700 persons, these all Huguenots, had been executed for religion<sup>1</sup>. Here we are only taking account of life. The waste of the means of life and the material of civilisation, who shall compute? The insecurity of property paralysed all industry, and made thrift useless. Here again the penalties were unequally divided between the parties. Not so many places were ravaged by the Protestants as suffered from the Catholic troops, but as many or more in proportion to their numbers. This was in spite of all the efforts of the Huguenot leaders. While the Catholic nobles with savage ferocity ordered execution upon a Huguenot town, frequently in violation of the terms of capitulation, the Protestant seigneurs used all the authority they had to prevent outrage. Some acts of robbery were committed at the outset on the occupation of Orleans in 1562. Prompt punishment was inflicted on the offenders. But far more efficacious than punishment was the influence of religion. The captains were seconded by the ministers, numbers of whom, Beza among them, flocked to Orleans to support the cause by their preaching. La Noue, who looked on now with the eye of a veteran, bears testimony to the admirable discipline of the Prince of Condé's army. 'That which was more effectual in maintaining good order was the constant and urgent appeal of the preachers, admonishing the army that they should not employ their arms for the oppression of the poor people. Besides, the zeal for religion, with which the major part was at first animated, had great force to restrain. So that without com-

<sup>1</sup> Froumenteau, *Secrets des Finances de France*, pt. I. p. 250.

pulsion each man kept himself in a voluntary restraint more efficacious than the fear of punishment<sup>1</sup>.

But it was impossible, from the nature of the case, that this good behaviour should last. While the Catholic armies consisted in large part of regular troops or Swiss levies paid out of the taxes, the Huguenot forces were composed of volunteer gentlemen, each bringing a small squadron of some dozen or twenty cavaliers mounted at his expense. The cost of the maintenance of these extemporised soldiers had to be borne by voluntary contributions levied upon themselves. In the nature of things this resource was soon exhausted. 'It is,' says La Noue<sup>2</sup>, 'un mal nécessaire aux armées huguenots d'estre toujours sans argent.' Very early in the history of the struggle freebooting—*la picorée*—established itself, as in the German thirty years' war, as the only system on which resistance could be maintained. Even more searching and wasting than the passage of regular troops was the permanent guerilla kept up between the nobles of the provinces of Poitou, Saintonge, and the Limousin. Every gentleman fortified his own house as best he could, and each was on the alert, night and day, to surprise that of his neighbour.

Such was the 'milieu' in which, for thirty years, Scaliger's 'Lehrjahre,' his studies, had to be carried on. The reader may judge if his own expression be exaggerated: 'From the year 1563 to this day, I do not think I have had any time free from either removals, or from mental disturbance<sup>3</sup>.' How paltry seem the complaints so often heard from other students, of the inroads upon their time which are made by the necessary calls of daily life. Every page of Casaubon's diary is filled with ejaculations at the thoughtless friendliness of the neighbours and gossips who dropt in to his study

<sup>1</sup> La Noue, Mém., ch. VI. p. 598.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, ch. IX. p. 603.

<sup>3</sup> *Epistolae*, p. 52.



for half an hour's chat, he fuming inwardly all the while they stayed. The life led by Scaliger for thirty years was wholly different. It was not that of the irritable and recluse student, whose nerves are jarred by every interruption; it was a life lived in the open air, a life of backwards and forwards, constantly in the saddle, amid the warlike bustle of a Poitevin château, beset by cruel and merciless enemies. 'Je n'ai pas beaucoup étudié; il m'a fallu plus courir qu'estudier<sup>1</sup>,' he said, speaking of his early life from the secure retreat of Leyden. At an earlier date, in 1593, he excuses the imperfections of his books by pleading that all his life he has not known what leisure was—leisure 'in which studies best thrive,' (*otium quo maxime studia aluntur*<sup>2</sup>). He is occasionally sarcastic on the barbarism of Poitou and the Marche, 'a land in which paper and ink are hard to come by<sup>3</sup>.' 'For love's sake,' he writes to Lipsius, 'tell me if you have put out anything lately. No one can be shocked at my not knowing this or anything else, in this barbarian world where letters are extinct<sup>4</sup>.' To another correspondent he says, 'Tell me if you have seen anything new this Frankfort fair; for where I am there is no talk but of surrendering or not surrendering towns<sup>5</sup>.'

Sad as had been the consequences of the occasional passage of civil war over the province, the worst times for Poitou were to come during the last three years of Scaliger's residence there. Notwithstanding the brilliant victory of Ivry, 13th March, Henri IV had still, in 1590, no hold on the provinces south of the Loire. The royalist party in Poitou was still strong, but it had no concerted action, because it had neither leader, nor any centre of operations, such as the League possessed in Poitiers. Poitiers, the capital of the province, had now become furiously *ligueur*, the citizens going in their devotion to the

<sup>1</sup> Scaligerana Secunda, p. 556.<sup>2</sup> Epistolæ, p. 52.

Larroque, p. 47.

<sup>4</sup> Epistolæ, p. 89.<sup>5</sup> Larroque, p. 35.



Guises even beyond their governor, the Vicomte de la Guierche, who accordingly became an object of their distrust. The governor for the King, the Prince of Conti, without military capacity, deaf and with an impediment in his speech, was quite unequal to a position to which his birth alone had advanced him. Thus the royalist seigneurs were left to themselves, and to a harassing warfare of skirmishes and surprises. Malicorne at Parthenay, D'Aubigné at Maillezais, Pierre de Chouppes at Loudun, Preaux at Châtellerault, Saint Gelais at Niort, La Boulaye at Fontenay-le-comte, dominated their respective neighbourhoods, and kept the *ligueurs* of Poitiers on the alert. Had these royalist seigneurs been united, they might have overpowered or blockaded Poitiers; but taken singly La Guierche was too strong for them. They cut off the communications of the city, and straitened its supplies, causing it great inconvenience. Especially annoying were the strong places possessed or influenced by the Chasteigner family, whose castles, Touffou, Abain, Rochepozay, and Preuilly, lay all around Poitiers. La Guierche, though suspected of being willing to treat with Henri IV., was compelled by public opinion to undertake some enterprise against these nearest fastnesses. Every now and then he made a raid from Poitiers, and fell upon one or other of the royalist strongholds. In March 1590 he made himself master of Chauvigny,—of the town, for the citadel still held out. But in the town he took a valuable prize—no less than Louis de la Chasteigner himself, who had thrown himself into the place to aid in its defence. Louis had to purchase his freedom by surrendering, in June, the castle. With Chauvigny fell Touffou, one of the Chasteigner castles, which, though fortified, could not resist the artillery which La Guierche could bring against it. In September a more important place, Mirebeau, was reduced, and with Mirebeau fell Abain, which, though moated, could not be held against artillery. The Chas-

*Fragments. Posthumous.]*

teigner family and Scaliger with them had made a timely retreat to Preuilly. Preuilly, perched upon its rock, boasted itself impregnable, but it might be reduced by blockade.

‘The Vicomte,’ writes Scaliger to De Thou, ‘has called to his aid the governor of Perigord, with a strong body of Perigordins, has beaten down Touffou with a cannon and two culverins, and has promised to serve all my lord’s castles the same. We hear that the resolution has been taken in the council of the Laestrygones of Poitiers to seize the town of Preuilly, to establish troops there in snug quarters, and to blockade the castle, which they can neither carry by storm, nor breach by guns, being indeed a morsel too hard for their teeth. We are all mounting guard, and keeping a good look out. God be our aid! to Whom alone I ever have recourse.’

As soon as the season of 1592 opened, La Guierche moved in the direction of Preuilly, and invested Saint-Savin, a strongly fortified abbey in its neighbourhood. Captain Taillefer surrendered on terms, and in violation of the capitulation was immediately hanged, and the garrison massacred. While the siege of Saint-Savin was in progress, and the enemy might be expected any day before Preuilly, Scaliger wrote as follows to Lipsius<sup>1</sup>:—

Whatever you may be about, of one thing I am sure, that you are not idle, your corner of the world, too, being the only one which has been left out of the general *mêlée*. Happy you whom a neutral zone separates from the fighting ground! As for us, our foes are those of our own household, and every hour we are in expectation of having to do battle. Where I am is the Château of Preuilly, one of the strongest in Touraine, to which I returned twelve months ago, leaving all my dearest companions (his books) at Abain, hardly hoping that I shall ever see them again, so violent are the convulsions into which our country is thrown. Don’t imagine that I am using empty phrases. The enemy is at this moment besieging a neighbouring château; when that is taken—and taken it must be, having little natural or artificial defences—it is certain that we shall be the next attacked, and have to sustain a siege, perhaps

<sup>1</sup> Larroque, p. 291.

an assault. Think of your Scaliger as here fighting for life and liberty in company with many other good and stout fellows. You will see from this exordium that you are not to look for any new fruit of my studies. This ruinous civil war, due to our own folly, is the obstruction, not only of my studies, but of letters in France altogether. The only hope of learning is in our most gracious King. And at the rate things are going, it is to be feared that I shall quit the world before the King can appease this storm. For my part, having lost my worldly goods, cut off from my silent instructors, I am out of humour with classics altogether, and am come to care very little what happens. Our friend, De Thou, is braver, and is always at work at some profitable stuff. I suppose you have seen his learned poem On Hawking. You should also see some of his biblical paraphrases turned most elegantly into Latin verse. If the muse in France do not die, it will be De Thou whom we shall have to thank<sup>1</sup>.

The attack on Preuilly was diverted by the advance of the Prince of Conti at the head of a considerable force. But a sad calamity fell on the Chasteigners in the death of the eldest son Henri, Baron of Maleval, who was killed by a shot from a harquebuse in the attempt, which was successful, to recover Champigny. While Scaliger was composing Henri's epitaph<sup>2</sup>, and a threnody in Latin hexameters, the father was contriving revenge. Chance threw the opportunity in his way. The hereditary seat of the family of the vicomte—La Guierche—was the next domain to that of Preuilly, from which the château of the seigneurie was only a short distance. The father of the vicomte, out of respect to his age, had continued all through the troubles to occupy this château of La Guierche under a protection jointly accorded by Henri IV and by the Duc de Mayenne. Of course, the condition of such an exceptional protection was neutrality. It was discovered by the watchful eye of his neighbour that the old La Guierche was habitually violating his neutrality by harbouring *ligueur* bands, and allowing his son's troopers free passage over the bridge which crosses the Creuse at the château. The

<sup>1</sup> Epistolae, p. 88.

<sup>2</sup> Funerum liber (Poemata, 67 and 70).

governor of Loches determined to suppress the nuisance, and laid siege to La Guierche. The young Villequier hurried to its relief from Poitiers with his light troops and one of his culverins. He arrived too late, the château had surrendered. He tried to seize the bridge. Beaten off in a furious assault, he retreated towards Poitiers. But an ardent enemy was on his track. Louis Chasteigner had got together his friends in haste, and, joined by the garrison of Châtellerault, overtook the *ligueurs* at the bridge of Château d'Ile. They were driven into the river by the superior numbers of the royalists. The Vienne, swollen by the winter's rains (it was 6th February, 1592) could not be forded. La Guierche, disabled by gout, threw himself into a boat which he had reserved for himself in case of disaster. It was filled with fugitives and sank. The disaster of this day is compared by contemporary chroniclers to that of Coutras, so murderous was it for the defeated party, and achieved with such little loss to the victor.

Scaliger, whose age, now over fifty, compelled him to be left for garrison duty, is very indignant at the attempts made to deprive his patron of the credit of the victory. He writes to De Thou :—

M. d'Abain is in his government, and has got a cannon and three culverins against the walls of Chénérailles<sup>1</sup>. If every governor did his duty as zealously, the King would be better served. I am astonished at the impudence of a certain Thraso, who is taking to himself the credit of our victory over the Vicomte La Guierche, and has gone so far as to put it in print. All the world here knows that he was not at all willing to ride, and it was only when he saw M. d'Abain actually in the saddle, that he made up his mind to follow. I beg that you, when you hear the affair talked of, will make known the truth<sup>2</sup>.

It was not, then, from Scaliger himself, but from some one present in the affair, that De Thou derived the detailed account of this brilliant *coup-de-main* of Louis de Chasteigner which he has given in his history.

<sup>1</sup> Now the *chef-lieu* of a canton of La Creuse.

<sup>2</sup> Larroque, p. 295.

In 1591, by the death of his nephew René, a minor, Louis had become head of the family, and had come into possession of the lordships of La Rochepozay, Talmont, and Touffou. He had also been nominated by the King governor of the Marche of Limousin. Under his vigorous administration, backed by his recent victory, the royalist cause had gained the upper hand in these provinces. But in the rest of the kingdom it was not so. The Duc de Mercœur was holding Bretagne almost as an independent sovereign, nominally for the league, really for himself. Even in Poitou, Poitiers was neither reduced nor reducible by any force the royalist seigneurs had at their command. In the winter of 1591-2 the orderly settlement of the country, and its return to the habits and pursuits of peace, seemed as distant as ever.

In this condition of his country, Scaliger was gradually brought to lend an ear to a proposal which was being persistently urged upon him, to leave it, and to seek a haven for his declining years in a land where letters and learning were known and esteemed. The thought of expatriation had crossed his mind before now. The difficulty was to know where to go. Overtures were now made to him from the only country in Europe in which letters and learning could at this date (1591) be said to have a home.

Italy had nursed the embers of Roman civility for the modern world. When the time was ripe it was in Italy that the ardour for the classics and all that is implied in their study burst forth. This splendid development of the free energy of cultivated intelligence, nourished upon the classics, which we call the Renaissance, ran its course in Italy in little more than a century. In 1591 it was a thing of the past. Partly it had been checked by encountering the old enemy of humanity, the enemy long before met in Alexandria and Constantinople,—the spirit of ascetic devotion. But chiefly it had been suppressed by force by the ecclesiastical authorities, who, though at first

[*Fragments. Posthumous.*]

carried away by the contagion, soon came to perceive that the principles of humanism were incompatible with their own supremacy. The Protestant countries tolerated, without encouraging, learning. Geneva was a step-mother to Casaubon and Henri Estienne. Central Germany was barbarous, and on the Rhine a feeble glimmer of classical tradition hovered for a time round the library of the Count-Palatine at Heidelberg.

It was in the Low Countries that humanist studies, when they were dying out in Italy, found a refuge, and took a new and unexpected development. The soil had been long preparing in the lower stratum of the grammar schools. It is worthy of note in the history of learning that, whereas in other countries universities preceded grammar schools, in the Netherlands universities were a development of the grammar school. To find the solid foundation of learning among the Dutch, we must go back to the fourteenth century and to the Hieronymite brotherhood. The few who, after the completion of their schooling, desired to carry on their classical studies, made the journey to Italy for the purpose. Louvain was erected into a 'studium generale' in 1425; but it was not till the foundation of the 'collegium trilingue,' in 1517, that Louvain was able to provide at home the humanist culture which during the whole of the fifteenth century could only be obtained in Italy. When Protestantism was established in Holland, access to Louvain was cut off for the United Provinces. It became necessary that the new republic should have a university of its own, [and this was founded at Leyden].

## VIII.

### *PETER DANIEL HUET.<sup>1</sup>*

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[*Quarterly Review*, 1855.]

IN a passage of the Critical Review, pronounced 'ingenious and well expressed' by Johnson, and, therefore, inserted by Boswell into the Life, the reviewers divide the egotists into four classes. In the third class they place 'those who have given importance to their own private history by an intermixture of literary anecdotes and the occurrences of their own times; the celebrated Huetius has published an entertaining volume on this plan.' If any person's curiosity has ever led him to search the great collection of French Mémoires for Huet's, he must have been disappointed. They are not there, because they are written in Latin. P. D. Huetii Commentarius de Rebus ad Eum (*sic*) pertinentibus, is a small volume published at The Hague in 1718, and has never been reprinted. It is somewhat meagre in facts, and feeble in presentation of character, which may well be explained by the fact that the author had just recovered from a severe illness at the age of eighty-five, when he wrote it. He had known most of the celebrated men of his time, and has recorded the names of some hundreds of persons in his pages; but the record bears a greater resemblance to the Second Book of the Iliad than to Lord Clarendon. In 1809 Dr. Aikin manipulated the volume; in his hands the

<sup>1</sup> Huet, Évêque d'Avranches; ou Le Scepticisme Théologique. Par Christian Bartholmèss. Paris, 1850.

*Quarterly Review*, 1855.]

small 12mo grew into two vols. 8vo., being an English version with 'notes biographical and critical,' in the doctor's way. Coleridge was certainly too hard upon the doctor when he called him 'an *aching* void'; but it must be admitted that the biographical notices do not show any very profound acquaintance with the literature of the time, and may, we believe, all be readily found in a rather well-known book, the *Biographie Universelle*, or perhaps in the *General Biography* of which the excellent doctor was editor. M. Bartholmèss is, as far as we know, the next person who has laboured upon Huet; but in the treatise whose title is given above, he has confined himself to the philosophical opinions of the Bishop of Avranches.

Peter Daniel Huet was born at Caen, in 1630, of Catholic parents, as he thanks God. And indeed it was a misfortune in more than one way to have had Huguenot parents in France in the seventeenth century. He showed, from the first, a good disposition for learning, and was fortunate in excellent teachers in the university of his native place, among whom he always considered himself particularly indebted to the Jesuit Mambrun, Professor of Philosophy, who bestowed peculiar pains upon his most promising pupil. Having lost his father when young, Huet found himself, at one-and-twenty, in possession of a moderate independence. His first use of this was to visit the bookshops in the Rue St. Jacques, and he returned to Caen laden with books, and with an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge of every kind.

The community of European learning had not yet been broken up by the dissociating forces of the growth of the new dialects, and the consolidation of the great monarchies. The republic of letters was still one, of which Latin was the diplomatic tongue. The national literatures were indeed born, but they were yet in their infancy. The highest talents, the *sommités*, rose above



the national and vernacular into the European sphere. The scholar especially was a citizen of the world, not only in his fame and in his tastes, but in his abode. Literature was thus, like capital, a highly movable commodity, attracted hither or thither as the conditions favourable to its development were presented in any part of Europe. Precisely in the middle year of the century, 1650, and for about four years before and as many after that date, the centre of attraction was found in a new and apparently most unlikely quarter. The rise of Sweden into the first rank of European powers in the seventeenth century, like that of Prussia in the eighteenth, is an instance of what may be done for the most backward and unpropitiously situated countries by the personal character of their rulers. The military genius of Gustavus Adolphus and the administrative abilities of Oxenstierna had forced, not developed, a rude, poor, and remote country into political consequence. To the glories of arms it appeared that was about to be added the splendour of letters,—

De conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thule.

Christina, the hero's daughter, inherited that genius so nearly allied in the Vasa family to the insanity in which, in more than one instance, it afterwards terminated. This natural capacity had received by Oxenstierna's care a cultivation which had placed her only too far in advance of her own semi-barbarous subjects. She asserts in her *Memoirs of Herself*, that 'at fourteen she knew all the languages, all the sciences, and all the accomplishments her instructors thought fit, or were able, to teach her.' She then taught herself, without any master, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Nor were her powers shown only in languages or accomplishments. Philosophy, politics, and the details of business, in turns displayed her vigorous mind, felicitous memory, and quick apprehension. 'Elle a tout vu, elle a tout lu, elle sait tout,'

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says a private correspondent to Gassendi. After making allowance for the natural exaggeration of those who found all these superior gifts in a crowned head and a girl, there will remain, not indeed an intellectual prodigy, but a rare union of great qualities, which in a happier era of her country's existence might have inspired the national mind with some of her own life and genius. She had not however the material out of which she could develop a national taste, and she sought to engraft foreign learning on the Scandinavian stock. The learned men of the day were chiefly gathered in or about the Low Countries. The reviving ascendancy of orthodoxy was crushing letters in Italy; in England they had not yet taken root; in Germany a barbarous war, and equally barbarous religious polemic, had nipped them in the bud. To the Low Countries then, and to France the philosophical Queen turned her eyes. From the Dutch universities came Grotius, Saumaise, Isaac Voss, Descartes, Conring, Meibom; from France Chevreau, Naudé, Raphael du Fresne, Bochart. All these were provided with posts and pensions about the court. Besides those who settled in Sweden, the Queen's correspondence embraced nearly all the learned men of the day.

Huet, who was only twenty-two at this time, was not yet so known abroad as to receive a direct invitation from the patroness herself. But he had before this introduced himself to Bochart. Samuel Bochart was one of those men of solid learning and grave piety who adorned for a very brief period of the seventeenth century the French Huguenot Church. In Oriental lore, indeed, he was one of the leading scholars of his age, and his *Geographia Sacra*, recently published, was the most learned work on biblical antiquities that had yet been produced. He was settled as minister of a Calvinist congregation at Caen, and being professor in the Calvinist College there, was a teacher of such repute

as to attract pupils from England. Lord Roscommon, the Earl of Strafford's nephew, was among them, and we may perhaps trace the superior scholarship, as well as the 'unspotted lays' of the poet, to his Calvinist master. His name is still visible at Caen in the Rue *Bochart* (so named in 1833); and in the Public Library may be found some of his books, with marginal notes in his own hand. Huet had sought assistance and advice in his endeavours to teach himself Greek and Hebrew. This led to an intimacy, though such was the position of the Protestants in Caen, where the Catholic University overshadowed them, that it was agreed that the visits of the young student to the Calvinist minister should be paid after dark. His own fame and the recommendations of Isaac Voss procured Bochart a flattering summons to Stockholm. Inferior as was the position of a Dissenter in France, it was with reluctance he accepted the invitation. He offered to take Huet with him. The young student, eager for self-improvement, and now his own master, wanted to travel. To visit foreign universities, and to seek the intercourse of scholars, was then as much a part of a scholar's education, as to visit capitals, and to be introduced at court, was part of the gentleman's. But it was to Italy he designed to go with these views. Though the spirit of the former century was fled or banished from that country, it still, as the birthplace of learning, possessed attractions for scholars beyond any of those tramontane districts in which letters were as yet but young. Bochart, by much persuasion, prevailed on Huet to change Italy for Sweden, not by any hope of preferment, but by visions of the illustrious men they would see in passing through Holland, and the 'vestiges of Gothic antiquity to be found among the rocks of Denmark.'

Just as they were ready to start Huet fell ill, and was obliged to be left behind. Bochart, however, was detained

long by contrary winds in the mouth of the Seine, and his young companion, travelling in a car instead of on horseback on account of his weakness, reached Havre just in time to hear that Bochart had sailed that morning. He came up with him, however, at Amsterdam. Here the travellers joined Isaac Voss, who was on his return to Sweden, and a commodious carriage was engaged to carry the three. At Leyden Huet saluted and cultivated Saumaise; at Utrecht a recurrence of his disorder procured him the distinction of being attended by the physician Du Roy, the antagonist of Descartes. In Denmark we do not hear that he found any Gothic antiquities; his chief object of inquiry appears to be Tycho Brahe, an interest which he ascribes to a boyish impression derived from a print of the Observatory at Uranienberg, in the frontispiece of one of that astronomer's treatises with which he had been familiar at the house of a relation. He preferred a visit to the isle of Huen to lionizing Copenhagen. He did, however, see the King, going to church for that purpose, and made himself so conspicuous by staring through his spectacles in the gallery opposite to that which was occupied by the royal family, that His Majesty (as he afterwards heard) complained at dinner of the rudeness of the Frenchman. His travelling companions did not share his astronomical enthusiasm, so, while they walked about the city, he took a boat to Huen. On landing on the island he found the Lutheran minister extremely hospitable, and no less ignorant, for he had never so much as heard the name of Tycho Brahe. An old man, however, was at last found who pointed out to them the site. For the site was all that remained even then of Uranienberg, and all the ingenious constructions that had surrounded it—for nearly twenty years the centre of European science, the cradle of modern astronomy. The report of Picard, who was sent in 1671

by the 'Académie des Sciences' to determine the exact position of the instruments, confirms Huet's description in every particular. The reflections which this scene of desolation calls forth from our traveller are more like those of his old age than of his youth. 'May I be thought not to have lived in vain!' was the wish with which Tycho Brahe had expired. 'How,' thinks Huet, 'can *he* be considered as having reaped the fruit of his labour, who experienced the enmity of the King and nobles of his country? Who saw his toils held in contempt; their products abortive, and himself prohibited by order of the court from continuing his observations!' Here speaks the sub-preceptor of the Dauphin and the Gallican prelate, not the young protégé of the Calvinist professor. How half a century of Louis XIV had debased the minds of even the men of letters, may be seen by comparing this outburst with the attitude of Casaubon to Henri IV. The ill-will of the Danish nobility! What a different spirit breathes in the dying speech of the Dane! We may console ourselves by the reflection that posterity thinks no worse of Tycho Brahe because he was persecuted by the Danish nobles, the name of one of whom is only preserved by the fact of his having played the part of petty tyrant towards the astronomer. Huet, too, might have remembered that Tycho had before his exile entertained a king (our own James I in 1590); that when he left Denmark he only exchanged the patronage of a king for that of an emperor (Rudolph II); and that Christian IV of Denmark himself, who was a boy at the time of his disgrace and no way blamable, made every reparation to the memory of the man of science whose greatness he had learned to appreciate.

At Helmstadt, at that time the first town in the Swedish jurisdiction, a Queen's messenger brought Voss an order to return immediately to Holland, and not to show himself

at court till he had made satisfaction to Saumaise for an injury which the latter considered that Voss had done him. Voss may have been in the wrong, but this despotic style of treatment of her preceptor and adviser must have forcibly reminded her guests of the precarious tenure of this royal patronage of science. 'One sucks the orange and throws away the skin,' said Frederic II, when he was beginning to be tired of the tutelage of Voltaire. And who shall blame the princely orange-eaters, as long as the oranges show so much anxiety to be sucked? Thus our party, not a whit disconcerted by the fate of their companion, continued their route to Stockholm. They arrived in June 1652, a season propitious for exhibiting the rich vegetation of the environs, the profusion of flowers, lilies of the valley, wood strawberries, and cherries all around exciting Huet's admiration and surprise, as he was not prepared for such products in a northern latitude. The season of court sunshine did not appear so favourable. Descartes was dead. Voss and Saumaise were absent, as we have seen. The rest of the 'cohors philosophorum' were not just then in high favour. They were rather thrown into the shade by a certain lively Frenchman, named Bourdelot, half abbé, half physician, but whole courtier; one of those insinuating, intriguing, 'omnia novit' personages, 'busy and astute,' in whom we recognise the type of the Greek Colax repeated. We should not be disposed to rely much on his having been stigmatized as 'a monstrous liar and gambler,' by Guy Patin; whose 'médisances atroces' were scattered over good and bad alike. But we know the antipathy that nature has implanted between the plausible adventurer, and the man of genuine knowledge. Especially the physician whose success has chiefly been owing to his address in the drawing-room, or his agreeable qualities at the levée, must ever be the natural foe of the man of real science, whose independence of mind disdains those small acts

of conciliation and courtesy by which the other ingratiates himself. And we must accept the opinion of Huet, himself not at all indisposed to worship rank—an opinion delivered without any appearance of rancour—that the dismissal of Voss, and the cold reception of Bochart were to be ascribed to the ascendancy of this unworthy creature. But it should be added to the exculpation of the young Queen, that this precise moment was with her one of those intervals of revulsion after overstrained intellectual exertion, which have often occurred in the mental history of young genius. Hume's sober description of his depression after an intellectual debauch of which only a young and ardent mind is capable is well known. Whatever this singular woman did, she did with the same untempered ardour. She rode, she shot, she plunged into state-business with 'fureur.' So when she embarked on books it was the same. She expected Descartes in her study at five o'clock every morning, and shortened his life by an exertion so severe to the philosopher whose favourite place of study was his bed. Her passion for knowledge was a real, not an affected passion, but it had its pauses of lassitude, and of one of these, Bourdelot, or (for it is characteristic of the class to have an alias) Michon, availed himself to insinuate the motives likely to combat the love of study in the mind of a girl. First, as her *medicus*, he forbade her touching books. She was 'hurting her health' by studying. This was undeniable. He then tried to bring to bear the ridicule with which a learned lady was regarded by the elegant dames of the French court. He amused her by his wit and court anecdote, contrasting strongly with the grave discourse on Tacitus and the Ideas of Plato which she had with Naudé and Bochart. She gradually gave up her books, and almost repented that she had ever learned anything. This disposition was only transient; her character was too solid to be long under the influence of a frivolous man. But it lasted during Huet's stay, and occasioned his departure.



Huet was a man of research in books, and of an inquiring mind into objects of nature and antiquities. But he had no discernment. We gain from him no notion of what the Swedish court, or the learned foreign coterie was like. He praises Oxenstierna, but it is in the same vague laudatory style in which he speaks of every great man whom he has occasion to mention. How little he knew with whom he had to deal may be seen in his notion of the Queen's own character, when he affirms that 'her disposition was so weak and flexible that she was entirely dependent on other people's opinions.' Few sovereigns have thought more for themselves than the daughter of Gustav Adolph. Even if Huet could not see this at the time, it is singular that he should have written thus with her later history before him, though there is abundant testimony from much better judges—e. g., Chassut, the envoy from the court of France—to her precocious exhibition of a firm, decisive, right-judging mind, carrying independence even to eccentricity. Huet was easily able to console himself for the comparative neglect of the court, by the ample library, both printed and MS., which had been formed at Stockholm, partly out of the plunder of the German monasteries, partly by judicious purchases made under the superintendence of Voss. He soon attached himself to a MS. of Origen on St. Matthew, and his hours were occupied in making that transcript of this book, which became subsequently the foundation of his edition. Origen excepted, however, Huet found nothing to induce him to prolong his stay, and, though a native of Normandy, he feared the rigours of a Scandinavian winter. To the indifference of the young Queen to the Socratic discourse and society in which she had once delighted, were added the murmurs of the native courtiers at the pensions and emoluments lavished on the foreign favourites. An old grievance. 'These Scottish men spend a' our Queenis fee,' cry the Norwegians in the ballad. And the behaviour of the French, pro-



bably, was not conciliatory. We find Huet making epigrams on the gross manners of the Swedes, and the Calvinist minister, Bochart, enjoying them and showing them *sub rosâ* to the Queen, who relished them quite as much, but very judiciously suggested that their circulation should be confined to the French and Dutch residents.

Another circumstance urged him to return home. His previous intimacy with Bochart, his having accompanied him to a Protestant court, and his continued residence there, had given rise to reports injurious to his religious consistency. He, therefore, applied for permission to depart, pleading business at home, and voluntarily offering a promise to return to Sweden in the spring. He tells us honestly enough that at the time he gave this pledge to the Queen, he made a private resolution never to come back again. He does not offer any apology for this perfidy, which he even vented in hendecasyllables, though these he did not show the Queen. Dr. Aikin evidently does not like the look of the lie as it stands, and suggests 'that it may admit of some excuse from the apparent control exercised over him by a sovereign of whom he was not the subject.' The casuistry of this we leave to the reader. Huet, who had had the benefit of a Jesuit education, evidently thinks such a trifle beneath his notice. However, his return, had he meant it, would have been otherwise impossible ; for Christina's abdication took place within less than two years. This finally scattered the philosophical colony ; but the experiment had had quite sufficient trial to enable us to pronounce upon it. It must undoubtedly be added to the record of failures on the part of princes to create a taste for learning, and a society of learned men, in a court where the native tendencies to such a state were wanting. Though a short, it is not the least instructive, chapter in the history of patronage. An absolute sovereign can suppress, but cannot create

learning, by any mere acts of power. It is with the products of mind as with those of industry. All the costly efforts of the late Sultan or of Mehemet Ali have been unable to naturalize a single manufacture in Constantinople or in Egypt. So the predisposing causes must exist in a country—a people must be sufficiently enlightened to receive the higher cultivation, or they will look upon the importation of a cargo of philosophers with contempt and aversion. When the preparatory stage has been passed through, a liberal patron may do much, and an Augustan age may then be evoked from the resources of a country ‘by a proper organization of institutions and arrangements for education, of attractions to great powers, of aids to great necessities, of inducements to great exertions, of liberty and freedom to great energies.’

As to Huet’s special share in this disappointment, it was not great. He was young; he was not one of the invited, but had travelled on his own account, and, if overlooked at the time, his merit was not unappreciated. For he was afterwards invited by the Swedish nobility to become preceptor to their young king; and by Christina to join her court after she had finally established it at Rome. He declined both proposals.

The next twenty years—from his return from Sweden till his being appointed sub-preceptor to the Dauphin in 1670—were passed by Huet at Caen, though with frequent visits to Paris, in a life much more congenial to his tastes. It was spent in study unusually excursive and diversified in its range, but profound, serious, methodical in its purpose. In his own words, ‘I laboured to furnish myself with an accurate knowledge of antiquity, and to attain to the very fountains of erudition.’ He was not engaged in any profession, yet his means, though moderate, were not such as to allow him to indulge his wish of removing his abode to the capital. The difference of expense between provincial and Parisian life was still greater at that time than

at the present. The literary task which he had prescribed himself, and which he carried on leisurely without suffering it to absorb him from the reading by which he was forming himself, was the editing of Origen. Of the six books into which his *Memoirs* are divided, two record this period. There is nothing that deserves the name of events ; the narrative is divided between the subjects of study, and the connections continually formed with learned men. For next to study, which he sustained throughout this whole period with all the zeal of a profession, he seems to have made the acquisition of learned acquaintance an object of special pursuit. The large space which these connections occupy in his memoranda shows that in looking back on his life they were not the least cherished of his recollections. Few have united in an equal degree the true solitary passion for books, with the social instincts and the desire for an unlimited extension of friendships. That his love of reading was more than a mere taste, that it was a devotion, real, serious, and engrossing, is certain from his whole history. The best known story about him perhaps is that, preserved in the *Segraisiana*, of the countryman who was denied access to him after he was bishop of Avranches, because the Bishop was studying. The applicant retired, grumbling a wish that the King would send a bishop 'qui a fait ses études.' Yet the list of his literary acquaintance is prodigious ; extending, as it does, to every person of even third and fourth rate eminence in letters in France, and including many of Germany, Holland, and even England. He declares<sup>1</sup> that at the age of twenty he was already 'in correspondence with Sirmond, Petau, Dupuis, Bochart, Blondel, Labbé, Bouilland, Naudé, Saumaise, Heinsius, Voss, Selden, Descartes, Gassendi, Ménage.' This list was swollen by the time he had reached the age of forty to some hundreds. True, many of these correspondences went no further than a single exchange of complimentary letters, or

<sup>1</sup> *Huetiana*.

a single visit of ceremony ; but they were not the less stored up in the memory of one of the parties, and to originate them was a serious occupation of his life. Nor was much preliminary introduction thought necessary. To the greater *savans* the young Norman, in the pride of conscious merit, made a tender of his spontaneous admiration by letter. Did a great court personage, known as making any pretensions to 'taste,' visit Caen, he waited on him immediately, and explained his pretensions. Chance brought in not a few, as in the case of Madelenet, Richelieu's late secretary.

It was accident that threw me into the harbour of Gabriel Madelenet's friendship. As I was looking over the catalogue of publications in a bookseller's shop [in Paris], and was ordering those of some modern poets to be sent home, Madelenet came in. 'I see you like poetry,' said he, 'and to judge by the selection you have made, you have a just taste in it. I have some that I can show you, which you may perhaps not dislike,' at the same time pulling out, etc. I contracted a friendship with Madelenet, whom I regarded as a poet of no humble strains, but worthy to be compared to the ancients.<sup>1</sup>

Huet must have been a treasure to this class of poet, well known to Boileau, who—

Aborde en récitant quiconque le salue,  
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue.

The great means, however, by which men of science sought mutual acquaintance and improvement was in Academies. This was the age of Academies in France. They were borrowed from Italy, where they had already gone into decay with the decline of learning. But in France they were still in all the freshness of youth, and had not yet become mere empty titles of honour, or clubs for the publication of Transactions. They were centres of personal communication between men of common tastes and pursuits. All of them, even the Académie Française, had arisen in friendly meetings in private houses. The earliest members were opposed to being chartered, and

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs*, p. 168.

always looked back to their private and unpremeditated *réunions* in the house of Valentine Conrart as their Golden Age, when the members, without noise and parade, and in the freedom of familiar intercourse, conversed at their ease on topics that interested them. Caen for a provincial city was singularly rich in men of letters and liberal pursuits. It was for Normandy very much what Montpellier was for the South of France. Besides its University,—much the most distinguished school of the North of France,—many persons of birth and fortune had retired there for the sake of society. The University of Caen had possessed a classical press in the fifteenth century, and a Horace printed there in 1480 is among the bibliographical rarities. It was the original *berceau* of the Academy movement in France. Nor has it lost its character. It was here that in 1830 sprang up the ‘Société pour la Conservation des Monumens Historiques,’ which has been the means of rescuing so many remains of antiquity from destruction. Here, too, in 1833, originated the scientific congress of the *savans* of France and Europe. An Academy had been formed here during Huet’s absence in Sweden, and the first tidings which greeted him on his return were that he and Bochart had been chosen associates during their absence. The meetings were originally held in the private mansion of one of the members, and from the first the society numbered some men of distinction in its ranks. Among these was Segrais, whose pastoral poems are still included in the collections of the Poets of France, though he is better known by his connection with the romance of Zaïde, written by Madame La Fayette. Of this Academy Bayle writes in 1684, ‘Il n’y a point d’Académie dans le reste de l’Europe qui soit composée de plus habiles gens que celle de Caen.’ It survived the Revolution, and continues to subsist in vigour, publishing from time to time respectable volumes of Memoirs. The name of Huet is still the boast of this enlightened

body. It endeavoured only a few years ago to commemorate him in a mode widely adopted in France and Germany, though hardly known among ourselves, viz., by proposing a prize for an *éloge*. The *éloge* is intended to be not a vague and fulsome panegyric, like the old *discours de réception* at the *Académie*, but according to the better taste now prevailing there, a general survey of the subject. However, the spirit of the degenerate sons of Caen did not respond to the invitation. Twice was the prize proposed without any success—‘bis patriae cecidere manus’; the third time, in 1851, only two essays were sent in, to neither of which were the judges able to award the prize. The dissertation we have placed at the head of this paper, and which still leaves much to be desired, comes from a different quarter.

But this assembly was confined to literature, and Huet’s active and inquiring mind embraced a much wider domain. The rapid strides which physical discovery was daily making attracted general attention, and Huet joined with his usual eagerness in the pursuit, which speedily led to associating a few persons who were to meet once a week at his house to carry on the subject. This was the foundation of the Academy of Sciences of Caen, an association which soon acquired a high reputation and received approbation and contributions to its funds from Colbert.

As there had been sent me from London some accurate observations by members of the Royal Society, in which the anatomy of the human body was exhibited, we determined to join our labours in this part of physics. And as the public hospital of the city was in the vicinity of my house, we commissioned one of our body who was a surgeon, that when any of the patients should die of an unknown malady, he should give me a summons that we might ascertain the disease and the cause of death by dissection. Nor did we employ our industry on the human body alone, but carried our researches into those of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, serpents, and insects. In this course it is incredible how many new and singular objects, well worthy of remark, came under our observation, all which I carefully

recorded. And although we had no lack of careful dissectors, yet we sometimes, when peculiar nicety of experiment was required, employed our own hands. For myself, being shortsighted, it was particularly my study to obtain demonstrations of the fabric of the eye. I can safely affirm that with my own hand I have dissected more than 300 eyes taken from the heads of animals of every species. And that I might more clearly understand what it was that chiefly conduced to acuteness of vision, I compared the eyes of those animals that are thought to enjoy the quickest sight, with those whose sight is supposed to be weak and dull, as owls. I carefully separated the parts of the eye, and compared vitreous humour with vitreous humour, membrane with membrane, nerve with nerve.

His inquiries extended to astronomy and to chemistry, which he called 'a compendium of nature' (*naturae breviarium*), though he did not, as might be expected, entirely shun the quicksands of alchemy. It was in this Academy that the principles of the Cartesian philosophy, physical and metaphysical, first attracted Huet's attention. He possessed a set of astronomical instruments, observed eclipses, procured 'the newly-invented instruments,' a thermometer and barometer, and himself projected a hygrometer, and an anemometer. By so much activity and public spirit shown in so many departments of knowledge, Huet began to be considered one of the leaders of learning in France, and he was gratified accordingly by finding his name in Colbert's list of literary pensions. This measure, which included the *savans* of foreign countries as well as those of France, is usually put forward by the historians as one of the splendid and judicious liberalities of the Grand Monarque, which has been too little followed by less absolute governments. When examined, however, Louis XIV's patronage of letters will be found to contain as much base metal as the other glories of the *siècle*. We are obliged to pronounce it a piece of preposterous ostentation, intended, not to encourage learning—the free spirit of which was as hateful to Louis as it is to all despots,—but to be returned in adulation, for which his appetite was insatiable,

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and the only effect of which was to humiliate the receivers, and to include the learned class of Europe in that promiscuous crowd of adoring worshippers who were prostrate before the narrow mind and selfish heart, which was now disposing, for its own gratification, of the wealth and resources of the most flourishing country in Europe. It should be added that the total sum devoted to this purpose was only 100,000 livres, and that as soon as the finances became embarrassed, these pittances were among the first objects of retrenchment.

But the circle of Huet's multifarious pursuits is not yet exhausted. He addicted himself to poetry with the same enthusiasm as to anatomy or chemistry, and to the society of poets as congenially as if he had not been the founder and life of an 'Académie des Sciences.' His taste for natural scenery was hearty and sincere. He loved country walks, and to lie in the shade of the old oaks with Savary, who read to him his verses. He liked to make visits at country-houses, and has celebrated one in the neighbourhood of Caen, where—

the rocky coast was excavated into caverns by the waves. Burying myself in one of these, I remained whole days with no other companion than a book; enjoying the prospect of a smooth sea and vessels gliding by with favourable breeze, or at other times of a raging ocean.

He also declared against the reigning style in gardening, condemning as a depravation in taste the 'jardin à la mode,' with its hot, broad, sanded walks, and *jets d'eau* of muddy ditch-water; daring, and this in the days of Versailles, to prefer to these

larcins et supercheries de l'art, ces gazons rustiques, ces pelouses champêtres, les ombrages verts de ces hêtres touffus, et de ces grands chênes qui se trouvèrent à la nativité des temps, une fontaine sortant à gros bouillons du pied d'un rocher, roulant sur un sable doré les plus claires et les plus fraîches eaux du monde<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Huetiana.



Segrais was his townsman and intimate, till they had a coolness about the interpretation of a line in Virgil. With Chapelain, the French Blackmore, he maintained a regular correspondence, and had read (we could not venture so incredible an assertion on anything less than his own authority) the twelve unpublished books of Chapelain's epic. The twelve published books of this, the first, and except the *Henriade*, only epic in the French language, the public and the critics were agreed to consign to oblivion. Huet is persuaded that, had they seen the whole twenty-four, their decision would have been different. He had been one of the select few admitted to a reading of the *Guirlande* of Julie, the unpublished poems of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

I had often begged, and been often promised, a sight of this famous volume, a new-year's present from the Duc de Montausier to his mistress, Julie d'Augennes. At last one day, as we were rising from table, the Duchess d'Uzés consented to gratify my curiosity. She locked me into her cabinet alone with the *Guirlande*, and did not return to release me till dark. I can affirm that I never in my life passed a more agreeable afternoon<sup>1</sup>.

Huet himself poured forth poetry in the earlier period of his life, with a facility of which he was proud, but as he wrote then chiefly in Latin, his verses have not found their way into the collections. Poetry, indeed, was cultivated in Caen with no less favour than the sciences. There had formed round Segrais quite a school known as the Caen Poets. When the court, the city, and the French Académie were once at issue upon the merits of two sonnets, the Duchesse de Longueville proposed that the case should be referred to the Caen songsters, and that their sentence should be decisive. French poetry, however, was the only poetry read in Paris, and he who wrote in Latin had to content himself with a reputation in Holland. A 'young friend' who visited Huet at

<sup>1</sup> *Huetiana*.

Caen, 'extorted from' him various pieces of verse, carried them off to The Hague, and, 'without my concurrence' put them to press. 'Thus I was regarded as a tolerable poet in Holland, while in France I was scarcely supposed to have reached the foot of Parnassus<sup>1</sup>.' Huet must have been gratified by the state of poetical taste in Holland, for his *Poemata* went through repeated editions. These effusions, though M. Bartholmèss indeed thinks the immortal odes on Aulnai equal to those which Tibur inspired, have not usually been ranked among the choicest specimens of modern Latinity in vigour or polish; but they breathe a natural taste for rocks and rivers, and smiling scenery, their general topic, which contrasts favourably with the frigid and conventional gallantries of most of the vernacular verse of that age.

A much better known work of Huet, his *Essay on the Origin of Romances*, shows him to us in a new walk of literature. This is perhaps the most original of all his productions, one in which, though he has had many followers, he had no predecessor, except Giraldi of Ferrara. It shows a vast amount of 'novel-reading' in a man who had read so much else, and was indeed a proof of an extraordinary memory, if we are to take to the letter what he says, that it was written during a visit to Marie de Rohan, in a sequestered convent of nuns, seven miles distant from Paris. It originally appeared prefixed, as a preface, to the celebrated novel of *Zaïde*. This story by the Comtesse La Fayette marks an epoch in the history of fiction, as the first transition from the heroic romance to the tale of probable adventures and contemporary manners. The authoress, a very accomplished woman, who had learned Latin from Ménage and Rapin, pleasantly observed to Huet that they had made a marriage between their children. It was not an unpropitious union between the most popular novel of the

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs.*

day, and this instructive and not heavy essay. Translation speedily carried them through Europe, and as *Zaide* has been the prolific parent of the modern novel, so the *Traité de l'Origine des Romans* has been the source to which Hurd, Percy, Scott, Dunlop, Schulz, may be traced, though the more extended research and better historical criticism of the modern investigators have entirely superseded Huet's attempt, and made it even seem superficial by their side.

He was, too, not merely a critic of romances, he had written his novel. This was composed at four-and-twenty. And it is singular that all the incidents were taken from real occurrences, although it was inspired by the reading aloud to his sisters, before they became religious, the 5500 pages of Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrée*, one of the most unreal and airy of the pastoral insipidities. He had long before, when a boy, exhausted *Amadis de Gaul*, and the chivalrous romances of the Spanish school; and his first classical attempt had been a translation from the Greek romance of Longus. *Diane de Castro, ou le Faux Yncas*, found, however, no sympathizing friend to steal away with it and get it imprinted at The Hague. It remained in the secrecy of his desk for fifty years, and was only published after his death as a curiosity when public taste had long gained a new direction.

He had a turn for antiquities, and spent no little time in researches into local history. We have seen how the 'Gothic remains' tempted him into Denmark. He did not overlook those of his own country. When he became bishop of Avranches he drew up a history of the province—the Avranchin,—and a list of all the noble families who had territorial possessions in it. These still exist in manuscript. Of his native place he undertook a more complete survey. *Les Origines de la Ville de Caen* came to a second edition in 1706. The first was a very incomplete, hasty, superficial affair. He interleaved it, and brought it out altogether rewritten. Topography,

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like everything else, has undergone great improvements. Few antiquarian histories of that date are satisfactory now. But the *Origines de Caen* are marked by peculiar faults characteristic of the author—paradox, fanciful theory, unsupported conjecture. He cites documents vaguely, without the requisite specification; they are often not correctly copied; sometimes their import is misunderstood. He continually uses the loose phrases, ‘on dit,’ ‘on croit,’ ‘on pense à Caen.’ He had formed in his mind a system as to the original ground plan of the city, with which he endeavours to force the existing facts into harmony, often with violence enough. Indeed, in this work as much as in any other, may be seen all the faults of criticism which make Heyne long afterwards describe him as ‘*vir opinionibus plura superstruens parum explorata*.’ How much topographical science has improved since that date may be seen by comparing Huet’s work with the scholar-like contributions to the same subject—the *Antiquities of Normandy*—made by the Abbé De la Rue.

These subjects were, after all, the recreations of his leisure; we have yet to mention the more serious labours of his life. Ever since his return from Sweden he had been engaged on Origen, and his repeated visits to Paris at this period had for their object the preparation for this great work. The collations for the text, and the collection of materials for the life of Origen, might well have employed the whole time and strength of the most retired scholar. But it does not seem to have interfered with the various occupations and the mixed society in which Huet so freely engaged himself. The theological subject was the one to which he attached himself by preference, and the editing of Origen was to him a work of devotion as well as philology. For the mere critical part of the task he had no love, and often spoke with contempt of those ‘weederers of the soil of letters’—the verbal emendators. Hence he has succeeded better in the historical and biographical province than in

the textual; and his Origeniana have been repeated in all the subsequent editions of Origen, and still form the most valuable contribution that has been made to the illustration of that great writer. Huet's edition, in 2 vols. folio, appeared in 1669. It contained only the exegetical works of his author. The rest were intended to follow, but Huet some years afterwards formally renounced the design, partly from the intervention of other engagements, partly from finding that the labour of editing was one above his strength. It is observable that, though Caen was the seat of the university of the North, and the administrative capital of Lower Normandy, Huet was obliged to print his Origen at Rouen, whither he went to reside while it was passing through the press. He designed a dedication—a more important matter then than now—to the Bishops of the Gallican Church. He made this offer to them then sitting in Assembly in Paris, and it was graciously accepted. At a hint from Colbert, however, the bishops were thrown over, and the name of the King substituted. An unworthy yet necessary compliance; only too characteristic of the servility of the age, and of the grasping cupidity of Louis, jealous of every scrap of compliment or homage which was to be had.

In estimating the edition we must pay due regard to the state of Greek criticism at that epoch. If we test Huet's Greek text by this standard, we find that it will bear comparison with the best specimens of Greek editing then produced. He had neither the experience in the task nor the knowledge of the language possessed by Casaubon. But in the fidelity with which he represents the readings of his MS. authorities—he had only two—he equals or exceeds that great scholar. In conjectural criticism he displays a wonderful sagacity, best proved by the fact that many of his emendations have been established by the Barberini and Bodleian MSS. On the other hand, his knowledge of Greek is unequal to

his acuteness and ingenuity. He detects a corruption by a quick perception of logic rather than by acquaintance with idiom. Hence he often offers both words and grammar which are not Greek at all, or not the Greek of Origen's age. But the most serious blot on his critical character is his assuming, as a principle of editing, that, where there is doubt, the reading must be decided by dogmatical considerations. Not, be it observed, that he considers that what Origen wrote ought to be altered, but that Origen, being a Father (though not a saint) of the Church, must have written that which was orthodox. To expect him to have been emancipated from this idea, is to expect him to have been above his age. To understand the full extent of Huet's merits, it is only necessary to have an acquaintance, however slight, with the edition of the De la Rues. This splendid product of the labour and learning of the French Benedictines is sadly marred by the incompetence of its editors in Greek. They appear unable to value rightly Huet's suggestions, and, as we must suspect, from theological antipathy, to be studiously concealing the large extent to which they are nevertheless indebted to him.

This edition of Origen cost him one of his oldest friendships,—that of Bochart. During the preparation of his work Huet had been in the habit of communicating to Bochart his notes and manuscripts; and among the rest the transcript which he had made of the Stockholm MS. of Origen's Commentary on St. Matthew. This work of Origen contains a passage not a little famous in the Eucharistic controversies, which has been uniformly cited by all the Protestant writers as decisive of his opinion against Transubstantiation. What was Bochart's astonishment when he found that this passage, or at least the most telling part of it, was absent from Huet's transcript! Bochart himself knew assuredly that it was to be found in the Stockholm volume, for he had

more than once produced it, to the great discomfiture of two Jesuit Pères who were secretly preparing Christina for her change of religion. He mentioned the omission among his partisans in Caen, and though he declares that he himself was cautious to spare his friend's character, others, who did not know Huet so well, conceived, not unnaturally, great suspicions of his honesty. Huet complained that Bochart was traducing him, and 'a correspondence' ensued. Huet, at first, stoutly maintained the fidelity of his copy; and that the disputed passage was wanting in the original MS., but challenged Bochart to send for it to Caen. Bochart replied that he might as well desire him to ask for the moon, as for a MS. which was so jealously guarded; that Christina would not allow it even to be taken to a private room for the purpose of copying it; and that no one knew this better than Huet, as he had himself been refused that permission. After some shifting of ground on the part of Huet, he at last admitted that the omission was an oversight in transcription. He took care to insert it in its proper place in printing the text of his edition, and in an article of his *Origeniana* discusses its import, which he finds to be perfectly compatible with the Catholic doctrine on Transubstantiation. These are the facts of the case, and, it must be allowed, they look very ugly. Nevertheless his integrity comes out, on inquiry, unimpeachable. The omission *was* an oversight, ascribable to a common cause of such lacunae, viz., homoioteleuton. Bochart, in the handsomest way, expresses his satisfaction on this point. But Huet's character for honesty can only be established at the expense of his vigilance as a collator. To have overlooked such a passage, which the controversialists, from the time of Erasmus downwards, had been fighting over like a dead Patroclus, was inexcusable carelessness. The suspicions created in the minds of the learned in the Protestant communities by the blunder were so far



from being unnatural, that, as Bochart says, 'all the history of literature can scarce furnish a parallel instance.'

To these manifold engagements of thought, some of them very engrossing and laborious, must be added, to complete our picture of this active and versatile genius, that it was eminently susceptible of the sentiment of piety. Literary tastes, in proportion as they are strong, are notoriously combined with religious indifference; when they are dominant they seem to extinguish the sentiment of religion altogether, as in Voltaire and Goethe. On the other hand, strong devotional tendencies are apt to absorb and centre in themselves all the other powers, and to diminish the energies necessary for other pursuits, if not to decline them as profane. Huet united an intense passion for literature with urgent inclinations to a life of religious contemplation. While a boy at college he had been captivated by the austerities of a Dominican convent in Caen, and had been only prevented from joining that order, in which one of his sisters was a nun, by forcible detention on the part of his friends. He was sufficiently aware, afterwards, that they had acted wisely for him. Yet from time to time the religious instinct showed itself on the surface. He gratified it through one of the best provisions of the Roman Catholic Church, the practice of spiritual retreats, till it led him to enter orders, to assume the management of a diocese, and finally to resign those duties for the leisure of a monastic life, though not under one of the austere rules. One of those retreats occurred soon after the completion of the *Origen*, somewhere about 1670, and at the time that the reform of La Trappe was exciting much attention in France, though Huet nowhere mentions De Rancé. He went for the purpose as far as the Jesuits' college of La Flèche:—

It was some time since I had duly explored the recesses of my conscience and unfolded them in the Divine presence. For this pur-



pose I repaired with alacrity to La Flèche, where my friend and former preceptor, Mambrun, presided over the theological studies. After enjoying some conversation with him on our affairs, I resolved to set apart an entire week for the attentive recollection of all the errors of my past life, and the more careful regulation of my future days pursuant to the injunctions of the Divine law. And oh! that I had in earnest adhered to my engagements! but I too readily suffered myself to be borne away by the fire of youth, the allurements of the world, and the pleasures of study, which by their variety so filled my breast, and closed up all its inlets with an infinity of thought, that it gave no admission to those intimate and charming conferences with the Supreme Being. Under this feebleness of soul with respect to Divine things I have laboured during the whole course of my life; and even now the frequent wanderings of a volatile mind blunt my aspirations to God, and intercept all the benefit of my prayers. When from time to time God has invited me to godly exercises for the purpose of confirming in my soul the sense of piety, and washing away the stains contracted from intercourse with men, it hath been my custom to retire to places suitable to those intentions—either to the Jesuits' College at Caen, or the Praemonstratensian Abbey of Arden, one league distant from Caen, or to our own Aulnai after I was placed at the head of it<sup>1</sup>.

During this retreat at La Flèche, the desire to renounce the world for good revived in him with all its former strength. This time it was Mambrun who interposed his judgment to prohibit a vow which must have entailed inevitable misery on a spirit so independent and restless, and tastes so various, as Huet's. The Jesuit Professor, with the skill of his Order, may have understood a temperament with which he could little sympathize. He is one of the most vigorous of the Jesuit Latin poets. But his servility of imitation was such that he wrote ten Eclogues, four Georgics—which, however, treat of the culture of the mind,—and an Epic on Constantine in twelve books.

Huet's life had hitherto been provincial, though his connections and his reputation were extending through the world of letters. In the year 1670 he was drawn

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs*, p. 174.

*Quarterly Review*, 1855.]

within the sphere of the court, having been selected to be sub-preceptor to the Dauphin. He owed this distinction to the friendship and discernment of the Duc de Montausier, who had become acquainted with him in his capacity of royal lieutenant of Normandy. Montausier, by birth, by military services, and by rank, was one of the most distinguished nobles about the court. But he was still more distinguished by virtues little known and little valued in that atmosphere,—sincerity and independence of mind. His were among the few lips from which the King ever heard the truth. Yet such was his grace of manner and dignified bearing, that Louis heard from him the plainest language without offence. The courtiers, intolerant of a manly freedom of thought and speech which they dared not exercise themselves, called him ‘a cynic,’ ‘a bunch of nettles,’ and insinuated that the *Misanthrope* of Molière had been drawn from him. The sarcasms of these sycophants signify nothing more than what Madame de Sévigné meant when she said that the Duke ‘reminded her of the old times of chivalry,’ or what Montesquieu implied in saying, that ‘Montausier had in him something of the old Greek philosophers.’ We might rather wonder how such a man, the fittest, and therefore the most unlikely, in the kingdom, came to be selected as Governor to the Dauphin. But Louis, at least up to this period of his reign, chose his servants well. The King consulted Montausier as to whom he would wish to have under him as instructors for his royal pupil. He had made up his mind in favour of Huet, but as Louis was extremely jealous of his patronage, it was necessary to employ artifice to bring him to the desired selection. The Governor read over to the King a list of the persons who offered themselves as candidates for the office, amounting to near a hundred. He then subjoined to it the names of those who had not offered, but seemed to him worthy of the post, stating the

qualifications of each, and concluded by saying he thought he might name out of the whole number three men who seemed most eminently fitted for the duty—Ménage, Bossuet, and Huet. He foresaw that Ménage would be rejected ; Bossuet he did not think would be preferred, as a man who had spent all his life in theological controversies ; and that, therefore, the choice must end in Huet. He was mistaken, however. The King caught at the name of the celebrated preacher, whom he thought a very proper man for preceptor, but consented to have Huet appointed his second. The sub-preceptor, in his *Memoirs*, characteristically slurs over his subordination to the Bishop of Méaux, of which he need not have been ashamed, in the ambiguous phrase ‘*suc-centuriatus adjungor*,’ which Dr. Aikin, by translating ‘*coadjutor*,’ converts into a positive misrepresentation.

This mark of distinction was flattering, and the change of life, at first, agreeable enough to Huet. But, on the whole, he does not appear to have derived much satisfaction from it. In his pupil he could have none. The Dauphin had all the coldness, indifference, and dull sensuality of the Bourbons. After he had outgrown schooling he never touched a book, and with all the care expended in his education, his literature was limited to the *Article de Paris* in the *Gazette de France*, containing the births, deaths, and marriages. For this man the *Discourse on Universal History* was written by Bossuet, the *Delphin Classics* arranged by Huet ! If a princely dunce, of whom scarce anything is recorded than that he was fond of killing weasels in a barn, could have been improved by any training, it might have been by that of Montausier, who was not likely to show less spirit in his conduct to his pupil than he did to his pupil’s father. The Prince chose to pretend one day that his Governor had struck him, and called for his pistols in a fury. ‘Bring his Highness’s pistols,’ said

the Duke coolly. Then turning to the Dauphin, 'Now, sir, let us see what you mean to do with them.' On another occasion the Dauphin was practising pistol-firing at a mark, and his balls were very wide of the target. The Marquis de Créqui had next to fire, and though an excellent shot, he went a foot further from the mark than the Dauphin. 'Ah! little serpent,' cried Montausier, 'you ought to be strangled.' When the Duke gave up his post, and was taking his final leave of the Prince, he did it with the words, 'Sir, if you are an honest man, you will love me; if you are not, you will hate me, and I shall console myself.'

The Dauphin was nine years old when Huet was thus placed in his household in 1670, and the next ten years were accordingly spent by him in attendance on the court. Fond of society, and not insensible to the charms of intercourse with the great, so favourable a position was naturally pleasing to him; but as the novelty wore off, the want of men of literature and knowledge in the frivolous circle of Versailles, and the tedious formalities of court etiquette, made him pine for opportunity to resume his beloved occupations. The lessons, no doubt, were neither long nor frequent, but the attendance was constant, the regular hours which the King exacted from every one about him, the dressing, the continual removals of the court from Versailles to Marly, from Marly to Paris, from Paris to Fontainebleau, seemed to preclude all possibility of continuous study. Nevertheless all these difficulties were overcome by the ardour and determination of Huet. And it was during these years that he executed the longest and (after the *Origen*) most laborious of his works, the *Demonstratio Evangelica*, and that he superintended the publication of the celebrated series of the *Delphin Classics*. The want of leisure for uninterrupted thought, the want of books of reference which he could not carry about, and had not even room

to set up in the narrow apartments of the smaller palaces—all these obstacles he met by extreme diligence and great economy of time. He employed readers who read to him while dressing, while travelling, while going to sleep. Often after devoting the day to the Dauphin, on the approach of evening, he rode off to Paris and spent large part of the night in his library, searching out and copying passages, returning at daybreak to the Prince. Huet, however, was not the stiff pedant who could not enjoy the world, or the recluse philosopher whose finer fancies perished by contact with it, and he seems to have mingled, when he chose, with ease and satisfaction in the amusements of the palace. The author of the *Demonstratio Evangelica* did not disdain to execute a specimen of minute calligraphy—twenty verses of the *Iliad* written in a single line of a narrow slip of paper—to convince some incredulous person who would not believe the account of the Homer which was contained in a walnut-shell; nor to celebrate in elegiacs the virtues of tea. He must have been one of the earliest to adopt the use of the beverage in France, as he says he derived the hint from the *Voyages* of Alex. Rhodius, the Jesuit. It appears that the leaves were boiled on the fire.

The experiment succeeded so much beyond my hopes, that I seemed to have acquired a new stomach, strong and active, and no longer subject to indigestion. On this account tea rose so high in my esteem, that I scarcely suffered a day to pass without drinking it. I derived from it the further advantage that its salutary leaves, with their benign vapours, swept the brain, thus meriting the title of brushes of the understanding.

Amidst these engagements was completed (in 1679) the *Demonstratio Evangelica*, the publication by which Huet's theological character was established. It shows great erudition and some originality. But the title was borrowed from a work by Eusebius, and the form from Spinoza. A conversation with a learned

Jew of Amsterdam had suggested to him the subject. He affects to adopt the mathematical method of proof, begins with definitions, postulates, and axioms, and builds on them ten propositions. All this is, of course, illusory, and, as was said at the time, the author has *demonstrated* nothing but his own learning. The more original and characteristic part of the book is the fanciful tracing of pagan personages and ceremonies to Hebrew sources. He liberally reduces to myths the sages of antiquity, most of whom he finds to be only fancy portraits copied from Moses—imagination pursued to such a length as to be rejected at once even at a period in which the derivation of the heathen religions from the Jewish was an accepted belief. This system of Huet, says Voltaire, ‘n’a trouvé aucun partisan, tout absurde qu’il est.’ We must again repeat the caution that the merit of books, as of opinions, is relative to the age in which they appear. It will be enough to mention the repeated editions and translations into most of the languages of Europe of the *Demonstratio Evangelica*, to prove that it continued to be the standard work on the Evidences, till it was superseded by the more methodical productions of Abbadie among the Protestants, and the Abbé Houtteville among the Catholics. Complimentary letters from friends cannot go for much; yet that of Leibnitz to Huet has all the weight that a name can give. The author was perhaps more flattered by the great Condé having read the work through immediately, which he records with satisfaction, though he does not mention the letter of Leibnitz.

Better known at the present day is the other undertaking with which Huet was occupied during the period of his attendance on the Dauphin. This is the celebrated series of the *Delphin Classics*. Every schoolboy is now familiar with the demerits of these editions, yet the project forms an epoch in the history of classical learning in France. The

credit of the design rests between the Duke of Montausier and Huet. The latter, a man not given to taking less than his share of such honours, ascribes it entirely to the duke, and Montausier's talent and knowledge quite warrant the claim. The classics were the companions of his campaigns; he read them with pleasure and facility, but still was often at a loss in a difficulty. Commentators were too bulky to be carried about in the field, and he had often wished for compendious editions which should give just such assistance as was wanted by a soldier, who was scholarly but not erudite.

Whether Montausier or Huet were the actual projector of the Delphin Classics, it was one of those happy ideas which, though due to the suggestion of some one individual, happens to be precisely the thing which the public is wanting. Ancient learning, in France, had been suffering a gradual decay since the time of Francis I. It is beside the purpose to suggest the causes of this decline, but the fact is notorious. The public were growing indifferent to the subject; the universities languished; the Jesuit schools were lapsing into sloth; men of learning were not so learned, nor so prominent, as they had been in a former generation. Along with this eclipse of classical lore was going on steady development of a wholly new body of knowledge. This later growth was various, and was not at that time mapped out into distinct branches; but it was mainly physical and mathematical, in part also metaphysical. The momentum had been given in the former subjects by Kepler, Galileo, and Bacon—though the last was not himself a discoverer in physics. In metaphysics the impulse had sprung chiefly from Descartes, though he had also pursued with distinction some branches of mathematical science. But in all its parts, one characteristic of the new knowledge and of its cultivators was an entire renunciation of the dependence on antiquity. They broke off the whole connection with the



past, and passed rapidly from the idolatry to the disdain of the great names of ancient learning. Bacon and Descartes, Spinoza and Malebranche, agree in this respect. By this withdrawal of the best and the inquiring minds from classical learning it lost its depth and progress. But it still maintained itself as an institution, constituted the formal education, and the knowledge of Latin (at least) was recognized as universally necessary. The learned languages ceased to engross attention for their own sakes, just in proportion as they became more identified with general literature and liberal cultivation. At such a period a demand not unnaturally arose for popular editions of the more generally read authors; not new recensions containing the fruits of a life's study, but easy abridgments of the best commentaries adapted for common use. To this new want the *Variorum Classics* in Holland and the *Classics in usum Delphini* in France were the reply. There was this difference between them, that, while the *Variorums* were the bookseller's speculation, the cost of the *Delphin Classics* was defrayed out of the royal purse. Popular as they afterwards proved, so small was their sale at first, that no sooner was the treasury subscription withdrawn than the printing of them stopped. On the Dauphin's marriage, in 1680, the *Ausonius* was withdrawn from the press at the 160th page, and it was not till 1730 that a Paris bookseller was found bold enough to take up and complete this, the last of the series. It is not often that state patronage has meddled so successfully with the press. Nearly sixty volumes were produced in about ten or twelve years' time. The assignment of the contributors, the choice of the authors, and the general superintendence, fell to Huet. One day in every fortnight he went to Paris, where the different editors attended at stated hours, each with the portions of his work which he had finished. But it is not to be supposed that he examined every note so as to make



himself responsible for it. The *collaborateurs* were all French, most of them young professors connected with the University of Paris, and none of them names distinguished in the annals of philology. Perhaps the best known are Madame Dacier, (Charles) De la Rue, and the paradoxical Hardouin. Huet sought the co-operation of Leibnitz, at this time residing in Paris, and had proposed to him to edit Vitruvius. Leibnitz consented to be employed, but excused himself from Vitruvius as requiring a knowledge of architecture, and chose Martianus Capella. He made some progress, and submitted a specimen of his illustrations on this favourite classic of the middle ages to Huet. But on his quitting Paris soon after he seems to have dropped the task, and it is not known what became of his notes. The latest editor of Capella, Kopp, does not appear to have known anything of his abortive attempt<sup>1</sup>.

The series was confined to Latin authors: the scholarship of all the universities of France at that time would have been unequal to a collection of Greek classics. It is true that all the lists of the Delphin editions in the Bibliographies include the Callimachus of Madame Dacier. But that is an error, for her Callimachus is not, and does not profess to be, numbered among the Delphins. It has none of the marks: it is not dedicated to the Dauphin, but to Huet; it has not the words 'in usum serenissimi Delphini,' nor the well-known engraved title 'Arion and the dolphin.' The new features which Huet designed in the scheme were the 'ordo verborum,' which was placed underneath the text, and a complete verbal index to accompany each author. And finally he intended that all the separate indexes should be fused into one general index, and thus constitute a complete vocabulary of the language; though this part of the work was never executed. The other portions of the plan were not strictly novel. There existed already complete verbal indexes; to Lucretius by

<sup>1</sup> [The same is true of Hermann and Eyssenhardt.]

*Quarterly Review*, 1855.]

Pareus, to Juvenal by Lange, to Virgil by Erythraeus, besides others. Again, the paraphrase, or *ordo*, had been applied to Horace and Juvenal by Ceruto; to the Aeneid of Virgil, by Pontanus; to the Eclogues and Georgics by Frischlinius. The novelty lay in its being uniformly carried through the whole of the Latin poets. The merit of the different editions is very unequal. One of them only, the *Panegyrici Veteres* by De la Baune, has pretensions to be a scholar's book. The sole contribution, we believe, to original criticism which the series can show was furnished by Huet himself. This was in the shape of some notes on Manilius, a very difficult author, who had fallen into the hands of an editor who was not equal to the task, though of some reputation in the University. Huet's appendix in part redeemed the character of the work. For some of his conjectural emendations he has merited to be coupled with Scaliger in the phrase 'virose gregios,' by the next editor of Manilius, Richard Bentley,—a critic not merciful to rash correctors. The mediocrity of portions of the editing Huet candidly admits, apologizing for it by the youth of some of the persons employed, and their impatience of dry labour,—an impatience, we may add, which is at the bottom of the inferiority of the French nation in classical criticism. That the Delphins held their ground so long in the schools and colleges of France and England is perhaps rather a mark of the low state of scholarship than of their own merits. Still, with all their defects, a contribution on such a scale towards the popularization of classical literature is worthy to rank as part of the magnificence of the *siècle*. Certainly it may do so in point of costliness, if Huet be correct in saying that the whole undertaking cost upwards of 200,000 livres—a sum at the then rate of exchange equal to about £15,000 sterling,—rather a large bill for school-books for the Dauphin. Colbert, however, who had encouraged the enterprise, willingly opened the treasury for the purpose.

In 1680, on the Dauphin's marriage, Huet was released from the irksome restraint of court attendance, and was once more his own master. He immediately returned to his old occupations, and seems to have proposed to himself with great satisfaction a life of literary ease in the society of men of letters. The means were provided him in an abbey, given him by the King—which, to make the retirement more agreeable, was in his own province, Aulnai, twelve miles south of Caen. He had qualified himself during his preceptorship to hold a benefice by becoming a *prêtre*. Such a step, in such a situation, must suggest suspicions of his sincerity; but they would be unjust. He had always designed himself for the ecclesiastical profession, had as early as 1656 received the ecclesiastical tonsure from Harlai, then Archbishop of Rouen, and had mainly directed his studies towards religious subjects from this consideration. But it was the fashion then, both with the literary and the gay class of clergy, to defer the final step, as they did baptism in the early centuries, that they might enjoy life a little first. They received the tonsure, and even the lesser orders, without changing their dress, or their mode of living. It was during the preparation of the *Demonstratio* that serious thoughts forced themselves on Huet, and determined him to bring this period of probation to a close. He had, as with a presentiment of the length of days in store for him, indulged himself with a long youth. Though forty-six before he took priest's orders, he had still nearly fifty years of life before him. The change of dress was an important matter in the midst of a court. A sudden assumption of the black *soutane* would have assuredly exposed him to the raillery of the court ladies and the sneers of the foplings. Bossuet advised his withdrawing for some days, while his friends should announce his purpose of taking orders, and then appearing at once in the ecclesiastical habit. Huet preferred, however, to make the

change gradually. He shortened his hair a little every day, and left off bit by bit the gay apparel he had hitherto worn, and thus slid by degrees from the militaire into the abbé, without attracting attention by a sudden metamorphosis. This serious business smoothly got over, he received priest's orders, and then set to work to learn the rites belonging to his function. In a month he was prepared for the ordeal, terrible to the young priest, of the 'première Messe'; and, like De Rancé, shunning publicity on the occasion, he performed the Holy Office in the crypt of the Church of St. Geneviève.

In 1681 he bade a glad farewell to Versailles, and took up his residence at Aulnai. The situation of his abbey and the scenery were exactly suited to his tastes in those matters. D'Olivet describes it as '*une solitude agréablement située dans le Boccage qui est le canton le plus riant de la Basse Normandie*'<sup>1</sup>. Huet himself says:—

Such is the variety of hills, valleys, groves, meadows, fields, fountains, rivulets, gardens, trees, either in clumps or in long rows, that I recollected nothing more pleasant and refreshing. Add to this the salubrity of the air and the sweet tranquillity of the spot; so that if Providence had granted me the power of choosing a retreat to my own fancy, I should have wished for nothing different from this. Though driven from it by the approach of winter, yet when I had once tasted its delights, I returned thither with the greatest satisfaction every year at the earliest flight of the swallow and the first song of the nightingale. There I passed whole summers in charming retirement, occupied day and night in meditating abstruse points, for the study of which I had never found so suitable a residence<sup>2</sup>.

The reader will perhaps prefer to dispense with the Latin lyrics (*Ionici a majore*, we believe they are called), which wind up the praises of this Tempe.

Ten pleasant summers were passed in this charming retirement. For the winters he retreated to Caen, or more generally to Paris. Poetry and philosophy, pious

<sup>1</sup> *Éloge de Huet.*

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs.*

meditation, and modern literature, with society, elegant or learned, filled up the smooth-gliding days. 'It is but a five days' journey from Paris to Caen,' he writes to Bernard, 'there is a diligence once a week, the road excellent, and my chariot shall meet you in Caen, if you will pay me a visit here.' Bernard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, was residing in Paris as tutor to the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland. Upon no period of his life did Huet look back with so much satisfaction. Aulnai was his Tusculum, and he attached its name to his favourite work, the *Quaestiones Alnetanae*. Is not this indeed the picture of the lettered abbé in the Golden Age? Not the good-humoured and luxurious sluggard, *intrigant* and *bon-vivant*, and *un peu athée*, of the pre-revolution times. This was not yet the age of—

. . . . happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,  
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines.

Our Abbé is a real, nay a hard student, and recognizes his sacred calling as an obligation to direct his reading to sacred subjects, though without declining a wholesome mixture of others. We need not doubt which side he took in the dispute just now agitating the convents on the subject of 'profane learning,' between Mabillon and De Rancé. Huet, devout as he was, could not but lament the extravagant folly of the noble fanatic in interdicting the religious from all studies. He writes to Mabillon on the publication of the excellent little *Traité des Études Monastiques*:—

*Aulnai, 13th August, 1691.*—I am delighted that you have undertaken to disabuse them [the religious] of what has been so industriously inculcated of late years, namely, that ignorance is a necessary quality of a good religious. I am at this moment in a place where I have found this doctrine upheld—a doctrine so favourable to idleness in the cloister, which is the parent of all kinds of laxity. In vain I cite your example, and that of your illustrious brethren. But your book may do some good, if only I can prevail on them to read it.

*Quarterly Review, 1855.]*

But that may be difficult, as when one is in love with one's faults one shuns their remedies.

Now it was that Huet revived his Hebrew learning, added to it Syriac and Arabic, above all addicted himself to philosophy, going back to the sources, examining the earliest Greek philosophers, and for this purpose making Diogenes Laertius his constant companion. Yet there was a weakness about this life, and it is fatally apparent in the products of it. His zeal of study, his interest in the subjects, was not relaxed; his pen (as the phrase is) was more fluent than ever. Yet none of the works—and they are many—which he produced after 1681 can add to his reputation. He is copious and multifarious without being laborious. We see no more of the massive erudition of the *Origeniana*, nothing of the comprehensive method of the *Demonstratio*. Is this simply to be ascribed to age, and his having wasted his ten best years on the Dauphin and the Delphin Classics? Or was it that he had got upon an alien subject, for which his powers were really unfitted? Or, lastly, was it the discouraging circumstances of the times, the general neglect of learning, the absorption of all interest into frivolous and fanatical theological quarrels? That all these causes contributed is probable. But we are more inclined to refer the falling off in vigour, and grasp, and work, to the very ease and comfort of his outward existence. College endowments are often a temptation to stop short in the path of solid learning; cathedral chapters have been singularly unprolific of works of earnest labour or severe thought. To the sleek and dignified Abbé literature had become an amusement, no longer the serious business and occupation of life. Turned fifty, and having achieved what Huet had done—Origen, the *Demonstratio*, and the Delphin Classics,—he could not be blamed for this. Had he retired from the field altogether, he had retired with honour. But he continued on the contrary to write and publish, and only ceased to give the mind and

toil which had made his first productions valuable. Scholars, philosophers, or poets, have an undoubted right to enjoy themselves in their own way; and the spectacle of an independent leisure amused and adorned by literature is one we love to contemplate. But if they write, it must not be alleged in defence of shortcomings that they only write for amusement. To write is to deliver opinions and to instruct others, who in a greater or less degree depend on what they read for guidance. An opinion then, crudely formed, hastily expressed, inadequately expounded, weakly defended, yet backed by a name perhaps deservedly eminent, is an offence to be visited with all the rigours of criticism.

Before we proceed to give some account of Huet's philosophical writings, we must notice what was really only a short interlude in his musing life—his episcopate. In 1685 he was nominated by the King to the see of Soissons, but never was more than bishop-designate of that place. No instruments of any kind could be obtained from Rome during the embroilment of the Court of France with the Papal See. In the meantime he had exchanged Soissons for Avranches with another bishop-designate—Brulart, whose native place of Sillery was in the neighbourhood of Soissons, as Avranches was of Caen. On the arrangement of matters between Louis and Innocent he was consecrated bishop, in 1692. He filled the see only seven years, when he voluntarily resigned it, and, in 1699, returned to the life of study which he had learned to value more by the temporary estrangement. The well-known anecdote to which we have already alluded intimates to us that even during the years of the episcopate the books were not laid aside. But we must not hastily infer from the story that the episcopal duties were neglected for the books. Far from this, he set himself with an activity, not universal among prelates, to look into the affairs of his diocese which the long



interregnum had thrown somewhat into disorder. He held annual visitations, made the acquaintance of all his clergy, and promulgated an entirely new set of synodal statutes for the regulation of the diocese, founded on the primitive codes. These are extant, and are said by the Abbé Des Roches to be a complete treatise of theology. He was not fond of long sermons, and one of his orders is, that the sermon or explanation of the Gospel should never exceed half an hour. The Norman litigiousness extended itself to his clergy, who were in the habit of going to law with each other on the most frivolous matters. To check this spirit, and to complete the work of the bringing in the Huguenots to the Church, which his predecessor Froulai had nearly achieved, appear to have been the only memorable acts of his episcopate.

Avranches is proud of her bishop, whose name now distinguishes a *Place* which occupies the site of the cathedral. Of that church, at the door of which Henry II received absolution for the murder of Becket, a single stone, called 'la Pierre d'Henri II,' is all that remains. But it was not, as the usually accurate Murray tells us, the victim of a revolutionary mob. It had become dilapidated from neglect; the roof fell and some children were hurt by it; and the walls, being pronounced dangerous, were pulled down by order of the *maire* in 1799.

The infirmities of the Bishop increased with his years; he did not like the place for a residence, the water disagreed with him, and he would not, in spite of the numerous precedents for such a course, continue to hold the office without discharging the duties. The see was not rich, and he gladly accepted as a retirement the abbey of Fontenai, two miles from Caen. He lived twenty-two years after his resignation, partly at Fontenai, chiefly at Paris, but with frequent visits in the season to the waters of Bourbon. He neglected not the acts and thoughts of



piety, but the studies which had been the pursuit of his youth were the solace of his age. No works of any moment were to be expected from him, yet he continued to evince his lively interest in letters by occasional pieces. It was now that he compiled the *Origines de Caen*, of which we have before spoken. He would turn off short pieces in French while riding in his carriage through the streets, and he continually added to his Latin compositions. He had already fixed on the future owners of his cherished books, of which in so long a life he had amassed not a few. He had seen with grief De Thou's magnificent collection dispersed under the hammer, and he could not bear the thought that his own should undergo the same fate. To the man who is destitute of living ties of affection, books become an object of attachment. Nor is it wonderful, when we consider the communion his mind has held with them; they have been more to him than friends. Cujas, the civil lawyer, directed in his will that his library should be sold separately, jealous that any one man should possess what he had possessed. Huet's desire was to keep his together. He made an agreement with the Jesuit house in Paris, by which he made over to them his collection, by a deed of gift, stipulating that he should enjoy the use of it during the remainder of his life, and apartments in their *Maison Professe* in the Rue St. Antoine. None of the books were on any account to be taken out of the library, and in every one of the volumes was to be entered the caution, 'Ne extra hanc bibliothecam efferatur.' Ménage followed his example, and the popularity of the Jesuits soon swelled their store till it became one of the most considerable in Paris. Little could Huet foresee the short duration of the perpetuity he thought he had thus secured, and that within half a century after his death public proscription would strike this powerful society, and confiscation disperse their fine library. Many of Huet's books, after various migrations, are at present deposited in the

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somewhat perilous locality of the Hôtel de Ville<sup>1</sup>. They had had one narrow escape before they reached the Rue St. Antoine. The room of which Huet was *locataire* had long been ruinous, and one day fell in altogether while he was absent, and the volumes lay exposed for the passers-by to help themselves, till the Jesuit Pères heard of the accident and came to their rescue.

In the *Maison Professe* he enjoyed apartments with a north aspect, which he preferred, and the society of his friends. Bourdaloue, an inmate of the same roof, visited him almost every evening, and told him the events of the day. Twice a week his friends met by agreement at a fixed hour at his room, and this private reception became almost a *petite académie* of veteran literati. In the summer he sometimes removed to Fontenai, and sometimes to the baths of Bourbon. From the waters he found great benefit in his declining years. The physicians of the place insisted on very strict rules of diet, and, above all, prohibited study. Huet, who had nearly doubled the years that ought to make a man his own physician, would neither alter his diet nor give up his books. Read he would himself, and he seems to have set the fashion at Bourbon, for he tells a pleasant story of how he caught 'an elegant and modest young lady,' Marie de Rochechouart, reading a pocket Plato in a corner.

But in spite of the Bourbon waters a man cannot pass three score and ten with perfect immunity. Every year brought a new ailment, or took away a friend. First he lost Bourdaloue; in the same year his eldest sister, a woman of great sense and piety. Then another sister who was retired into a convent of the Visitation, and to whom he had been much attached. Both of them had passed their eightieth year. These were so many warnings, but his time was still distant. After he was turned seventy he

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Pattison's presentiment has proved but too well founded; the books, like the Hôtel de Ville itself, were destroyed by fire during the reign of the *Commune*.]

had his first attack of the gout, and completely got the better of it so as never to be troubled with it again. In 1712, when upwards of eighty, he had so severe an illness that he was given over by the physicians, and received the last rites. He recovered, but says that neither his senses nor his memory were ever again what they had been before the attack. Up to this illness he had not been used to employ a reader or an amanuensis. Yet it was after this that he drew up, at the request of friends, those *Memoirs* of his life on which our narrative has been chiefly founded, and also threw together the miscellaneous observations which were published after his death as the *Huetiana*. A few days before he died he recovered his memory, and all his mental powers in their full vigour. 'He employed the precious moments,' says the Abbé Olivet, 'in acts of religion, and died peaceful and full of trust in God.' The event took place in the Jesuit house in Paris, January 26th, 1721, in the ninety-first year of his age.

His portrait has been engraved on copper by Edelinck. That prefixed to the Leipzig reprint of the *Demonstratio* was a spurious affair, making him, so he himself thought, look like a groom or porter, with a round, heavy, vacant countenance. His complexion was of unusual paleness. Though naturally of a robust constitution, studious habits had enfeebled the powers of his stomach, and he was, as Lord Bacon says of himself, 'all his life puddering with physic.' He held it a vulgar error that a learned life was unfavourable to health, and used to cite the many instances of the longevity of men of letters. His diet was temperate, not to say sparing. After forty he ceased to eat supper, and at dinner only partook of plain dishes, avoiding ragouts, and mixing with his water scarcely an eighth part of wine. In the evening he drank a dish of tea, or of a medicinal broth, known as Delorme's 'bouillon rouge.' A strange affection of the legs which almost took from him the use of them was ascribed by his

physician to the hot-water bottle, which he had employed all his life as a remedy for cold feet. Later he was subject to frequent slight attacks of bilious fever, for which he found the waters of Bourbon efficacious. It gratified him to remember that this had been the malady of the great Lipsius. In society he was agreeable and fond of conversation, in which nothing like pedantry or display of learning appeared. In private life he was amiable, though a little too sensitive of slight or neglect. It is hinted by his friend and admirer, the Abbé Olivet, that he was not altogether free from Norman pugnacity, and fondness for the chicane and technicalities of law. His piety was consistent and ardent, but he did not fall in with the devoteeism which prevailed in the later years of Louis XIV. For forty years he never omitted spending two or three hours every day on the study of the Scriptures, regarding the sacred books, he says, 'not only as the source of religion, but as of all books the most fitted to form and exercise the man of learning.' As a priest he was bound to, and observed, the daily recital of his breviary. One of his chaplains (after he was bishop) took notice that in the performance of this duty he ran over the office with his eye only, without pronouncing the words, and remarked it to him. 'I did not know' said the Bishop, 'that this was the requirement of the Church; but, as it is so, I shall immediately conform to it.' Religious feeling, indeed, was hereditary in Huet. His father had been brought up a Protestant, and had been converted to Catholicism, not in the later days of the wholesale conversions by order of Government, but after a long and anxious study of the subject. 'Sa conversion se fit,' says Huet, 'en connaissance de cause.' His son found among his papers a thick volume of notes and memoranda on the controverted points, including a statement of the reasons which had determined his decision. His second sister, having been left a widow, retired at fifty into a convent of the

Visitation of Caen. His third sister took the vows at an early age in the celebrated abbey of Dominican nuns at Pont-l'Évêque. Here she killed herself by excessive austerities, dying of a complaint brought on by total abstinence from all liquids.

Huet's rank as a writer will have been gathered from the preceding pages. It will be seen that he belongs to the class which German writers on the History of Literature have denominated 'Polymaths.' There were few accessible subjects into which he had not gone, and he had distributed his attention pretty equally among a large number of them. We cannot say that he shows any declared aptitude for one of them above the rest. This was the natural constitution of his mind. He says justly of himself, 'In whatever branch of knowledge it has been my fortune to be at any time deeply engaged, the riches and beauties I have discerned in it have made me envy the men who had given themselves up to the cultivation of it.' He has here described the feelings of the youthful student when he first gazes from the heights on the fair fields of knowledge; they were Huet's feelings throughout his life. To a student gifted with this universality of taste there are two roads open, if he wishes to make his faculty available, and abhors, as all men with a true genius for knowledge must, the superficial. He may pursue all the separate sciences he engages in so far as to found on his cursory knowledge of each a profound study of the powers of the human mind, the progress of knowledge, past and to come, the history and destinies of the human race; or he may select some one science to be followed to its limits, using his proficiency in other branches as aids in that chosen subject. No one knew this better than Huet, or has stated it better, but he did not act on it. He took neither of these courses, and having followed many topics farther than most men, he is not a master on any one. On none of the themes that

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he handled has he left the unmistakable mark of genius ; though for some he has shown unusual aptitude. Metaphysics, theology, philology, classical editing, both Greek and Latin, archaeology, special topography, physics, poetry, fiction, and general literature, all these have been touched by his pen ; in none of them has he erected the ‘monumentum aere perennius.’ His remarks on general subjects are always worth reading ; but they show the man of extensive learning rather than the master-mind. He wrote in both French and Latin, but he evidently preferred the latter. His vernacular style never shook off the effects of so many years of the *vie de province*. Like our Scottish-English writers of the last century, he avoids provincial vulgarity at the expense of idiom, and is correct without being elegant. He was very sensitive to the gibes made upon his French by the wits—the *régentaux à l’Université*, as he calls them. ‘Do they pretend that I have been forty years at the very source of purity, and thirty member of the Academy, for nothing<sup>1</sup>?’ His Latin is Jesuit-Latin—faultless, fluent, and perfectly clear. Yet with these merits, or what ought to be merits, it is not pleasant reading from its want of character and its insipidity. It is like filtered water from which all savour has been strained away with the impurities. He himself has remarked the oratorical character of the Jesuit-Latin style, and has ascribed it to their habit of *regenting*, or holding *vivâ voce* disputations, in their colleges. The cause, however, lies deeper than this ; and the nature of Jesuit education is faithfully reflected in the smooth monotony of their Latin.

In his outward fortunes Huet offers a rare exception to the ordinary career of the great scholars. In his case his private means secured him against that painful struggle with penury which makes so much of the history of many men of learning, in an age and a country where Church endowments absorbed a large part of

<sup>1</sup> Letter of December 12th, 1702, to T. Martin.

the national wealth. His subsequent promotion was owing to the accident of having been selected for the post of Preceptor to the Dauphin. But his own ardour of study was pure and independent of such aims. Fond of society, flattered by the notice of the great, vain of social distinction,—all these inclinations were overcome by the yet more absorbing passion for knowledge. For this he resigned court life and a bishopric, and, if he may be believed, found his reward in doing so.

Those men make a great mistake who turn to study with a view to arrive by it at honours and riches. The retirement, the inaction, the unfitness for business and the common occupations of life, the habit of interior meditation and abstraction, are not qualities which equip us for the road of fortune. But there were men of old, Democritus, Epimenides, and others, who held themselves recompensed for the sacrifice of the favours of the world by the pleasures of the mind—pleasures more vivid, exciting, and elevating than any others. He on whose cradle the Muse has smiled will hold cheap the applause of the multitude, the seductions of wealth and honours, and will seek the rewards of his labour in itself. He will not be repelled by its infiniteness, or its unfruitfulness—rather his passion for acquisition will grow with the extent of his acquisitions. These are not unmeaning words of praise ; I speak of what I have experienced—an experience which length of days has only confirmed. If anything could make me desire my life prolonged, it would be to have time to learn that of which I am still ignorant. As for Joseph Scaliger, who said ‘that if he had had ten sons he would not have brought up one to his own career, but would have sent them to seek preferment in the courts of princes,’ he held language unworthy of his eminent learning—language, too, contradicted by his own life-long pursuit of knowledge.

We are not now holding up such lives as Huet’s and Scaliger’s as models for general imitation ; but it may at least correct our judgments to recollect what we are too much given to overlook in our comparative estimate of literature as a profession, namely, the satisfactions which may be drawn from the pursuit of it for its own sake. Compared with the other professions, as a profession, it



may deserve the accusations which disappointed writers have heaped on it. If you want a livelihood and a worthy career, still more, if your ambition ascends to fame, honours, wealth, seek it not by authorship ; seek it in trade, on the stock-exchange, at the bar. The chosen few only in whom the appetite for knowledge with which all are born has not been quenched by the more vehement passions, love, ambition, or avarice, may see in a life like that of Huet that it is as possible to find happiness in the pursuit of knowledge as in the pursuit of any other object. This is the proper moral of a literary biography. The moral commonly drawn is either that pre-eminence in letters leads to the usual rewards, as surely as any other excellence ; or, that mediocrity in literature, unlike mediocrity in other pursuits, leads to failure. These observations are often true, but they are not the main truth.

The subject of philosophy was that which principally engaged his attention during the latter half of his life, and it was by the opinions he promulgated on it that he became most widely known throughout the learned world, and excited the greatest amount of opposition and hostility. His first publication of this sort, *Censura Philosophiae Cartesianae*, appeared in 1689. The last, the *Traité Philosophique de la Foiblesse de l'Esprit Humain*, was published posthumously at Amsterdam, in 1723. However slight may be the intrinsic merit of these works, yet the positions taken up in them, and the storm of controversy raised, especially by the last, make them important features in the history of modern philosophy. The History of Cartesianism after the death of its founder has still to be written ; and though so much has been published on Descartes himself, we know no source to which we can turn for a view of the fortunes of his system, though two fragments of M. Cousin are most important contributions to it. The remarks which follow will be strictly confined to the personal share which the Bishop of Avranches had in these controversies.



The seventeenth century witnessed the rise and growth of a vernacular literature in France. This growth and expansion was not accomplished without a violent struggle with the old learning and literature. In the preceding century, the sixteenth, nothing that can be called a *French* literature existed. All books of solid character were composed in Latin, and addressed to a learned and a European public. In the eighteenth century Latin is entirely disused, and French writers, on whatever subjects, address a French-reading public and in French. During the intermediate period, the latter half of the seventeenth century, the authors and their readers were separated into two camps: the adherents of the old school who used Latin, the converts of the new who employed French. But the language was but the dress or uniform by which the respective armies were distinguished. Their character, subjects, method, opinions, were wholly distinct and irreconcilable. The great modern revolution in thought to which the Reformation was but the preface was then commencing in earnest. It was not merely a change of opinion on speculative points of theology, or metaphysics, but an entire metamorphosis of the human mind and all its habits. Any such total change must imply as its preliminary a revolution in philosophy, and that revolution was due in France to Descartes. His principal doctrines must be well known to our readers. There was in them a mighty power of truth, with a vast addition of fantastic error. But it is not requisite for our purpose to recall any one of Descartes' doctrines; for the term Cartesianism, as applied after Descartes' death (1651), must not be taken to mean only those peculiar dogmas on Physics and Metaphysics which he had promulgated. It was the title, either of convenience or opprobrium, which the men of the old learning fastened on their opponents, on the men of progress, of free thought. The battle was nominally fought under the banner of Aristotle on the one side and

Descartes on the other—the Aristotelian orthodoxy and the Cartesian heresy ; but it was really only another epoch of the old struggle, between a dead tradition and the living energy of mind ; between conventional formulae, which had long ceased to mean anything, and a serious faith. The course and issue of such a conflict could not be doubtful. All the genius, the original thinkers, the wits, and the popular writers, fell in of course with the movement. The Jansenists, or the religious party, the Oratorians, who had succeeded the Jesuits as the most successful teachers, the higher clergy, Bossuet as well as Fénelon, were, in the extended sense of the term, Cartesians, whether or no they rejected substantial forms, or had ever heard of the Vortices. On the other side were ranged the lower clergy, whose ignorance removed them from any intellectual influences ; the universities, the lawyers, and the men of business ; and above all the Jesuits. The Jesuits set in motion the arms of authority—the French Government, which they were able to command, and the See of Rome, the inveterate enemy of intellectual progress. It will be easily understood how Huet came to be found in the ranks of the antiquated party. He was intimately *lié* with the Jesuits ; he had been brought up at La Flèche ; he returned in old age to be an inmate of their *Maison Professe* in Paris. He did not like Bossuet, who eclipsed him at court, and held him at a distance. He was on friendly terms with the lawyers, and all the men of sense (*les gens sensés*) detested this new-fangled nonsense, which they were sure the Jansenists had only taken up out of spite to the Jesuits. But, above all, Huet was devotedly attached to classical studies, and it was an error, though a natural one, of the new school to pour unmeasured contempt upon the ancients. This lies at the bottom of Huet's anti-Cartesianism. He is ever complaining of the neglect of antiquity, of the growing ignorance of Greek and Latin, and the decay of sound philological lore—all which he

ascribed to Cartesianism; and rightly so, if the term be taken in the extended sense we have given it. His *Censura* is professedly directed against 'that audacious contemner of Christian and ancient learning' (meaning Descartes). Madame de Sévigné, who honestly believed that the *haute noblesse* disposed at will of the souls of authors as of the bodies of the peasants, thought he wrote against Descartes to please the Duke of Montausier. M. Bartholmèss thinks Huet was converted by a letter of Isaac Voss. Not so. Huet belonged by nature and pursuits to the past world.

Huet fought Cartesianism with two weapons—argument and ridicule. The ridicule is contained in the *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Cartésianisme*. He dictated this to a secretary at a time when his eyes were weak and he was precluded from more serious study. He calls it a jocular romance, 'ludicra fabula.' But the jest is extremely thin. It is, in fact, a poor imitation of the Père Daniel's *Voyage du Monde de Descartes*—itself not a very felicitous performance. The Jesuits have never succeeded in humour, which requires a geniality, a native growth and raciness of character, to which their education is directly opposite. Huet pretends to disclose the secret that Descartes had not, as had hitherto been believed, died in Sweden. Like another Zalmoxis, he had feigned death and had a mock funeral, but had really retired into Finland, wearied of maintaining so long the onerous dignity of oracle of mankind. Here had gathered round him a small academy of young Laps, to whom he laid down the law in all the comfort of incognito.

The foppery of Descartes, his green coat and cap with the white feather, are not omitted, and we may recognise the philosopher even in Huet's dim water-colour drawing. But it was not easy for humour to make a man like Descartes ridiculous; and as D'Alembert says, 'S'il fallait absolument que le ridicule restât à quelqu'un, ce ne serait

pas à Descartes.' Huet's serious polemic is not much more formidable. This is the *Censura Philosophiae Cartesianae*, written in Latin. It is chiefly noticeable in the history of the controversy as having called out the reply of Sylvain Regis<sup>1</sup>—a reply of which Fontenelle has said that it is a model of moderate and courteous controversy. To the personalities of Huet—and Huet, who is always complaining of 'la médisance des gens de Caen, leur vice favori,' had not been sparing of banter more angry than smart—Regis makes no retort. Over the argumentation of Huet, vague, declamatory, and superficial, Regis had no difficult victory. He exposes with calm superiority the misunderstandings of an antagonist who never penetrates into the real meaning of the points at issue; who has no more grasp of the views of Descartes than he has of those of which he professes to be the champion, and who deals only in external analogies collected on the surface. After the labours of Dugald Stewart and Cousin, the true sense of the 'Cogito, ergo sum' is known to even the tiro in metaphysics. It was completely mistaken by Huet, who cannot distinguish it from Pyrrhonism; nowhere can a more luminous and correct exposition of it be found than in this brochure of Sylvain Regis. That Bossuet preserved a total silence to Huet on his book, and that Arnauld openly disapproved, is as much to be ascribed to their sense of its incompetency as to their Cartesian leanings. Huet was much more in his sphere in determining the Situation of the Terrestrial Paradise (1691), and in describing the Voyages of Solomon's Navy round the Cape of Good Hope (1698)—divertissements with which he relieved his more serious pursuits.

We now come in the last place to the mention of Huet's peculiar philosophical opinions, which attracted much more notice than his feeble polemic against the Cartesians. It is remarkable that the eccentric book in which these

<sup>1</sup> P. D. Huetii *Censura*, etc. Paris, 1692.

opinions were broached, was not the inconsiderate effusion of his youth, but the deliberate meditations of his old age. The first *rédaction* of the *Traité Philosophique*, etc., was drawn out in 1690, and for the remaining thirty years of his life, to his last moments, he was continually retouching it. He spent as much labour on it as Bacon on the *Novum Organon*. He wrote it in French, then translated it into Latin, and made several copies of it, which he entrusted to different persons to secure its publication. But he foresaw the storm it would raise, and never could resolve on bringing it out himself, and so expose himself to the attacks of those whom he was wont to call 'the vulgar of the republic of letters.' The French original was published by the Abbé Olivet, in 1723, a year after the author's death. The outcry was immediate and universal. The communication of books was quicker then than it has ever been since till the last few years; the book was immediately translated into German and into English. The echo of the clamour is preserved in the periodical literature of the next ten years. Refutations appeared in every quarter of Europe, even in Italy. In Holland it was answered by Crousaz, the leader of the Cartesians there; in Italy by Muratori. So great was the scandal that it seemed to extend by implication to everything connected with Huet, among the rest to the Jesuits. They endeavoured to extricate themselves by roundly asserting that the book was spurious. But that evasion was speedily stopped by Olivet's producing the original manuscript as a voucher; he referred the authenticity of it to the forty of the Academy. The sensation excited was not due to any book-merits in the treatise itself. It has not the weight of a profound discussion; it has not the popularity of an elegant essay. The very same opinions had been broached by Huet in an earlier work, without attracting any general attention—in the *Quaestiones Alnetanae* (1690),—a work which, like Hume's *Treatise*, might be said to have 'fallen still-born

from the press.' What made the *Traité de la Foiblesse* tell, was the high character of the author, known to have spent an unusually long life in study and religious exercises, and its inconsistency with his whole career. It seemed, says Voltaire, who reports the opinion of the world, that the *Traité de la Foiblesse* contradicted the *Demonstratio*. A bishop of eminent piety, the bosom friend of Bourdaloue, the élève and inmate of the Jesuits, the *savant* of whom Le Clerc could say without contradiction that 'he was the most learned man left in Europe'—had left, as his last legacy to his fellow-men, a work of the most outrageous scepticism.

The term scepticism has come to be so peculiarly applied to religious doubt, that it may be necessary to say that we mean it at present in its original sense,—philosophical doubt. The two have indeed sometimes gone together, as in Hume. More often they have been separate; the peculiarity of Huet's case was, that he aimed to build religious certainty on philosophical doubt. The drift of the *Traité de la Foiblesse* is summed up in the sentence already enunciated in the *Quaestiones Alnetanae*—'Ad credendum utile esse non credere.' His Pyrrhonism is the porch or gateway to the Christian faith. Scepticism becomes the instrument, the 'New Organon,' of religion. Human reason had been variously treated as an impediment or aid, as preparatory or supplementary to faith. Huet removes it altogether. We know and can know nothing. Not only scientific, but ordinary knowledge is impossible; our perceptions are illusory, our ideas baseless, our reasonings fallacious. Nothing is certain but the revealed doctrines of the Christian faith. As the ancient school of Pyrrhonists had made this doubt the foundation of a scheme of life and action,—that, viz., of passive indifference to good or ill fortune—so Huet builds on his doubt the Christian blessedness, the peace of God.

The *Traité de la Foiblesse*, a small 12mo volume of

barely 300 pages, is divided into three parts. The first offers to prove the proposition, that the human understanding cannot by aid of the reason only attain any certain knowledge of truth ; the second part explains the right method of philosophizing ; and the third meets objections. The metaphysical proofs offer nothing original ; nor are they stated with any precision or peculiar skill. They are the old Pyrrhonian arguments, collected from all sides—largely from Sextus Empiricus ; and M. Bartholmèss has traced Huet's obligations to Martin Shooock's *De Scepticismo*, by means of the Bishop's own copy, now in the Library in Paris. It is curious to see in what condition the celebrated argument, afterwards pushed to its furthest consequence by Berkeley and Hume, appears in the *Traité*. It stands the very first of the metaphysical proofs.

Qui est qui osera dire, que l'image, ou ombre, ou espèce, qui s'écoule de ce corps extérieur, qui se présente à nous, est sa véritable ressemblance, sans aucune différence ? . . . Par quel art, par quelle industrie mon entendement, qui juge de cette ressemblance, peut-il comparer cet objet extérieur avec son image ? puisque l'un et l'autre sont hors de mon entendement ?

Those who are at all acquainted with the history of the representative theory of perception will not fail to perceive two things. First, as a psychological statement, how far short that of Huet falls of the point to which Berkeley and Hume extended the same observation of which we have here the rudiments ; and, secondly, how much more keen, skilful, and efficacious as a weapon of scepticism is the use Hume makes of the discovery. How do you know that the sensible species you perceive is a true copy of the material object ? 'Do you not irresistibly believe,' says Hume, 'that the sensible image you perceive is a true copy of the external object from which it emanates ? Yet you see you have no means of knowing that there is any external object at all behind it. *Therefore*, you find yourself irresistibly impelled to a belief for which you see



there can be no grounds!’ We may further observe that the argument against causation does not appear in the *Traité*. He could not have been acquainted with Joseph Glanvill, as he was ignorant of English, and Glanvill had not been translated. There are traces, we think, that Hume had read the tracts of Huet; though the chief points of sceptical metaphysics were so abundantly scattered over the fugitive literature of the period, that they would be unconsciously imbibed by anybody whose mind was occupied on the subject. And so it might easily be, that the argument from the insecurity of arithmetical processes, which occurs in the *Quaestiones Alnetanae*, might be suggested to Hume by some casual book, and yet made his own by subsequent reflection in the way in which he appropriates it in the *Treatise of Human Nature*. There is no branch of criticism so delicate as that whose office it is to track the transmission of thought in books. There are a few notable and distinctly proved cases of plagiarism. These cases apart, there are not many in which it is possible to affirm that one philosopher borrowed from any particular predecessor. In such researches resemblances are mistaken for parallels, parallels are construed into appropriations. It might be a curious amusement for any person having time on his hands, to take such a book, say, as Hume’s *Essays*, and to trace each idea back into previous literature. The result would have a far higher importance than any detection of individual plagiarism, which in so original a thinker as Hume would hardly have any place. It might supply materials to a future historian of philosophy—it might illustrate that process by which the grand masses of thought, deposited in earlier ages, become ground down into the diluvial surface spread over modern literature.

On the origin and on the nature of that particular alliance between scepticism and belief, of which Huet is so illustrious an example, a few general remarks may be made.



Its origin may be assigned readily enough to the gradual progress of the human mind in the seventeenth century. The history of philosophy in that century is summed up in the one fact of its emancipation of thought from control. Guided by this clue, we shall find our way easily through all the fantastic errors, or the jarring controversies of the various sects. The opposite schools of Gassendists and Cartesians were at variance with each other, but they were one and all struggling with the authority of the Church. That war was internecine. The systems of Descartes and of Gassendi might be mixed with enormous error, but their errors no less than their truths tended to one point, the awakening and general spirit of free inquiry. Well does Dugald Stewart ask, 'Whether the truths which Descartes taught, or the errors into which he fell, were more instructive to the world?' Bit by bit the several provinces of human knowledge were being conquered from the despotism of the old traditional system. But this progress was not obtained without the most pertinacious resistance on the part of authority. We have seen above how they employed physical force to crush the opinions which they disliked; they also employed argument. The writers against Cartesianism were as numerous, perhaps as well informed, as its supporters. Their arguments on the special points of controversy were at least no worse, their errors not greater, perhaps not so great as those of the advocates of the new opinions. Yet they lost ground every day, not because they were beaten in the argument on the controverted points, but because the ground of authority, the real ground on which they rested, was shaking under them. The Jesuit polemics might ridicule the vortices, might upset the innate ideas, might plausibly defend the substantial forms. All these victories in detail had no effect whatever on the general result of the war, never arrested for one moment the growing confidence of the human mind in its right to independence. What was

to be done? Should they withdraw their forces from the extended frontier they were vainly endeavouring to cover, and concentrate their whole strength for the defence of the capital? Should they, that is, resign the Church's claims to dictate a creed on physical science, philosophy, morals, politics, in order to strengthen and secure her authority on religion? This was what the more far-sighted and moderate among the Conservative party were willing to do. But they conceived the desperate design of first ruining the territory they were preparing to evacuate. Before philosophy was handed over to the philosophers, the old Aristotelian citadel was to be blown into the air. When the human mind entered on the inheritance it had conquered at so much cost, it should find nothing but the arid desert of scepticism awaiting it. This was the enterprise that Huet undertook. A theologian and a scholar rather than a metaphysician, he was a devoted adherent of the old system with which all the stores of learning, classical and modern, had become identified. Things had changed their position since the time of Erasmus. Then the men of learning, the scholars, were reformers; now the reformers were a class of men who depreciated book-knowledge. But Huet, though hating Cartesianism for its innovating and destructive character, had no philosophical conviction of the truth of Aristotelianism. He cared, not for Aristotle, but for the treasures of wisdom which rested, or seemed to rest, on the foundation of Aristotle. If these could be saved in any other way, he would willingly give up the Aristotelian metaphysic.

It will thus be seen that Huet, the sceptic, must be referred to that class of philosophers who have taken up philosophy, not as an end, but as a means—not for its own sake, but for the support of religion. We do not mean that he was insincere in what he wrote, but that he was not a genuine metaphysician. Le Clerc is certainly wrong when he says that he regards all that his friend had written on

that subject as 'pures badineries'; but we must agree in his sentence that 'reasoning on abstract subjects was not Huet's *forte*.' His insight was too deep to allow his philosophy to be a mere disguise; it was not deep enough to give his thoughts any real philosophical value. Huet's scepticism was no hypocrisy, it was not put on, in the Jesuit spirit, for the sake of serving the Church. It was a suit of clothes, not a mask; only we see the scholar peeping through the holes in the cloak of Pyrrho—'in quâ se transducebat Ulysses.' Now philosophical argument, however ingenious, that is not the native growth of a philosophic mind, is of as small worth as the most elegant verses written by one who is no poet. But of all the forms of philosophy, scepticism is that one which must be absolutely worthless if not indigenous. For it is not a doctrine, it is a state. It does not consist of a set of propositions which *may* be reasoned upon by the understanding, while the sentiments are not engaged. It is a crisis in the history of the mind which must occur, but cannot be fabricated. When this condition does seize a great and developed intellect, it is the most deeply interesting phenomenon that the human mind offers for our study. The *Pensées* of Pascal is such a disclosure. What confers the inexpressible attraction which those fragments have for all who think, is, that it is a real history of the sorrows and conflicts of the understanding. Such as scepticism, if it be a disease, is a disease that can only take hold of a sincere mind; for it is caused by the endeavour to reach a foundation for opinion, and the struggle is desperate because it is felt to be one for life or death. Of such terrible reality of conflict Huet was not an instance. With him philosophical scepticism was a tranquil doctrine, sincerely embraced indeed and ingeniously defended—a paradox and nothing more. It neither racked his soul, nor shortened his physical existence. In the even tenor of his studious life, and his days

extended beyond the usual time by the cheerful enjoyment of contemplation and reading, we may rather compare him to some Greek philosopher of the New Academy or the Garden; indeed, we may apply to him the very words in which Valerius Maximus describes Carneades, 'Laboriosus et diuturnus sapientiae miles; siquidem, nonaginta expletis annis, idem illi vivendi ac philosophandi finis fuit.'

## IX.

# *A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY<sup>1</sup>.*

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*(Macmillan's Magazine, 1875.)*

### PART I.

**I**F truth is stranger than fiction, fiction has its revenge in being truer than fact. It is the privilege of the novelist, as of the artist, to place before us that truth which is in things, but which is concealed by the facts.

The attempt has often been made, by artists of every calibre, from Thackeray to Cuthbert Bede, to draw university life. The celebrity of some of the authors has diffused some of these sketches widely. Every one who has read anything has probably read the adventures of Arthur Pendennis at St. Boniface's.

Nor is Thackeray the only great writer who has sought to place the life of Oxford or Cambridge on his canvas. John Henry Newman, in *Loss and Gain*, Charles Kingsley, in *Alton Locke*, have been attracted by some features of the universities which seemed to them to afford a groundwork for their ideal creations. Dr. Farrar's *Julian Home*, Mr. Hughes's *Tom Brown at Oxford*, *Verdant Green*, and *Peter Priggins*, are other attempts at various levels to bring university manners before us.

All these I have named are of our day, and may still be found in our circulating libraries. Such sketches soon fade, and are replaced by newer portraits painted in the costume of to-day. Many have preceded these and passed away. Perhaps some of my present readers never heard of *Reginald Dalton*, though it is a novel written by no

<sup>1</sup> [These articles were originally written and delivered as lectures.]

*Macmillan's Magazine, 1875.]*

less a person than Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Scott, and editor of the Quarterly for many years. As Charles Kingsley's vigorous boat race lives in the memory of the readers of *Alton Locke*, so Lockhart has transmitted in *Reginald Dalton* a vivid picture of a town and gown row. He has also preserved the tradition, at least I know not where else it is to be found, of the window in Hertford College out of which Charles J. Fox leapt in order to join in one. Still less known—rather, totally unknown—is the spirited sketch of Mr. Dickinson, called Vincent Eden, which has never emerged from the pages of the magazine in which it first appeared.

If *Reginald Dalton*, which is only fifty years old, has sunk below the horizon, I may assume that Tom Warton's slight sketch of the day of a fellow of a college is as unknown to the modern world as if it were a classic. Tom Warton, as he was familiarly called by his brother academicians, who were proud of his learning and fond of his sociable qualities, was himself a Fellow of Trinity, Oxford. He, therefore, discreetly places *his* fellow of a college at Cambridge. I will quote a few sentences of it:—'9. Turned off my bedmaker for waking me at eight. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner. 10. After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. N.B. never to transcribe any more from Calamy. Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, has one volume of Calamy lying in her parlour-window. 11. Into the cellar. Mem. My mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. To remove the five year old port into the new bin. 12. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes. 1. Dined alone in my room on a sole. Shrimp sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sate down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse on Wednesday. One

of the dishes, a leg of pork and pease by my desire. 6. Newspaper in the common room. 7. Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine. Did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over head,' etc., etc.

This is not painting from the life, but mere caricature. I have quoted these few sentences not for their wit, but because they indicate that whereas the tide of public opinion now sets against the non-resident fellow, a century ago it was the resident fellow for whose energies college life furnished no proper outlet.

Of all these draughtsmen the one who has approached nature most nearly is, as it seems to me, the author of *Pendennis*. There is a sad reality about Arthur's career—high hopes at the outset quenched in the petty miseries of debt—brilliant talents wasted not in debauchery, but in achieving social distinction—social distinction which was confined to the undergraduate world—'the freshmen did not know which was greatest, *Pendennis* of St. Boniface or the Proctor.'

There have been many parodies of prize poems—but was ever prize poem imitated so happily as by Thackeray? —'A. P.'s poem did not get the prize, but all the men of St. Boniface's knew that it ought to have got it,' when the author presented them with copies splendidly bound in morocco with gilt edges. Subject, *The Crusades*:—

On to the breach, ye soldiers of the Cross,  
Scale the red wall and swim the choking foss;  
Ye dauntless archers, twang your crossbows well,  
On, bill and battleaxe and mangonel;  
Ply battering-ram and hurtling catapult,  
Jerusalem is ours! 'id Deus vult!'

To such fictitious representations as I have named above, various as they are in power of drawing and vividness of colour, one observation is generally applicable. They present us only with one aspect of university life,

and that its most superficial aspect. It is what I may call the street view of life. The novelist sets up, his *camera lucida* in the middle of the High Street and lets the passing figures mirror themselves as they flit to and fro. He gives us what he sees. And he sees all from the student's side. And as the worst regulated student's life affords the most telling materials for fiction, it is the life of the idle and disorderly which is usually presented for our edification by the novelist. In all these drawings there is a level uniformity such as pervaded the new comedy at Athens. In that stage of dramatic development, the repertory of character was limited to the young scapegrace in the capital, and his severe governor from the country, the designing hetaera, and the saucy slave who abetted his young master's dissipations; and on this slender cast of parts the changes were rung to infinite variety without novelty. So in the university novel we have the stereotyped parts of the fast undergraduate, beset by duns, contrasted with the slow reading man in woollen socks and spectacles, who is his foil and his butt—the deluded father, the inefficient proctor, a pompous and incapable tutor, a gyp thievish and patronizing, the breakfast and the wine-party, the ruffian of the playground, who is the admired hero of the bevy of charming girls who come up to Commemoration in pink ribands. The fast young man is the first part, the reading student is only brought on the scene to be quizzed, and the senior part of the university become stage dons, who are only there to provoke our derision by various forms of the witty definition of 'donnism,' 'a mysterious carriage of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind.' If some of our fictionists have left this traditional groove, as, e.g., Dr. Farrar in *Julian Home*, it has been by sacrificing altogether the local colouring. *Loss and Gain* has some characteristic scenes—a tutor's breakfast is, or was, a



peculiar institution of the place—*was*, I say, for we are too busy for breakfast now ; and Dr. Newman has happily rendered it. But, on the whole, in *Loss and Gain*, only one transient phase of Oxford life was depicted—that, viz., which really passed over us in my own recollection, when our promising young men spent the time which ought to have been devoted to study in endeavouring to find the true Church.

If we want to know what Cambridge and Oxford are, we can derive a little, and but very little, help from the pictures which the novelist has drawn for us. We must pass from fiction to fact, and ask, What writers of memoirs, of autobiography, of reminiscences, have given us any authentic pictures of academic life ?

The first remark we shall have to make upon this survey of our materials is, that such memorials as we are in search of are almost wholly wanting. It is true that there have been from time to time, both in Oxford and Cambridge, men who have kept diaries, or committed to paper their personal recollections. Some of these books have preserved the memory of curious particulars, and we are thankful to their authors for the pains they have taken to hand them down to us. Hearne's *Diary* for Oxford, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Gunning's *Reminiscences* for Cambridge, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, have thus conveyed to us authentic facts and circumstances which would have been otherwise lost. But there is no diarist who has been a sufficiently painstaking observer to give us what we want—a picture of university life in his day. The annals of Oxford extend now over the long period of seven hundred years. For more than half of that period the art of printing has been practised in England. The society has been a learned and literary association, and the men who have composed it have been always clerks, with every appliance for writing. They have had among

them abundance of leisure. Yet the whole of this long period has not produced a single memoir writer to whom it has occurred as an investment of his mental activity to leave to posterity a faithful account of university life, studies, teaching, as he knew and saw them.

The writer to whom Oxford history owes most, I might say owes everything, is Anthony Wood, or à Wood, as it was his fancy to sign himself.

The archaeologist has often been—certainly not by any necessary effect of his studies, but he has often been—a man of confined vision. Anthony Wood's horizon of ideas was as narrow as could consist with any education. He had passed through the usual Oxford curriculum of his day; he was postmaster at Merton, and M.A. of the University. But in the seventeenth century it was possible to have received this, the highest education which the country could give, without having had the intelligence opened at all. Wood was in this respect neither better nor worse than the average M.A. of the time of Charles II. Yet, even while I am confessing this much, I fear that I am being ungrateful to one to whom we owe so much, that it may be truly said that without Wood a history of Oxford would now be impossible. It was not his fault that he lived at a time when the narrow interests of ephemeral party supplied the place of ideas. The best education which the University could give at that date did not go beyond that which is now supplied to the passmen. It did not go beyond the languages,—or rather the Latin language, for Greek was rare, and the amount of it slight,—the technical part of logic, the rudiments of geometry. Of Wood we may say that he could read Latin with ease, and that he was a considerable proficient in music. His instrument, I may mention, was the violin, which was brought into fashion by Charles II at the Restoration, at which time it superseded the bass-viol and the theorbo.

Within this circumscribed sphere Wood had a pursuit which raised in him an enthusiasm that would have been impossible with a wider education and more varied interests. The object of the pursuit was local antiquities, especially those of his University and native city. Here he gained in intension what his training had forfeited in extension. It is perhaps impossible in an epoch like the present, and a country like Britain, when a multiplicity of interests force themselves upon the notice of every citizen, that a passion for antiquarian research such as urged Wood should ever be generated in us modern Englishmen. He began at the age of seventeen transcribing inscriptions and monuments. As soon as he became his own master, upon taking his B.A. degree, at twenty-one, he 'entered into the public library, which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never went without great veneration,' and began to read the books on antiquities and heraldry. Burton's Leicestershire was the first book which he analysed. Guillim's Heraldry 'gave him great delight.' When Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire came to Oxon., 'being accounted the best book of it's kind that hitherto was made extant, my pen cannot enough describe, how A. Wood's tender affections, and insatiable desire of knowledge, were ravished and melted downe by the reading of that book. What by music and rare books that he found in the public library, his life, at this time and after, was a perfect *Elysium*.' Nor did he merely play with his subject as a *dilettante*, but worked at it long workman's hours. When we hear that he was seven or nine hours a day for months together perusing charters, evidences, and rent-rolls, in any college muniment-room to which he could get admittance, we shall not wonder that his eyes suffered, and that it was a great relief to him when Dr. Barlow, Provost of Queen's, gave him 'a large magnifying-glass, which cost 40s.' His earnestness,

Dr. Rawlinson records, 'was such that he would burst out bleeding suddenly, insomuch that he had a basin frequently held under him, that he might not spoil his papers.' This is something more than antiquarian taste,—this is a passion out of which, must needs spring something great and memorable. And his great work on the history of Oxford—I say work, for the *History and Antiquities* and the *Athenae Oxonienses*, though two books, are parts of one work—Wood's great work is monumental, having regard to the enormous number of particular facts collected and arranged—the work of ten years' unceasing labour.

Besides compiling this great historical work, Wood has served us in another capacity. I have spoken of the dearth of academics who have been writers of memoirs of their own times. Of the few that we have Wood is the principal. While he was labouring in his vocation of collecting the antiquities of the University, and writing its history, he was keeping a diary. It is not by any means a regularly-kept diary; it is fitful in its entries, and the events it notices are personal. But what an opportunity for a chronicler or memoir-writer! The half century from the Chancellorship of Laud in 1630 to the attempt of James II on Magdalen College in 1687, was filled with stirring and critical events which place it in strong contrast to the unattractive repose of the two centuries which have elapsed since. The year of Wood's birth was 1632; that of his death 1695. His life, therefore, exactly coincided with this period of crisis and alarm, in which the University played a part and attracted an attention which it has never done since.

Born a citizen of Oxford in 'the ancient stone-house opposite the fore-front of Merton College, commonly called Postmasters' Hall,' he passed all his life within the walls of the city. Though as a boy he was sent out to school, it was only to Thame, within an easy

distance. The new code, or Caroline statutes, and the charter obtained by Laud, were occurrences of his childhood, but he must have known those who knew the history of these important constitutional measures. But constitutional reforms, however important in themselves, retire into the shade before the clash of arms. In 1642 came the battle of Edgehill, and three days later the royal army entered Oxford, which from that day forward became the royalist capital, and the residence of the court. As a boy Wood saw the wonderful lines of defence drawn round Oxford, almost the only skilled operation of the whole civil war. This fortification, carried out according to the rules of art, stands in curious contrast to the primitive ingenuity of other of the defensive measures; as we read that, on September 2, 'barbed arrows were provided for 100 scholars to shoot against such soldiers as should come against them.' Of Bechmann, the engineer who devised these lines, nothing is certainly known beyond his name. Is it possible that he was the 'Beckman' who was afterwards employed by the Government of Charles II to fortify Sheerness and Tilbury?

Be that as it may, by Bechmann's science, and by the expenditure of the whole of the available resources of the University, Oxford was converted into the strongest fortress in the kingdom. The first hasty fortifications which had been thrown up in 1643, under the superintendence of Richard Rallingson, a B.A. of Queen's College, had been made so available by 1646, that Fairfax at once recognised that the place was impregnable, and could only be reduced by famine. But all these operations were at a severe cost to the University. Not only was all college plate surrendered to the mint, their ready money given to pay the troops, the lead torn from the roofs to make bullets, the timber in the outskirts cut down—e. g., the grove of the hospital of St. Bartholomew,

*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1875.]

which belonged to Oriel—these material depredations were not all. Discipline, nay, study, were at an end. The scholars were enrolled in battalions to man the lines, the college servants worked in the trenches, the schools were employed as granaries. What must have been the effect upon the students of keeping guard and drinking with Prince Rupert's troopers may easily be imagined. Some of the colleges, those which had the better rooms, were taken possession of by the court—Henrietta Maria, e. g., lived in Merton—others served as quarters for the officers and soldiers. What strikes us most is the helplessness of the besiegers. The art of defence had outstripped that of attack. In the first siege, 1645, the Parliamentaries were quiet besiegers, and 'fought only with their perspective glasses,' says Wood. In the second siege, 1646, we see from the number of letters which we still have, that to pass the parliamentary lines was a matter of every-day occurrence. Nor was anything to be hoped from treachery. The citizens indeed were for the parliament; and this, not only because the University was for the King, but naturally enough, when they remembered how Birmingham and Bristol had been treated by Prince Rupert, whose notions of living on plunder had been formed in Germany. But the citizens were overawed by a garrison of 5,000 men, and by the royalist zeal of the University, and the numerous *clientèle* of the colleges. They could only show their inclinations by their lukewarmness in working at the trenches. Where they should have sent a contingent of 120 workmen they sent but twelve; they dared not refuse altogether. With a garrison strong in numbers, and confident in its military powers, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, abundant supplies of corn, and two powder mills at Osney, there seemed little hope of Oxford being soon reduced.

But one fortress cannot stem the tide of war, and that was now running everywhere against the King. In April

the Governor of Woodstock sent word that he could hold out no longer. On April 26, at midnight, in the disguise of Ashburnham's servant, Charles left Oxford, and passed the lines, it should seem, without difficulty. He told his Privy Council that he was going to London to put himself into the hands of the Parliament, and he accordingly followed the Henley road as far as Harrow. But his own secret and fatal resolution had been formed to take refuge with the Scottish army. Abandoned by the King, the surrender of Oxford was a matter of course. The indignation of the military ran high at finding that the place was to be given up, provisioned as it was not only with corn, but with butchers' meat and all the luxuries of a well-supplied market for six months. The soldiers said it was surrendered because the ladies could not have fresh butter every morning to breakfast. Yet the *pourparlers* for the conditions occupied two months, and it was not till Midsummer Day, June 24, that the royalist garrison marched out. Highly to the credit of the Roundhead army, no excesses or plunder were permitted—no reprisals for the savage license which Prince Rupert had indulged his troopers in. But the condition of the University was disastrous. There were no rents to be had from the farmers, there were no scholars to let the college rooms to. The halls, which were still numerous, were ruined, except Magdalen Hall and New Inn Hall, which were selected as nurseries for scholars of the Presbyterian faction. In the colleges were scarce any inhabitants but the principals and their families. 'There was scarce,' says an eye-witness, 'the face of a university left.'

These were the stirring incidents among which Wood's boyhood fell. In the year after the surrender, 1647, he was entered at Merton College. The internal revolutions of the next fifteen years, if less imposing, had a constitutional importance greater than that of battle and siege.



I run hastily over them. For a whole year after the surrender, the University, prostrate and all but deserted, was left to itself. During the interval it began slowly to repeople itself. But besides the royalist and Episcopalian members of the old stamp, there began to show themselves within the University precincts a new population. There were some of them declared roundheads, or independents, but some of them also members of the Anglican Church, who had been kept under, or kept out by the cavalier majority and the test oaths. To this ominous brood the gownsmen gave the nick-name of 'seekers,' which carried a double reference to their own cant expression of seeking the Lord in prayer, and their desire of succeeding to the places from which the malignants were now to be expelled. At last, in June 1647, appeared the visitors appointed under an Act of Parliament. Their first step was to cite the doctors and masters to appear in the convocation house on June 4, between the hours of nine and eleven. At nine punctually the vice-chancellor appeared, and sat there two hours with exemplary patience. At the last stroke of eleven, having first ascertained that the clock was not in advance of the dial, he moved out of the convocation house. As he passed through the court of the schools he met the visitors in solemn march towards the appointed meeting. They had been detained in church by a preposterously long exhortation from one of their number. Raising his cap the vice-chancellor said, 'Good morning, gentlemen; it is now some minutes past eleven.' With these words he passed on home towards Christ Church. The visitors entered the empty hall of convocation. They were done—the legal hour for which the citation had been served was passed: there was no help for it. This ingenious *ruse* could but respite, it could not divert the blow. The defect of form was soon remedied, and enlarged powers were given to the visitors. They



were now empowered to exact a subscription or oath to the covenant, and to remove any person who had either borne arms against the Parliament, or contributed money to its enemies. This placed the whole University at their mercy. An elaborate protest was drawn up, and passed in full convocation, with one dissentient voice, setting forth the various reasons why they could not, as matter of conscience, give their signature as required. They also protested against the authority under which the visitors acted. For though the Act of Parliament still ran in the name of Charles Rex, they were not satisfied, they said, that it really had the assent of the crown, as of course it had not.

It was now evident that it was not an affair of political principle, but of corporate spirit. The issue was, that after giving sufficient time, and exhausting every expedient of accommodation, all those who refused the subscription were deprived of their places, and others who were well disposed to the Parliament were put in their room. When we call to mind that for the greater part of the men thus expelled, deprivation meant destitution, as no man possessed of any private means could be fellow of a college, we must admire the heroism with which they took the penalty of defeat. On the other hand, we must accord our highest praise to the moderation of the victorious party. Instead of using their omnipotence to deprive as many as they could, they endeavoured to induce all they could persuade to stay and submit, and this, though of all malignants the Oxford malignants had been the most inveterate, and indeed had been the mainstay of the royalist cause. Indeed, from the forward part which Oxford had played in the war, it might justly have been feared that the Parliament on its victory would have proceeded, not only to personal vengeance, but to organic change. Nay, such was the ferment in the mind of the nation, that not merely revolution, but even total

abolition were among the possible results of the crisis. For not only individuals, but the university as a corporate body had engaged itself in the interest of Church and King, and of all that was now regarded with the greatest abhorrence. It must be regarded as in the highest degree creditable to the statesmanlike views of the leaders of the party, that they were content with a change in the *personnel*, and of substituting their adherents for their enemies, when it would have been so easy and obvious to have proceeded to confiscation. That such extreme measures were talked of is certain. But among the parliamentary leaders of the moment were men enlightened enough to recognise the claims of learning, and the national value of learned institutions. Much, no doubt, was due to the personal weight of Selden and Prynne, and the reform for the moment went no further than turning the Puritan minority, which had all along existed, into a majority. It was a fortunate step on the part of these new academics, when they tendered the chancellorship in 1650 to Oliver Cromwell. As republican and levelling principles got the upper hand, and a more fanatical and narrow-minded set of men were coming into power, universities were likely to have been voted a superfluity. To the roundheads the institutions had been obnoxious as royalist, to the independents they were obnoxious as learned. The superior intelligence and vigorous hand of the Lord Protector it was which now raised the seats of learning from the destruction to which the ignorant fanaticism of the republicans and levellers inevitably doomed them. The moment the universities recognized Cromwell's authority he gave them his protection and enlightened patronage.

This was in 1650. Oxford had now a ten years' repose, during which, though godliness and discipline were the primary care of the authorities, encouragement to study was not wanting. Then came the Restoration and the

reaction. The new men were ejected; the old men, but not the old ways, came back. Wood, who in 1650 had heard the convocation house resound with the cheerful acclamations of the M.A.s, when Oliver's letter, dated Edinburgh, was read, in which he accepted the chancellorship, now in 1661 heard the same plaudits attending the nomination of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, to the same office. In the same convocation house in which the parliamentary visitors had held their visitation, Charles II held a parliament. To Oxford he brought his gay and brilliant court, not for a visit, but for a long residence; here Lady Castlemaine, in one of the fellows' rooms at Merton, gave birth to a Fitzroy, and would walk in Trinity Lime-walk—Christ Church Broad-walk was not yet—with a lute playing before her, or attend the college chapel 'like an angel, but half-dressed,' thought the demure dons, who had never seen French fashions. Wood, who had seen the Book of Common Prayer banished from the college chapels for thirteen years, from 1647 to 1660, lived to see in 1686 mass celebrated in University College, and Christ Church presided over by a Roman Catholic dean. The closing scene of these political oscillations arrived in 1687. In that year the history of the University is again, for a moment, the history of England; for in that year James II, in imitation of Louis XIV, made his memorable attempt to force his own religion upon the University.

This story has been often told<sup>1</sup>—told, indeed, by each historian of England in his turn. Mackintosh had told it with a fulness of detail which seemed to preclude all attempt to rewrite it after him. Yet Macaulay did rewrite it, and his elaborate narrative hides from view an amount of solid research which is generally thought to be incompatible with style. It would be, indeed,

<sup>1</sup> [All the documents bearing on the case have been printed by Dr. Bloxam in his volume entitled *Magdalen College and King James II* (1886).]

*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1875.]

presumptuous to rewrite the story after Macaulay. In resuming, in a few sentences, the chief features of the situation, it is intended only to direct attention to the attitude of the University towards the Government.

In March, 1687, the presidentship of Magdalen College became vacant by death. The election of president is vested by statute in the fellows. But it was not without precedent that the Crown should recommend a candidate to the choice of the electors, and on such occasions it had been the practice for the electors to show respect to the letters of the Sovereign. In such recommendations the Crown had never attempted to put forward any candidate who did not possess the statutable qualifications. The statutes of Magdalen required that the president should be chosen out of those who were, or had been, fellows of Magdalen or of New College. On this occasion James II recommended to the electors one Antony Farmer, a junior M.A. of Magdalen, but not a fellow; he was, therefore, not statutably eligible. He was further disqualified by Act of Parliament, being a Roman Catholic convert. But the King's letters mandatory contained what were called dispensing clauses,—‘Any statute, custom, or constitution to the contrary notwithstanding, wherewith we are graciously pleased to dispense in his behalf.’

It does not appear that the fellows, however they might feel aggrieved by it, questioned the royal prerogative which interfered with their freedom of choice. It does not even appear that they questioned at first the dispensing power. But the person recommended to them was intolerable. In the then irritated state of feeling it was monstrous to think of putting a Roman Catholic at the head of a body of Protestant fellows; and the personal character of Farmer was such as was calculated to degrade the college in public estimation. As it would have been highly indiscreet to have urged against Farmer that he was of the King's religion, the fellows rest their petition of remon-

strance on his moral character. We cannot, therefore, lay much stress upon the allegations of this kind which the fellows bring against Farmer, as they must be regarded as intended to mask the objection they felt, but dared not make, to his religion. Though the odious picture which Macaulay has drawn of Farmer is exaggerated, it is confessed on all hands that his youth, levity, presumption, and want of general conduct, made him an unfit person to be sent to preside over a society of grave and virtuous divines. The court were sensible of their error; they dropt Farmer, and a new mandate was sent down. But, before this mandate arrived, the fellows had elected John Hough, who had the statutable qualifications, and he had been admitted by the visitor. The fellows stood by the man of their choice. The Crown was equally obstinate in maintaining its new nominee, Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. The King had formidable engines at his disposal; first, the Court of High Commission, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and that Lord Chancellor Jeffreys; secondly, a visitation of the college. Both these instruments of coercion were brought to bear. The fellows appeared before the Court of High Commission, sitting in London, when Hough's election was pronounced void. And a subaltern commission was sent down to Oxford to admit Parker, if necessary by force, and generally to visit the college. Parker was admitted, Hough withdrew of his own accord.

If it were ever admissible to speak of what might have been, instead of what was, we should be tempted to do so at this point, and to say that if James had stopped here, the University and the college would have acquiesced in what had been done, and nothing further would have been heard of the Magdalen College case. But James, or the Catholic junta which directed the government, elated with success, ventured on a further aggression. The material victory gained was not enough; there must be a moral

triumph. They now required the fellows of Magdalen to make a submission in writing, to sign a humble apology for their conduct, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the commission, as well as of what had been done under it. This overweening demand plainly betrays its origin. It issues not from the policy of the statesman who respects the subjects whom he governs, but the despotism of the Society of Jesus, which is not content with obedience in fact, but aspires to crush and break the wills of its disciples. To the demand now made the fellows of Magdalen returned a refusal. The High Commission was set in action once more. The fellows and demies were ejected, and their places filled with Roman Catholics nominated by the Crown. The Bishop of Oxford, who had been some time in declining health, died, and Bonaventure Gifford, a Roman Catholic bishop, was nominated president. Magdalen was become a Catholic college.

Such is a brief outline of the last occasion on which Oxford has appeared on the stage of national history. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since, during which our annals offer no events but those which belong to the peaceful pursuits of letters, or the humble duties of education.

One remark is called for by the Magdalen College case. It is, I believe, popularly thought that the issue tried in this case was either that of the dispensing power, or that of the legality of the High Commission. But it was not so. There were indeed in this case, on the part of the King, many exertions of power either directly illegal or of doubtful legality. He had superseded the free choice of the electors by a mandate designating a particular person. He had exercised the dispensing power twice for persons who were not fellows of Magdalen or of New; twice for Roman Catholics. He had brought the fellows of Magdalen, members of a lay corporation, before the High Commission Court—a court for ecclesiastical causes—the commission

of that court itself being illegal. Lastly, he had assumed to visit the college by a subaltern commission delegated by the High Commission, and had visited not to inquire, but to hear, to determine, and to punish.

All these exertions of prerogative being either illegal or of doubtful legality, according to the opinion of the lawyers of that day, it might have been supposed that the fellows would have taken their stand upon their legal rights. But they do not do so. The plea they put forward is, as against Farmer, that of objectionable moral character; as against Parker, the fact that they had elected Hough before the mandate to elect Parker arrived; as against the dispensation, that they take an oath in their statutes not to accept any dispensation. On every point they evade the great constitutional issue; or rather they decline to make common cause with the constitutional party. The fact is, they were all members of the Church of England, and members of the University of Oxford. And the Church and the University had for three generations been committing themselves more and more deeply to the high doctrines of prerogative and Divine right. It was not open to them, now that this prerogative was suddenly played against themselves, to turn round and affirm that there were limitations to it.

None of James's violent acts contributed so much to his downfall as this assault on Magdalen. By his own confession afterwards (Burnet, p. 799), 'the King, both at Faversham and after his return to Whitehall, justified all he had done, but spoke a little doubtfully of the business of Magdalen College.'

Yet it appears that the parties concerned, the fellows of Magdalen, the invasion of whose rights awakened all this sympathy, never raised the constitutional issue, but put forward the merely personal plea of their oaths and their consciences—a plea in which the nation had no interest. It was not till a late stage in the proceedings that Hough

timidly, and as an after-thought, brought out a protest against the jurisdiction of the Court of High Commission. It is another instance to be added to the many which history furnishes, of great principles having been vindicated by the agency of men who are wholly unconscious of what they were doing. The triumph of civil liberty over arbitrary power in 1688 was due in great measure to the passive resistance of the fellows of Magdalen, as the emancipation of the human mind from the control of the clergy in the sixteenth century was due in great measure to the preaching of Luther. But the vindication of civil liberty was no more in the thoughts of the fellows of Magdalen, than the emancipation of the intellect was in the intention of Luther.

## PART II.

A UNIVERSITY is the organ of the intellectual life of the nation; it is the school of learning, the nursery of the liberal arts, the academy of the sciences, the home of letters, the retreat of the studious and the contemplative.

Wherever and whenever this ideal may have been realised in history, it was not in that chapter of the history of Oxford which we have open at present—viz., the epoch of the Restoration.

Anthony Wood's Diary, which is scanty for the period of the civil war, becomes more full for the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Our diarist, as has been already explained, has no intention of presenting us with a picture of Oxford—its pursuits, politics, studies, fashions, personages; he notes down only such occurrences as he himself was personally concerned in. Yet, from his memoranda we can collect a better idea of the state of things in Oxford during this period than we have the means of forming for any part of the time which has elapsed from Anthony Wood's death down to our own age.



I confine myself on the present occasion to the relations between the University of Oxford and the Government of the country. It will be seen that, while the intellectual influence of Oxford upon the nation was of secondary importance, its social influence was great, and its political importance considerable. Indeed, it was because of the social influence which it possessed, because its roots were struck deep and wide in the soil of England, that it became of consequence to Government to get possession of it, and to manipulate the influence of the University in the service of the Crown.

That portion of the English people which in the Restoration period constituted public opinion was animated by two principal sentiments, by which it judged of all public questions, and of the conduct of its Government. These sentiments were sentiments, not of affection, but of aversion. The nation was not so much animated by loyal attachment to the hereditary prince, as it was urged by the dread of republicanism and military tyranny. It was not so much devoted to the Church of England, as it loathed and abominated Presbyterianism and Popery. Ill-informed of foreign affairs, ignorant of the secret intrigues of diplomacy, and destitute of political experience, the public creed of these classes was summed up in two articles—the support of the Crown, the maintenance of the Church of England. When, then, in the person of James II, a Catholic sovereign mounted the throne, and when the sovereign began without disguise to manifest his intention of making his own religion the dominant religion, the monarchical party—i.e., the great bulk of the nation—was placed in a new and puzzling dilemma. The two sentiments which had hitherto made up their whole politics were rudely torn asunder. Without being themselves changed, they found their position altered for them. The crown and the government seemed to have gone round to their enemies, and they themselves to be occu-

pying the place of the despised Nonconformists and Papists, upon whose necks they had for twenty years past been treading. This dilemma was now brought home to the members of the University in the most urgent and personal form. Their professions of absolute obedience to their prince had been public and repeated, and James, who was without a spark of generous feeling, was determined to exact performance.

In 1687 the two parties—the King, and his devoted adherents, ‘the chancellor, masters, and scholars’ of Oxford—were brought face to face. For in the summer of that year it was resolved that the court should make a progress in the provinces.

Of the old life of the kings of England one of the habitual features was a ‘progress.’ These progresses took place every year. They were not merely summer excursions for health or pleasure, they were, like fox-hunting, political institutions of public utility. Though of the 2,000, or more, domain estates of the Norman kings, the greater part was at farm, many were still, as we should say, in hand. To consume the produce it was far easier for the court to go to the spot, than to transport the provisions to the court. On progress the sovereign became acquainted with the country of which he personally conducted the government. He learned not only its physical features, and its commercial capacities, but the temper and disposition of the various districts. Local feeling was much more deeply marked, and had a much more decided preponderance over national feeling then than now. And even now, under the reign of the daily paper, the local opinion of Wales, of Lancashire, of Devonshire, is only to be gauged by being upon the spot. The practice of progress, interrupted during the civil war, had not been in favour with Charles II, for whom country life had no attractions, and who preferred, like Louis XIV, to have the nobles come round

his court in the capital to visiting them in their castles. But in 1687 it was determined, in view of the gathering discontent, to regain popularity, and to reconcile the people to the court policy by resuming the disused progress.

The expedient was not unsuccessful. So far as outward demonstrations of loyalty and respect went, it was evident that a king of England, though he professed a hated religion, had still a powerful hold on the hearts of the people. There was, as yet, no reaction against royalty. This people, whose fathers had cut off the head of their king, and set up a republic, had conceived such an abhorrence of republicanism, that they were eager to welcome a prince whom they knew to be cruel, tyrannical, bigoted, without generosity, without patriotism, a tool of the great anti-national party in Europe.

It was settled that James was to take Oxford on his way back. In this sanctuary of unspotted loyalty the Catholic policy of the court had stirred a very uneasy feeling. But now it was not only general measures which created apprehension. Incredible advances had been made towards introducing Romanism into the college foundations. The heads of Christ Church and of University were not only Catholics, but Catholic converts, which was worse. Besides Massey, Dean of Christ Church, and Obadiah Walker, Master of University, two fellows of University College and one fellow of Brasenose had a license to absent themselves from chapel and to decline the oaths of supremacy, etc. As for the Magdalen case, the situation at the moment of the King's visit was that Sunderland had sent from Bath, under date August 21, a peremptory letter commanding the fellows to admit the Bishop of Oxford president of the college, the election of Hough having been pronounced null and void by sentence of the ecclesiastical commission. These measures, following upon the Declaration of Indulgence, were little less

than a declaration of war against the Established Church and the University. Yet such was the deep-rooted Tory feeling of the place, that no doubt was entertained that the person of the sovereign would meet with a respectful reception by the authorities, whatever opinion of his policy they might cherish in the secrecy of their bosoms. The time was September, the depth of our long vacation. But in the seventeenth century September saw not only the doctors and masters, but many of the undergraduates already back in their chambers. It so happened that our Anthony Wood was absent on one of his visits to London at the time. But on his return his first care was to institute inquiry after all the particulars of the visit, and to commit them to paper with his usual scrupulous minuteness. His narrative is so precise and detailed, that even had he been present he could hardly have told us more. The royal cavalcade was to enter from Woodstock, on Saturday, September 3. The whole University assembled at 3 p.m. at the Vice-Chancellor's. Fell was now dead, so Ironside, the Warden of Wadham, had at length become Vice-Chancellor. Having received notice by their messenger that the King's party was at hand, the authorities all got on horseback at Wadham Gate—why on horseback I cannot tell, seeing they proposed to go no further than the top of St. Giles's. Twenty-three doctors in scarlet, the proctors in their formalities, nineteen M.A.s, the esquire bedels with their golden chains about their necks—all with their foot-cloths and lackeys. The posts and rails before the houses in St. Giles's had been removed, the ditches filled up, and the street made level. The North Gate, commonly called Bocardo, by which the procession was to enter the city, had been beautified by being whitewashed, the arms over the gate new painted. The city were also on foot in their companies—the glovers, the cordwainers, the tailors, the mercers—each company with its ensign bearing the arms

of the guild ; the common councilmen, the bailiffs, the city sergeants, the town-clerk, the recorder, and the mayor with his mace-bearer, are not forgotten in Anthony Wood's enumeration. At the top of St. Giles's they met the procession. The Vice-Chancellor began his Latin address on his knees, while the great bells of St. Mary's and of Carfax were sounding. The King bid him *stand* and speak ; and when he had done the King raised his hat—'an old French coarse hat not worth a groat.' The ceremony of delivering up the bedels' staves, and of returning them, was not forgotten, and the cavalcade, the Vice-Chancellor, and the bedels having been got on horseback again, not without difficulty, moved down North Gate Street, now called Cornmarket, and down Fish Street, now called St. Aldate's, to Christ Church great gate. The way was lined, though it was September 3, with gownsmen—undergraduates on one side, M.A.s on the other—and such doctors as had not ridden out stood with the dean and canons at Christ Church gate, Tom-gate—then quite new, having been finished by Sir Christopher Wren in 1682. The waits or band of wind instruments belonging to the City and University saluted the King as he passed Carfax ; and the conduit, Nicholson's conduit, which then stood in the centre of the cross, and is now in Nuneham Park, ran with claret for the vulgar. The King was housed in the dean's lodgings. At supper the dean and canons stood round the King's chair, and he conversed freely with them, telling them he was senior to most of them, that he had been entered on the books of Christ Church after Edgehill in 1642. The next day was Sunday, and there was the usual Anglican sermon at St. Mary's. But it was not honoured by the presence of royalty or of the dean of Christ Church. The King was at Dean Massey's private chapel in Canterbury quadrangle to hear mass, and a sermon by a secular priest called William Hall, which was applauded and admired by all in the chapel, which was very full. The

King's religion was unpopular in the University, but the pure detestation of popery which had reigned in the time of Elizabeth and James I was no longer known. It was no longer sinful to witness the mass or to listen to a Catholic sermon. After dinner the fellows of Magdalen, twenty-one in number, waited on the King by order. They fell on their knees and presented their petition. He refused to receive it, and he rated them, still kneeling, in a tone and in words the vulgar insolence of which passed unheeded amid the flagrant illegality of the orders to which he was exacting obedience. In the afternoon he paid a visit—the only college he deigned to visit—to University College, and in it the only thing which interested him was Walker's private chapel. His mind, like that of all converts, was wholly engaged with the interests of the Church he had attached himself to. One being presented to him as Mr. Clark of All Souls, the King, hearing the name of All Souls, inquired, 'Are not you bound by statute to pray for the dead?' When Dr. Plot, the celebrated naturalist, was presented to him, the inquiry which was thought appropriate to be addressed to him was what he thought of the holy well in Flintshire. At six on the Sunday afternoon the Vice-Chancellor and doctors waited on the King to present him with a Bible printed at the Theatre and a pair of gloves, and to ask him to accept of a collation in the Selden Library in the morning. Anthony Wood gives us a *menu* of the entertainment, if entertainment it could be called, where the King ate alone at the bountifully-spread board. He invited no one to sit and eat, and etiquette forbade their seating themselves unbidden. Accordingly the slice of shoulder of mutton and of partridge, which formed the King's meal, cost the University £160 (=£700 at the present day). The abundance of dishes which had been provided were scrambled for by the courtiers, who pelted each other with sweetmeats, which were thrown about the books and ladies' dresses, and in the face of Dr. Derham, of Magdalen

Hall. The King took his leave of the Vice-Chancellor at the great gate behind the Theatre, leading into the continuation of Broad Street, which was then known as Canditch. As he stepped into his coach he delivered himself of some parting advice. Wood has recorded the words. They are noticeable as being in the same key as the Declaration of Indulgence. James's mind was one which held only one idea at a time. The idea which was possessing him at present was that which was embodied in the Declaration, viz., the introduction of his own religion under the guise of 'toleration,'—a new principle which had been set agoing by the philosophers and latitudinarians. 'Then the King, going to the great door behind the Theatre in Canditch to take coach, turned aside to the Vice-Chancellor and doctors, and said: "I must commend unto ye again love and charity, that there be a right understanding among you. I must tell you that in the King my father's time the Church of England's men and the Catholics loved each other, and were, as 'twere, all one; but now there is gotten a spirit which is quite contrary, and what the reason is I cannot tell. There are some among you that are the occasion of those things, but I know them, and I shall take notice of them for the future."'

It was not only to the personal presence of the monarch that this homage was rendered. The creed of the University, the private conviction of its individual members, went in the direction of personal government, beyond what any Tory lawyer would have affirmed to be law—beyond anything which James himself would have ventured to claim. Only four years before James's visit, in July 1683, and it so happened on the same day on which Lord Russell was put to death, the convocation of the University had passed a decree which embodied a confession of faith. In form it mimicked the damnatory style of the Roman curia or of the Sorbonne. In this 'judgment and decree'



twenty-seven propositions, extracted from various books, were condemned as 'damnable doctrines, destructive to the sacred persons of princes, their state and government, and of all human society.' The books from which these propositions were extracted—a whole library of authors, including the names of Hobbes, Baxter, Milton, Knox, Bellarmine, the Solemn League and Covenant—were ordered to be burnt by the hands of our marshal, in the court of our schools. Who it was that committed the University to this presumptuous piece of folly, or who extracted the propositions, I do not know<sup>1</sup>. Perhaps it was Bishop Fell, as nothing of importance was done by the University without his approval. And we know that Fell had an animosity against Hobbes. It was into the account of Hobbes, which Anthony Wood had written with laudable impartiality, that Fell intruded some of his most audacious interpolations. He made Wood say, e.g., of the *Leviathan*, that it was a 'monstrous' book, '*librum monstrosissimum, qui nunc non solum in Anglia, sed in vicinis gentibus publico damno notissimus est.*' Wood wrote on the occasion an apologetic letter to Hobbes, to which Hobbes replied with the magnanimity that might have been expected. As for the bishop's invectives, he only says, 'It would indeed have hurt me much, if the man were either a competent judge of abstract matters, or were a man of note for learning either at home or abroad.' Public burning of books is a silly game at which two can play. Thirty years later the Whig corporation of the city of London retaliated upon the Tory University, and the Oxford decree of 1683 was burnt by the hands of the common hangman before the Royal Exchange in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

If it was Fell who procured the passing of the decree of 1683, it was done in the name of the University. Another

<sup>1</sup> [It was drawn up by Dr. Jane: Hearn's Collections, ii. 292.]



scandalous transaction in the following year, 1684, was not the act of the University, but was carried out by himself as head of Christ Church. As at once bishop of the diocese and head of Christ Church—he held deanery and bishopric of the same see—Fell exercised a commanding influence in the place, such as has never since been in the hands of any individual. As holding those places, and wielding that power, and being in 1684 sixty years of age, desire of preferment could have counted for little among Fell's motives for compliance with the illegal requirements of the court. He was, besides, a man of enlarged liberality and public spirit, an open-handed benefactor of his college. Though not a man of learning in a special degree (as Hobbes intimates), he had edited Cyprian, and was a munificent patron of learning, and an encourager of study among the young gowmsmen. Having the command of the University Press, it was his custom to print every year some book, commonly a classical author, for distribution on New Year's Day among the members of his house. His natural strength of character and energy dominated all his compeers. As one instance of his ascendancy in the University, it is affirmed by Wood that Gilbert Ironside, Warden of Wadham, could not be nominated Vice-Chancellor in Dr. Fell's lifetime, because Dr. Fell did not think him fit for the office. Though Fell was not the University, yet we may say that the will and intelligence of the University were embodied in his person. Yet this is the answer which this eminent man sends to the court in the matter of Locke. John Locke held in 1684 a studentship at Christ Church which he had enjoyed ever since 1651. Residence was not required of a student of Christ Church holding a 'physic place,' and Locke had committed no breach of the statutes of his college. But he had been secretary to, and intimately trusted by, the late Lord Shaftesbury, and it was determined by the court to inflict some penalty upon a

prominent Whig. Sunderland sent a short note to the Dean of Christ Church, intimating the King's pleasure to have Locke removed from his studentship. A fellowship, or studentship, is a place the tenure of which is for life, subject to the observance of certain conditions laid down by the statutes of the foundation. Locke had fulfilled all these conditions, and his studentship was not voidable. The Dean had no statutable power to deprive a student. And though the crown was, or claimed to be, Visitor of Christ Church, yet a visitor has no power to deprive, except for offences to which the penalty of deprivation is by statute annexed, and after hearing the parties. The answer returned by Fell to Sunderland's letter was as follows:—

RIGHT HON.—I have received the honour of your lordship's letter, wherein you are pleased to inquire concerning Mr. Locke's being a student of this house, of which I have this account to render, that he being, as your lordship is truly informed, a person who was much trusted by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and who is suspected to be ill-affected to the government, I have for divers years had an eye upon him; but so close has his guard been on himself, that, after several strict inquiries, I may confidently affirm there is not any one in the college, however familiar with him, who has heard him speak a word either against, or so much as concerning, the government; and although very frequently, both in public and in private, discourses have been purposely introduced, to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs, he could never be provoked to take any notice, or discover in word or look the least concern. So that I believe there is not in the world such a master of taciturnity and passion. He has here a physician's place, which frees him from the exercise of the college, and the obligations which others have to residence in it; and he is now abroad upon want of health; but, notwithstanding that, I have summoned him to return home, which is done with this prospect, that if he comes not back, he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy; and if he does, he will be answerable to your lordship for what he shall be found to have done amiss; it being probable, that though he may have been thus cautious here, where he knew himself to be suspected, he has laid himself more open in London, where a general liberty of speaking was used. . . . If he does not return by the 1st of January next, I

shall be enabled of course to proceed against him to expulsion. But if this method seem not effectual or speedy enough, and his Majesty, our founder and visitor, shall please to command his immediate remove, upon the receipt thereof, directed to the dean and chapter, it shall accordingly be executed by, etc., etc.

J. OXON.

To this epistle Sunderland replies by sending the King's 'commands for the immediate expulsion of Mr. Locke.' Fell's reply was as follows:—

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I hold myself bound to signify to your lordship that his Majesty's command for the expulsion of Mr. Locke from this college is fully executed.

The deprivation of Locke is excused by Lord Grenville on the ground that it was the act, not of the dean and chapter, but of the Crown, and that the college authorities merely registered a mandate which they were bound to obey. But the dean and chapter did more than register it; they, to use their own words, 'put it in execution.' If they had not executed it, there would have been great difficulty in enforcing it. Nor can the legality of the mandate have been clear even to them. At least, four years later, when the fellows of Magdalen were expelled by the prerogative of the Crown, exercised by commission, after the parties were heard, which Locke was not, no doubt was entertained in the University of the illegality of the proceeding. Yet the Magdalen College case was conducted with some show of the forms of justice, which were not attempted to be preserved in the case of a Whig and a friend of Shaftesbury.

*Macmillan's Magazine, 1875.]*

X

*F. A. WOLF*<sup>1</sup>.

(*North British Review*, June, 1865.)

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**F**. A. WOLF is known to us in this country, if at all, in connection with a certain theory of the origin of the Homeric poems. Here is a German life of him, in two volumes, in which that authorship is barely alluded to. Professor Arnoldt treats of Wolf as a teacher exclusively. If sectional biography be defensible at all, Professor Arnoldt needs no apology for bringing forward Wolf in this capacity. Wolf was eminently the professor; very secondarily the writer. Everything that he wrote, even his famous *Prolegomena* to Homer, was thrown upon paper under some casual inducement. He left no elaborate work; nothing with which he was himself satisfied. His editions were prepared for the use of his classes. On the other hand, it was he who created, and who himself gave the first example of, that enthusiasm for philological studies, which for sixty years—two generations—has been the quickening life of German education. Wolf seized, more completely than any one since the first teachers of the Renaissance, that side of classical studies by which they are qualified, more completely than any other studies, to form and inspire the opening mind. Equally removed from the grammatical pedantry of the old schoolmaster, and the superficial *Schöngeisterei* of the French Lyceum, Wolf, at once accurate and genial, struck out a new and original

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich August Wolf in seinem Verhältnisse zum Schulwesen und zur Pädagogik dargestellt. Von Prof. Dr. J. F. J. ARNOLDT. 2 Bde., 8vo. Braunschweig, 1861-2.

path. Wolf is the true author of modern classical culture. It appears to us impossible to find any other material of mental cultivation which can expand the soul as classical literature can expand it, and equally impossible, in the application of that literature to its purpose, to find any better example of method than that of Wolf.

It would require a volume to do justice to what Wolf was and effected in this function. We can pretend to do no more than direct the reader's attention to it in the following brief outline of his life and labours. In doing this, we shall have recourse, besides Wolf's own remains, which have never been collected, to an older biography, written by his son-in-law, Körte. It is by no means a well-written book, but it is naïve, simple, unaffected, real. Above all, it is a living book, a natural account of a man by another man. Professor Arnoldt's book, on the other hand, is written by a Prussian official. It is not in any spoken language, but in that written dialect which is current in Prussian bureaux. All imagination, all colouring, all individuality is expelled from these dreary sentences, which average ten lines each, and of which we feel sure that no English or French readers would ever get through ten pages without nausea.

Friedrich August Wolf was born in 1759, in the same year as Porson, of whom Wolf himself has noted that his birth was<sup>1</sup> exactly 200 years after that of Casaubon. His father was in very humble circumstances. He was village schoolmaster and organist of Hainrode, a little village at the foot of the Harz, not far from Nordhausen. He was afterwards promoted to be assistant-teacher in the girls' school at Nordhausen, the highest preferment he ever reached. But in the Harz poverty was not a synonym for demoralization. The housekeeping of the poor schoolmaster was exemplary. The tone of the family was quiet, high-minded, and aimed

<sup>1</sup> (Lit. An., III. 285).

at good breeding. Of his mother Wolf always spoke with tender affection. To her he owed the awakening of his intellectual life. She it was who had taught him to aim high. He never forgot her delight with him, when to the question—what he would like to be? the child stammered out, ‘A superdent’ (superintendent, i. e., ‘a bishop’). He often quoted her favourite axioms: ‘Poor! no one is poor but the devil; this is why people say, “Poor devil!”’ She would not hear of good disposition unless where the conduct was also good: ‘Neighbour’s cow is well disposed, but gives no milk.’ The schoolmaster had also his proverbial philosophy. The secret of happiness, he thought, might be communicated in half a dozen axioms: ‘Take thankfully whatever Providence sends’; ‘Nihil ad nos’; ‘Optationes tabes sunt animi,’ characterise the mild wisdom of the much-enduring German.

The father had had a little education; enough to make him ardently desire it for his son. He was so impatient to begin, that before the infant was two years old, he knew a large number of Latin words, and had acquired a sort of notion of declension and conjugation. By the time he was eight years old, the boy had learnt Latin enough to read an easy writer, the rudiments of Greek and French; could sing and play the piano. His memory was as remarkable as Porson’s. At this age he could retain from ten to fifteen lines on hearing them once read over. The father tried on him a variety of experiments which Wolf long afterwards recognised in Quintilian. But his ordinary way was the simple way: continued reading aloud with distinct utterance and exact pronunciation, learning by heart and repeating, combined with mental arithmetic. The removal to Nordhausen brought a grammar school within reach. Nordhausen is now a Prussian town with a manufacturing population of 16,000. It was then a quiet Imperial city, within its own walls, and with perhaps not half that number of inhabitants. But it had its grammar school, the

stepping-stone for the very poorest of its citizens to the university and the world. Young Wolf rapidly passed through all the forms to the top of the school. At twelve he had learnt all the Latin and Greek his masters here could teach. They would teach nothing else. The best of them, Hake, finding the boy reading Wieland's *Musarion*, snatched the book from his hands, not because it was a bad book, but because it was written in German. Of this Nordhausen we know all about the head-masters, the second-masters, and down to the assistant-masters. Not one of them who had the honour of teaching, or misteaching, F. A. Wolf, but is handed down to posterity at full-length for what he accomplished or what he neglected. Poor old Rector Fabricius, intrepidly teaching Greek grammar on the verge of seventy, and solemnly admonishing his boys to avoid 'nefandas libidines, et linguas novicias,' was really learned in literary history. His successor in the rectorate, Hake, is described as a first-rate teacher, but was cut off at thirty-eight by a complaint brought on by over-study. Of him Wolf always spoke with gratitude for what he had learned of him in the few months he was under him. The next rector, Albert, was an ignoramus. The best thing he could do was what he did,—shut up the school for months together. Wolf now fell into bad hands, or what seemed so. The young music-master was fast, if not dissipated; but also variously accomplished, a union of qualities fascinating to a boy of fifteen, eager to learn everything and know life. Comrading with him, Wolf, it seems, fell into bad habits. But they cannot have been very bad, as we find nothing specified worse than loafing, and playing practical jokes on the rector, whose incapacity for his post was notorious in the city. We suppose the spirits and precocity of the boy were too much for the *Kleinstädter*, in whose eyes the music-master, Frankenstein, was a veritable rip, a 'cantor Tigellius.' When the schoolmaster's son forsook Greek for French,

his ruin must have been half accomplished. These frolics, however, left no traces in Wolf's later life, unless so far as they may have contributed, together with his own native vein of humour, to save him from starching into a Prussian martinet. In Wolf the man was never extinguished under the doctor. He himself always maintained that he owed much to the cynical precentor, whom he called 'a rough diamond.' Frankenstein knew little Latin and Greek, but he was a good French scholar, and could read Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English. Under his auspices Wolf took up French and Italian together; pushed these with his characteristic impetuosity as far as to read Molière and the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and then began Spanish. As Frankenstein's housekeeper had mislaid the Spanish dictionary in her lodger's bed, Wolf was obliged to get through *Don Quixote* with help of a Dutch translation, thus pulling a pair of sculls. Dictionaries were not to be had at the Nordhausen stationer's. Frankenstein had to lend his pupil his own wretched Italian vocabulary; and as he could only part with it for a short time, Wolf set to work and copied out all the words to which neither Latin nor French would help him. He got the loan of a Bailey for one month, wrote out one-third, and committed the rest to memory. He found a Jew in the city to teach him the rudiments of Hebrew grammar, and then threw himself with all his might into music, learning five or six instruments, and studying general bass, as if he had been designed, like his younger brother Theodore, for the musical profession. He took dancing lessons, and of course fell in love, not with any of the young ladies—little girls, and beneath the notice of a man of sixteen—but with a charming widow who superintended the class.

Such was Wolf's idle time in Nordhausen eyes. It was not long before he began to think so himself. He returned with more zest than ever to classics. Having fared so ill



in the way of teachers, he resolved, like Scaliger, to begin again, and be his own teacher. Had his tutors been better, there was something in Wolf's nature which would not be taught. He thought it some peculiarity of his mind that he never could bear a teacher three days together. He was still nominally at school. But the masters connived at his absence, judging, like Gibbon's Magdalen tutors, that his time would be better employed elsewhere. He always maintained that the character is formed between twelve and fifteen. Of himself he said, that all that he afterwards became he was at thirteen. Certainly the bent his studies now took was that which they ever afterwards obeyed. He resolved to devote himself to classics, and drew out an extensive scheme of self-education. An idea possessed him that, owing to the incompetency of his masters, he had been fundamentally mistaught. What if all he had been told as history should turn out mere fable? Beginning again with the declensions, he read with new eyes the Latin and Greek classics, some carefully, others more cursorily; learnt by heart whole books of Homer, much of the Tragedians and Cicero, and went through the whole of Scapula and Faber's Thesaurus. He early saw how important it is to know in what books required information is to be looked for. He had long exhausted the scanty school library, of which he exercised, as by natural right, the guardianship. He borrowed of the two ministers and the physician, the only persons in the Imperial free city who had books. In Ilfeld, a neighbouring town, he found, besides another school library, a collection of books belonging to one of the masters, Leopold, who had edited some Lives of Plutarch. From his frequent visits here himself and his mother would return home both loaded with books. When he got hold of a book which he had not time to read, he committed the title to memory, and ran over the preface and table of contents. In this way he laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of

the literature of Philology. An instinct of good sense kept him in his youth to the best authors, and in their proper order. As his horizon widened, his ambition to exhaust it grew. He used to look back with a shudder at what he exacted from his constitution in those two years, between school and university. He would sit up the whole night in a room without a stove, his feet in a pan of cold water, and one of his eyes bound up to rest the other. It was high time that this suicidal process should cease, when, in April 1777, it was brought to a close by his removal to the university.

*Göttingen, 1777-1779.*—He had already been to Göttingen, trudging from Nordhausen on foot, in March of the previous year, to secure a lodging and make the necessary arrangements. The second journey he had the luxury of an *Einspanner* to carry his clothes and books, and might himself mount on the top when tired. Though they left Nordhausen at dawn, it was dark before they reached the last village, where they had to put up for the night. Wolf's first act on entering Göttingen was to recruit himself with a good sleep, after which he set out to be matriculated. Wolf insisted on being inscribed in the matriculation-book as 'Student of Philology.' The prorector, Baldinger, an M.D. of some celebrity, laughed at the absurdity, and informed him there was no such faculty. Medicine, Law, Arts, and Theology were the four faculties; if he wanted (God forbid he should!) to become a schoolmaster, the way was to enter as student of theology. Wolf, with his habitual obstinacy, refused to see the force of this. He meant to study philology, and did not intend to study theology; why should he be called what he was not? The prorector gave up the point, and Wolf was actually inscribed as 'Student of Philology,' the first instance, not only at Göttingen, but at any university. The matriculation was an epoch in German education.

After the prorector came the rector. This was no other than Heyne, already at the height of his celebrity, and all-powerful in the university. Wolf had waited on Heyne the year before, bringing a letter of introduction. Heyne had received the awkward youth with his habitual discourtesy. Heyne, who was in fact overwhelmed with more business than he could get through, always had the air of grudging the minutes he gave to those he had to see officially. You saw that he was wishing the whole time that you would go. He hastily glanced at the letter, and asked young Wolf, who had been stupid enough to advise him to study 'what he called philology'? Wolf blundered out that this was the only study that had ever had any attraction for him. 'Attraction! but it is not one of the university studies at all! You must be either theologian or jurist, and then you may give a little time by the way to classics, if you find you have leisure. That's the way I did!' Wolf was struck dumb at hearing the great philologist, whose name was awful through all the schools of North Germany, slight his own art, and repel a would-be disciple. Recovering himself, he explained that 'he looked not for bread, but for fame. Not that he was well off, but that his liking for classical studies was so strong, he was ready to make sacrifices to gratify it. Were it only on account of the greater intellectual freedom, he vastly preferred these studies to theology. No philologist was branded as a heretic for holding singular opinions.' For an instant Heyne was surprised out of his official reserve, and exclaimed, 'Freedom! where is freedom to be found in this life? The young must obey; and, in after-life, let alone our superiors, there is always the public usurping an authority over our actions. As for classical studies, they are the straight road to starvation. At this moment lie on my desk letters from rectors and correctors (head and second masters of grammar schools), who tell me that they would be glad to be hanged, from actual destitution. Not

*North British Review*, 1865.]

all the learning in the world can get a thaler out of the purses of school committees. Professors in the classical department are but a little better paid. There are about four—at most six—good chairs of philology in Germany.’ The young aspirant modestly suggested that one of those six he destined for himself. After this there was nothing left for Heyne but to laugh. He took a friendly leave of the future professor of philology, kindly intimating that any lectures of his for which Wolf entered his name should cost him nothing.

Heyne had not forgotten this conversation when Wolf came before him the second time. After a little demur the *Studiosus Philologiae* of the matriculation-book was suffered to pass. But when Wolf would have entered into some explanations about himself, Heyne abruptly wished him good-day, and retreated into his study. He left the youth, of whom he must have seen that he required and deserved advice and guidance in no ordinary degree, without either. He neither examined him, nor ascertained his point of proficiency, nor showed any inclination to interest himself in his reading in any way. Heyne’s indifference made a deep impression upon Wolf. It is true, indeed, that it read him a useful lesson. When he became professor, he made it a rule never to send a student away without seeing him, and giving him his best attention. However pressed by business, however pre-occupied with literary research, he regarded a call from a pupil as a first claim on his time; this, too, at Halle, surrounded by students whose poverty made them importunate, while Heyne had to do with the better-bred and better-to-do Hanoverians. Wolf took care not to inflict upon his own pupils the discomforts which Heyne’s slight had entailed upon himself. So far Heyne had unintentionally done him a service. But from this first interview all the relations of scholar and teacher received an unhappy bias, from which they never recovered, and

which exercised an important influence on Wolf's whole career.

Before leaving the professor's apartment, Wolf entered his name for a private course on the Iliad. This was then Heyne's crack lecture. He was known to be preparing an edition of Homer which was to drive out of the field all others,—not an impossible enterprise, seeing that Ernesti's revision of Clarke was in possession. Wolf came to this course with the overstrained anticipations of a freshman. He took pains, which freshmen do not always take, in preparing for it. He noted all the books cited in the introductory lecture, assembled them round him, and spent often twenty hours in preparation for a single lecture. The result was that at the end of five weeks, and the first book of the Iliad, Wolf absented himself. He was disappointed. The lecturer's commentary seemed to him superficial. Heyne said of himself that he prelected as 'a dog drinks from the Nile.' There was a 'hesitation—what seemed to Wolf a helplessness—in his method.' 'We might read so and so, but it is better, perhaps, to keep the old reading.' 'Emendation is a hazardous game!' 'Can any one explain that?' Wolf's desertion could not escape even the short-sighted Heyne. He had his revenge on the deserter. Next semester Heyne announced a course on Pindar. The obscurities of Pindar particularly stimulated Wolf, who had long exhausted the little light that the commentators—Schmid, to wit, and Benedict—could afford. He attended to give in his name. 'This,' said Heyne, 'is a private course, to which only advanced students are to be admitted.' Wolf indignantly demanded to be examined. Heyne took no notice of this, but declined to take his name. Some time afterwards, Heyne, who was placable, offered Wolf a nomination to his philological seminary, on condition of sending in the usual written exercise. Wolf retaliated by neither giving in the exercise nor taking notice of the offer. This headstrong temper

clung to Wolf through life. What made his conduct on this occasion more foolish, was that Heyne's voice was all-powerful with the Hanoverian Government, and that a Göttingen student could not carry with him into the world any better recommendation than to have been one of Heyne's seminarists.

To the Nordhausen boy, Göttingen had meant Heyne. If he could not learn from Heyne, what could he learn from such poor creatures as Vollborth, Suchfort, Kulenkamp, a pastor, who, however, lectured upon Sophocles? They lived upon fragments of Heyne, carried off years before in their *Hefte*. It is true that Göttingen contained Michaelis, and Walch, and Meiners, and Blumenbach. Wolf attended regularly or irregularly, and admired the learning of Walch, and the critical method of Michaelis. But they did not teach classics. He gradually withdrew from the class-rooms altogether. The first day of a new course would see him there diligently taking down all the authorities which on such occasions the lecturer would recite and criticise. Armed with this bibliographical list he hurried to the library, carried off, by favour of one of the sub-librarians, a basket-load of books, and shut himself in his room till he had gone through them.

The marks of a 'reading man' in a German university are the number of the courses he undertakes, the regularity with which he attends to the hour, and the diligence with which his pen follows the professor's voice. Wolf despised *Hefte*, and even to give his attention to a speaker for an hour was irksome to him. But if he was little seen in the *Auditorium*, he was never to be found in the streets, the *Kneipe*, or the *Conditorei*. He gave up lectures to save time. Of this he was so great an economist, that he grudged the time spent in walking from one lecture to another, in dressing, but especially in hair-dressing. This last he put a stop to at the end of the first week. He had his hair cut short, and replaced the pigtail by a *perruque*, in

defiance of the singularity, thus saving himself the hours wasted in waiting upon the *friseur*. He simplified his dressing—of washing, of course, there is no mention—till he could boast that the operation cost him three minutes out of his day. His acquaintances were many, but he contracted few or no intimacies. He had no leisure for friendship. It was rarely that a comrade knocked at his door. He himself was as sparing in his visits to others. He was never even present at a students' drinking-bout, till at Halle, after he had become professor. His Nordhausen attachment, though not an engagement, preserved him from vulgar temptation, and he had not the *entrée* of a single house in the town. During the whole three years of his university life he had no female society. His books were all in all to him. The weekly batch which he drew from the public library must be got through in the time. Recreations he had none. We are not surprised to hear that at the end of his first year he was prostrated by a severe attack of illness. The skill of Baldinger and Weiss saved his life, and a visit to his native air recruited him. But he had learnt a lesson, and from this time forward his lamp was always extinguished by midnight.

In later life, and in a published letter, Wolf did not hesitate to ascribe the irregularity of his studies at the university to Heyne's neglect of him. With Wolf's after-career before us, we cannot help thinking that his own headstrong and self-willed character had at least as much to do with it. In the result it was as well. Since Gibbon, who took to Magdalen 'a stock of learning which might have puzzled a doctor,' so extraordinary a student had perhaps never entered a university. Not that Göttingen, in 1777, had sunk to the level of Oxford in 1754. Even Wolf might at eighteen have learnt from a less than Heyne. Heyne was essentially a dull, wooden man,—a pigtail professor after all. But there was life within, if you could break through to it. Heyne had an apprehension of



antiquity as a real world. Without any originality of view himself, he had the skill to adapt the suggestions of more philosophical modern minds to the ancient world. He mediated between the ancient and the modern world. He did not invent historical science, but he first applied it, as it was supplied to him by others, to antiquity. Before him the mythology of Greece and Rome was a farrago of nursery tales. He at least led the way to an intelligent interpretation of it. To have been near Heyne, to have caught his points of view, would have been of great service to Wolf. That Wolf did learn from Heyne, that he did get from him, not directly but indirectly, all that Heyne was capable of giving him, appears to us highly probable. Most of us learn through our sympathies. But there are natures who also learn through their antipathies, natures which acquire from that which they resist. Wolf did not want drilling in the technical part of scholarship—a part which was Heyne's weakest side. He wanted insight, method, suggestions of meaning, drift, and purpose. His keen ear, on the watch for every whisper, collected, we do not doubt, by other methods as much of this sort as he could have got from attending Heyne with the utmost diligence. Wolf himself admitted that he had learned from Heyne. He would have been more liberal in his acknowledgments had it not been necessary for him to defend himself against Heyne's claim to have suggested his Homeric theories. This claim Wolf indignantly rejected. But, putting the Homeric theory aside, we say that Heyne contributed to form Wolf. The process, indeed, was not that of docile attendance in a lecture-room, but rude collision, perhaps necessary to sharpen the attention of a defiant and unreceptive mind such as that of Wolf. Wolf was quite capable of nursing his resentments, and sacrificing comfort to brooding over the wounds of pride. But the restlessness of his faculties would not allow him to miss any notions which might be floating in



his neighbourhood. Negligent as he was of lectures, Wolf carried away from Göttingen all that for his purposes was to be learnt there.

The professors, however shut up in their *Fachstudien*, could not but remark the presence of such a phenomenal student. They did so, but without understanding the phenomenon. Indeed, looked at from the dons' side, there was so much presumption and self-conceit—the commonest of all phenomena—that they may be pardoned for not having looked beyond. How must the great Heyne have been ruffled, when going one morning to the library for the literature illustrative of the Latin classic on which he was going to lecture, he found the whole *apparatus criticus* to that author swept clean out of the shelves! Who could have got the books? There was only one person who knew his way to them. This was Wolf, who, in his usual odd way of following a lecture without attending it, was reading ahead of Heyne's course on Latin literature; reversing the usual practice, and being present in spirit, not in the flesh. He was an uncanny inmate of a comfortable university. Still more so when he began to give lectures as a private tutor, and got considerable classes. They were glad to get rid of him. This Heyne managed. Though not a seminarist, Heyne made him the offer of a place in the Government school at Ilfeld, of which Heyne was curator. This school was a select grammar school of the higher class; not a local *Gymnasium*, but a grammar school on the English system, where about forty boys were boarded. Places in it were much coveted, and Wolf was at once pleased and surprised by the offer. Heyne, however, contrived to mortify him by requiring of him a trial lesson. The pretext of this was, that the appointment rested with the Ilfeld masters. It did so formally. But it was well known that Heyne's recommendation was a command, and that he repeatedly sent his own seminarists to fill vacancies without further ceremony. A

letter from Heyne to the head-master of Ilfeld has been discovered in the school archives there, which leaves us in no doubt as to his feeling towards Wolf:—

30th August 1779.—. . . Herr Wolf . . . has capacity, but I don't like him. We must not go by that in this case. I have told him that he goes to Ilfeld to give a probationary lesson, and that he is not to think that he has got the place. I beg you will put him to a severe trial, and specially to test him on the point of docility. Set him a passage in Greek and another in Latin to put a class through, and let him, besides, correct an exercise which you have dictated to your boys.

Wolf was fully alive to the affront contrived for him, but had the good sense to submit. He was of course appointed, but only to the second of two assistant-master-ships which were vacant at the same time. On 29th October, 1779, he went through the ceremony of induction into his new post. There is a 'report' to Heyne upon his lesson; 'report' on that report by Heyne to the department at Hanover; 'rescript' of minister ordering Wolf's installation; 'deed' of installation, four pages in length; execution of deed by Wolf; finally, ceremony of 'induction' to office,—which office is that of fourth master in a school of forty boys. Surely the paper-lust of a German bureau is satiated. Not at all; there is yet the 'report' of the induction ceremonial, chronicling with faithful prolixity how the new *Collaborator* was introduced at ten a.m. into the great class-room, where the assembled school was addressed by *Director* Meisner,—here abstract of director's discourse,—whereupon the pupils promised fealty to Wolf; how, between eleven and twelve, he was led round the rooms and introduced to each boarder singly; how, at twelve, they sat down to table; how, after dinner, they took him to the music-lesson, etc. All these documents are still to be seen in the archives at Ilfeld or Hanover.

*Ilfeld and Osterode, 1779–1783.*—We will not be betrayed by our authorities into a detailed account of Wolf's school

life. Two points only must be noticed. The proportion of masters to boys was liberal, consequently none of the masters were overwhelmed with work. Much time was thus left to Wolf for his own studies. Homer—here we see Heyne's influence—had occupied him much at Göttingen. It continued to do so ; and it was at Ilfeld that his ideas on the composition of the Homeric poems took root in his mind. He had some negotiation with a publisher at Berlin about a volume of Homeric Researches which he projected. It fortunately came to nothing then. He had already begun to work upon Plato, and contemplated an Introduction to Plato for the use of students. This was also dropped. But he actually published an edition of the Symposium (Leipzig, 1782). It is remarkable for having notes and preface in German, being one of the earliest examples of this innovation. But we are not to infer that Wolf deliberately approved the fashion which soon set in. He had an unavowed object in his experiment. The great Friedrich's Letter to his Minister Von Zedlitz, in 1779, had sounded like the call of a trumpet through all the schools of North Germany. Wherever there was found a man of ambition or of zeal, his secret hope and prayer was to receive a call to Prussia. What Wolf's secret thoughts were, may be gathered not only from the allusion in the Preface to 'the philosopher on the throne and his enlightened minister,' from the compliment to Gedike, at that time all-powerful with Von Zedlitz, but from the character of the innovation, which aims at that 'logical analysis of the matter' on which the Letter had laid such peculiar stress.

Besides the Symposium, Wolf printed an edition for school use of Lillo's Fatal Curiosity, with a short account of the author's life in English. A copy of this would be a bibliographical curiosity, since all the efforts of Wolf's biographer to recover one have been unsuccessful. But these were the divertisements of his leisure. Wolf was

never the writer. And though a prodigious reader, he threw now an undiminished energy into his school work. He soon became the life of Ilfeld. He reformed more than one malpractice in the school, and yet contrived to keep on good terms with his colleagues. He even improved his footing with Heyne. We can easily understand that he had frequent collisions with the director. Meisner was a personage irritably jealous of his authority, and here was the youngest of his staff continually throwing him into the shade. Nothing could have withstood Wolf's ascendancy had his judgment been equal to his force of character. He was ever and anon putting himself in the wrong from neglect of official etiquettes. He would bring a complaint directly before a college meeting, instead of lodging it with the director, whose place it was, by the statutes, to bring it before the meeting. Then the director triumphed. At other times we find Meisner whining to Heyne: 'I know not how I am to carry on the directorate, when it comes to such a pass that the young people are grasping at all the power! I must beg that my authority may be upheld, as is very needful.'

Wolf had already, at twenty-two, outgrown a subordinate sphere, when, in the autumn of 1781, he was promoted, in the most unexpected way, to an independent post. He happened to see an advertisement in a newspaper, already three months old, that the municipality at Osterode, in the Harz, would shortly proceed to the election of a head-master at their grammar school. Within an hour Wolf was in a vehicle on the road to Osterode. He found on arrival that the place was as good as promised to one Krause, a private tutor at Göttingen. Wolf, not to be daunted, got leave to deliver a trial lesson, and so captivated the electors, with the *Superintendent* at their head, that they threw poor Krause overboard, and proceeded to elect Wolf unanimously. There was a momentary hitch, owing to the High Consistory in Hanover exacting a

theological examination, to which Wolf declined to submit. This was got over. The promotion to be Rector of Osterode school, with its 700 thalers a year and house, was the more welcome to Wolf, as he had recently engaged himself with Sophia Hüpeden, daughter of a *Justizamtmann* at Neustadt. In March 1782 he was settled at Osterode with his bride. In August 1783 he left it for Halle. In that short interval he had re-organized a school fallen to decay during the rectorate of his blind and aged predecessor, who had been thirty years in office, restored its credit in the neighbourhood, and so enhanced his own reputation that two offers of better schools came to him before the end of the year. One of these, that of Gera, with a salary of 900 thalers, and a seat in the Consistory, was a highly desirable offer. To Gera he would have gone, when, just at the moment, came the much-desired call to a Prussian university. The Symposium had hit the mark. It had been brought under the notice of Von Zedlitz. Inquiries had been made at Göttingen and at Ilfeld, and of Reiz in Leipzig, and, in spite of an unfavourable reply from Heyne, a call had been sent to a Chair of Philology and Pädagogik in the University of Halle. This sounds excellent; but alas, the parsimony of the great King! who wanted good professors, but thought they ought to be had very cheap; only 300 thalers could be allowed for philology and pädagogik. Only £45 a year and no house! The curate, mentioned by Bishop Blomfield in one of his pamphlets, who advertised to teach 'the Greek language, according to the method of the late Professor Porson, in six lessons, for one guinea,' could hardly have undersold one of Friedrich's professors.

No prudent man, about to become a father, would have decided as Wolf did. He decided for Prussia, every way, purse included,—wisely, as the event showed. But his decision was most disinterested at the time. A Prussian

university *then* had other inducements more attractive even than pay; and first-rate men are more willing to starve than an inferior class, for these inducements. The fault was not with Von Zedlitz, who did what he could; but the purse-strings were held so tight by the King that money was not to be got. Even to build the new library at Halle he must squeeze the funds out of the sum allowed for the professors. 'You have my thanks,' wrote Von Zedlitz to Wolf, 'for preferring Halle to Gera; the greater resort of men of learning, the concourse of hearers, and liberty of thought, may in some measure compensate you for the sacrifice.' How are things changed since 1783!

*Halle, 1783-1806.*—Wolf had never lost an opportunity or wasted an hour. Here he was, at twenty-four, with a learned reputation, a secured position, and a career opened before him, such as other men hope to attain at forty. The twenty-three years spent at Halle were bright, happy, and genial. He had an occupation in which he delighted, into which he threw himself heart and soul. He had the satisfaction of doing a great and growing work, of breathing a new life, not only into Halle, but into all the Protestant universities of Germany. Gesner, Ernesti, and Heyne, had indeed been pioneers of the road, but the impulse to movement on it came from Wolf. Like all great men and great movements, they would not have been what they were but that the time was come for them.

In 1783 two tendencies were in conflict in German education—an old and a new. The innovators were of that school of which Locke was the philosopher and Rousseau the prophet. They loudly denounced the waste of youthful years and freshness on the pedantic methods of the grammar schools, the confinement of instruction within the narrow orbit of the dead languages and theology, and called for a modern education for modern life. On the other hand, the schools and universities were in

possession, and, in the name of orthodoxy, clung with fierce tenacity to Latin and Greek. The modern party had the advantage of having with them the sympathies of the age, the power of the press, and the penetrative propagand of French literature. The call for school reform had spread widely over the north of Europe, but nowhere had it met with a readier response than in North Germany. Its representatives here were that advanced section of reformers of whom Basedow is the best known. Men of strong character and of eccentric career, these reformers who surrounded Basedow were seldom on sufficiently good terms with consistories to be presentable to public schools, even by so liberal a government as that of Friedrich II. They were, therefore, obliged to attempt their reform from without, by setting up an institution of their own—the Philanthropinum at Dessau. Their programme was a radical reform of the methods hitherto used. Education was no longer to bear the stamp of the convent. We must follow nature in everything, and let the child grow. Education of the head is everything, for the road to the heart is through the head. What is taught must be realities. Languages are only to be learnt for the matters to which they are the key. There is so much in the modern world worth knowing, that all superfluities must be retrenched from our course to find room for the essential. All dead languages, however curious their literature, belong to the superfluous. All teaching should be by intuition. Learning should be made agreeable to the child. Man is by nature good. God, the Almighty Father, loves all His children. The love of man is natural to man ; children should be trained through love. They should regard themselves as citizens of the world. Such were the principles of the reformers.

In Prussia, with which we have more particularly to do, the views and efforts even of this more extreme party were looked on with a certain degree of approbation. Von

*North British Review*, 1865.]

Zedlitz, the enlightened Cultus-minister of Friedrich II, was quite willing to introduce into Prussia what was good in their plans. He sent Schütz, one of the Halle professors, to Dessau to inquire and report. The report was not favourable. But the breaking-up of the establishment at Dessau, in the latter years of the eighth decennium (Basedow withdrew in 1778), was for education, says Schlosser, 'what the dispersion at Babel was for civilization in Asia.' The Dessau teachers carried their ideas with them into every country. Trapp was brought to Halle. A new professorship, that of *pädagogik*, was created expressly for him, and a kind of training-school—*Erziehungsinstitut*,—recently erected, was committed to his guidance.

Halle was not an unpromising soil for the experiment. It was a new university. Founded in 1696, it had not a tap-root running deep into the classical revival of the sixteenth century. It had itself originated in a certain reforming movement. Not in the movement for the reform of education, which had not yet begun, but in that movement for the regeneration of Protestantism, which was afterwards known by the name of Pietism. Halle was the Pietist university, and had shared the vicissitudes of that religious movement with which it had been associated. Pietism had begun as a life, had stiffened into a doctrine, and was dying out in the shape of a party. Its principle of life was fled, but its tenacity of existence remained. The theological faculty at Halle had sunk into being what the theological faculties at the older universities had long been,—merely the gate to the ministry. The three-year course was curtailed to two years, and only the barely necessary lectures given or attended. But the faculty of theology was the gate, not only to the ministry, but also to the scholastic profession. The masters of the middle schools, and in great part also of the grammar schools, qualified for their posts in



theology. It was necessary, therefore, that Latin and Greek should be taught even to theological students. And accordingly classical lectures were given in the theological *Seminarium* by professors of no mean merit, *e.g.*, by Christian Gottfried Schütz, and by the young Niemeyer. At the same time that Trapp was appointed professor of *pädagogik* (1779), Niemeyer was named Inspector of the *Seminarium*, and charged with the classical teaching in it. Trapp was not only a disciple of the new movement, but himself one of the Philanthropinists. Niemeyer was neither. A Halle man by birth and connection, and a great-grandson of Francke, Niemeyer belonged by nature to Pietism. A pupil of Semler and Nösselt, he was drawn by education towards a more liberal school of thought. But though a theological professor, Niemeyer's interests were educational. He threw himself with all his power into the effort now making to raise the character of the teacher. The schools had been taught by the clergy. School-teaching was a temporary occupation engaged in by a young theologian till he could get a parish. The very first step must be to make it an independent profession, with its own prospects and rewards, and above all, with its proper training. He who was to teach must first learn what he was to teach, and not qualify for the office by learning something else. If he was to teach classics he must learn classics, not theology. On this principle the training-institute at Halle was to be managed. It was to be a school for breeding masters of grammar schools, and humanistic studies were to form a chief part of its curriculum. Niemeyer was to give the classical instruction; Trapp was to lecture on the art of teaching (*pädagogik*).

Trapp turned out an entire failure. Successful at Dessau, in a school with boys, he was useless as a lecturer in a university. The reason of this is simple. He was a zealous empiric, and not well-grounded in any

branch of knowledge. He found that he had mistaken his vocation, and, in the third year of his experiment, withdrew to Hamburg, to take charge of a school. When Trapp resigned, Von Zedlitz wrote to the King that he did not consider the loss irreparable, and that he was already in treaty 'with an able man in the Electorate of Hanover.' This was Wolf, who came to Halle to succeed Trapp. 'Do your best,' wrote Von Zedlitz, 'to remove from Halle the only reproach to which it is open,—that it is not a school of philology.' This was what his patron intended, and he himself understood his call in this sense.

Wolf's opening semester disappointed the expectations of himself no less than his friends. It seemed likely that he would turn out, like Trapp, a mistake, only on the other side. Trapp knew nothing. Wolf found himself lecturing above the heads of his pupils. He had thrown all his energy and science into his lectures, but met with no response. He found himself without sympathy, without appreciation, without a class. He fell into profound discouragement. He had forgotten that Halle was not Göttingen, where the labours of Gesner and Heyne, in a course of years, had slowly created a school of classical taste and research. The ground required preparing for a crop. What was the 'science of the ancient world'—*Alterthumswissenschaft*—to the sons of Saxon peasants, who came to the University only to qualify for places where, as pastors or schoolmasters, they might earn a livelihood, and lead an easy existence? Biester, Von Zedlitz's secretary, consoled him by reminding him 'that Heyne had experienced the same indifference when he first began at Göttingen. He must persevere; sound, thorough teaching would make its way in the end. The state of things he described in the University was a serious evil, and to check it would be a signal service.' Another friend gave him some advice very necessary in his narrow circumstances. 'I am sure that Von Zedlitz

means you well, and intends to increase your salary. But take my advice, and keep yourself always well informed of the exact state of the University chest. When you come to know the *esprit de corps* in Halle, you will find that for every 150 thalers that become vacant there are 150 claimants. Let it be known at once among your colleagues that the first vacant 150 thalers are promised to you, and that you only accepted the call on that understanding. Ministers have short memories, no blame to them. Luckily they do not take it amiss to be reminded of one's existence. Do not forget this. Lastly, if you wish to have a friend in Biester, send him a paper for his monthly, and decline payment.' Another friend added some useful hints on the *personnel* of the University. He ought to be extremely reserved at first on coming into a place where the other professors were mostly so much his seniors, and where the feeling towards the training-institute, towards the minister himself, and his educational theories, was so various. He should be on his guard against Semler—an incautious man, and a strong anti-Zedlitzian. Nösselt would be no friend, as his object was gently to push Niemeyer. He would find the concerts of the bookseller Gebauer a good neutral ground, where much might be picked up under cover of the piano. Let them call you close at first. Time will justify your behaviour as no more than prudent.

Thus encouraged, Wolf resolved to persevere. He threw up the training-school, of which he saw at once that he, at least, could make nothing, and laid himself out for philological teaching exclusively. To conquer indifference, to cure apathy, and to inspire new life into classical teaching, was to be his work. In a few years he succeeded; entirely changed the spirit of the University of Halle, and through it of all the higher education in Germany, waking in schools and universities an enthusiasm for ancient literature, second only to that of the Revival in the sixteenth

century. From this, in fact, comes in great part both the direction and the force which have ever since been impressed on secondary education in Germany. If we would explore the secret of the superiority of their classical training, we must go back to its source, to the principles and practice developed at Halle by F. A. Wolf. A very summary notice is all that can be attempted here.

If we wish to raise the universities from their present torpor, we must begin by raising the schools. The only way of raising the schools is to send them better-prepared schoolmasters. School reform means schoolmaster reform. When the masters are better able to teach, the scholars will come better prepared to the university. Not that university studies should be anticipated at school. There is too much of this in our present schools. The master delivers lectures, and the boys ape the manners of students. There is a clear line of demarcation between school instruction and university instruction, which ought never to be overstepped. The characteristic of university instruction may be denoted by the word 'science': *Wissenschaft*. I call all teaching scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original source, *e.g.*, a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific, when the remains of antiquity are connectedly studied in the original languages. School teaching, on the other hand, is directed to the memory and imagination. It must be preparatory to, not anticipatory of, the university.

How are well-prepared schoolmasters to be got for our schools? How, that is, are able young men to be got to take the trouble of educating themselves as schoolmasters? Partly by exterior inducements, by better payment, and higher distinction—*honor et praemium*,—not only by raising the stipends generally, but by occasional presents to deserving men. Wolf always passes more lightly over this head than we should expect, seeing that inadequate payment was, and still is, a Prussian schoolmaster's first

grievance. We must remember that he was a professor, *i.e.*, a paid servant of Government, and lived through evil times, when a murmur was 'sedition.' The omission in part may fairly be ascribed to his own disinterestedness. But he does recur to it from time to time, as in his half-ironical Instructions to Schoolmasters: 'Be always in good health, and know how to fast courageously whenever necessary.' By exterior rewards, then, but not by them only. The first condition of a good teacher is that he should be a teacher, and nothing else; that he should be trained as a teacher, and not brought up to some other profession. In a word, the schools will never be better as long as the schoolmasters are theologians by profession. The theological course in a university, with its smattering of classics, is about as good a preparation for a classical master as a course of feudal law would be. Examinations may be better than no test of fitness at all, but they are insufficient tests of fitness for office. You must train your masters under your own eye. No regulations can make good schools; we must have men. Even training cannot do all. To the making a successful teacher there belongs a special *charisma*. No man should dedicate himself to the profession who does not feel a special vocation to it. A zeal for his occupation, a love for youth, a genuine, deeply-seated religious devotion to the service of the young, can alone make the toilsome occupation of school-teacher endurable.

In pursuance of this principle, Wolf, in 1786, prevailed upon the Chancellor of the University, Von Hoffmann, to erect a philological *Seminarium*. This was an institution parallel to the theological *Seminarium*, and intended for the special training of classical teachers, as that was for divines. The 'exterior' inducements were not great: a 'bourse,' or exhibition of 40 thalers, tenable for two years. Wolf, as inspector, had 100 thalers. As the total number of seminarists was limited to twenty-four, the total cost of

an establishment which exercised so vast an influence on education was about £180 a year. Forty thalers may have been not unwelcome to an indigent Halle student. Still, in the fact that sixty candidates offered themselves for the first examination, we see evidence that Wolf's teaching had already, in the third year, begun to tell. No one was eligible till he had completed his first year of residence, though any student of any faculty might be present at the seminary lectures. As it was a new experiment, the original regulations were very simple, and in practice were being continually altered or added to. Indeed, scarce a semester passed without some modification being suggested by experience. When, in 1810, Wolf was asked for a sketch of his method, he could only say that it so happened that the practice of the philological *Seminarium* had never been reduced to written rules. Perhaps this was not so purely accidental. Wolf's tendencies were autocratic. He was very jealous of interference, even by authority. When once the Department of Education (*Oberschulcollegium*) ventured to suggest that the instruction given in the seminary might be made more popular, Wolf immediately sent in his resignation. As inspector he was bound to send in a report every half year, but it was rarely forthcoming till he had been several times admonished of his duty. He would allow no sub-tutor in the seminary but pupils of his own training; young men like J. L. Thilo, or Immanuel Bekker, entirely devoted to his views. The seminary thus was not only Wolf's creation, but was wholly controlled and inspired by him.

The material inducements to philology as a profession being so meagre, Wolf insisted that in the subject itself lay an all-sufficient inducement. He had known many an ardent young man to whom it was compensation enough, for starving pay, that he would be always engaged with the very study, which, were he rich, he would have made his occupation. What was this study? Not the acquisition

of the Greek and Latin languages. The languages, Latin especially, had been regarded as introductory to the professions ; as a qualification for the study of law or theology. This was the meanest view that could be taken of the subject. Again, the languages had been regarded as the road to the literature ; and the literature was supposed to constitute what was called 'learning.' This was a traditional superstition. There had, indeed, been a time when this was really the fact. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the works of the ancients were regarded, not only as masterpieces of art, but as the storehouse of all knowledge. Education consisted then in appropriating their thoughts. All the sciences were to be founded upon the principles they had laid down. The history of the ancient world was the only school of the politician or the diplomatist. These views were true and fruitful in their day. They could be no longer either. The sciences had attained such a development, that any school handbook contained more truths of this sort than all the writings of antiquity. As vehicles of thought the modern languages had superseded Latin. Nor, again, did the use of philology lie in tracing the past history of science. True, there were dark corners in the sciences, which could be illuminated by a knowledge of their past. But this was only a special application of their knowledge, not that which conferred on it its universal value.

To find this value we must rise to a higher elevation. Classical learning might be compared to a vast mountain-range, of which the successive peaks offered wider and wider prospects. On each of these summits men had been inclined, at various periods in the history of learning, to rest as at the end of their journey. The toil of reaching many of these heights was often well repaid, but they were not the top. The time was now come when we might comprehend philology as a whole, as no longer subsidiary to other studies, as a science in itself, having



its own end. He would propose to define this end as 'knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity.' The expression seems to have been supplied by Wilhelm von Humboldt<sup>1</sup>. It is largely developed by Wolf. When we speak of 'knowing human nature,' we naturally think of that empirical worldly craft which is got by much mixing with men. In our definition the expression bears the full sense of the words: the study of man's nature with its original forces and qualities, and the modifications which varied circumstances impose on those forms. This knowledge cannot be got from life. To get it we must have our eye continually directed upon some great nation, and follow the education of that nation through all its successive stages. We must study a community, not individuals. And what, in the knowledge of individuals, the study of some great man's biography is for us, that, in the knowledge of humanity, is done for us by the history of some highly cultivated nation. This is a knowledge which cannot be communicated by teaching. In this respect it is like philosophy; it grows up in the mind as the result of long-continued occupation with the object. It is a constantly growing picture of a national existence, to which we are insensibly adding fresh traits. To create and preserve our conception of a full and harmonious national life, requires our most strenuous mental effort; nothing less, in short, than the devotion of our whole will and attention. The sources from which this conception is to be drawn are threefold—1. The written remains; 2. The works of art; and, 3. Other remains, such as buildings, inscriptions, coins, implements, weapons, etc.

To map out in detail the manifold sections into which this complex study branches, was the object of a special course, called in German university language, 'Encyclopaedia of Philology.' There is in print one draft of

<sup>1</sup> Humboldt to Wolf, *Werke*, V. 18.



such a course<sup>1</sup>, which, as dating in 1807, may be presumed to be in the form which Wolf finally approved. It has been translated into French; but it is almost unknown in this country, though we find that George Bancroft, the American historian, had projected an English translation, which, however, he did not execute. In it Wolf marshals the whole contents of philology into six introductory, and eighteen material divisions. The six introductory disciplines prepare the student for entering within the circle of historical and real knowledge contained in the other eighteen branches. These eighteen antiquarian sciences are themselves so many means, which, united, conduct to the contemplation of antiquity. This end, this *epopteia*, or actual admission to the mysteries, is none other than that knowledge of which we have already spoken—the knowledge of man in the ancient world, as exhibited in an eminent organic common life. This attainment is the final reward of the true student. It is in his constant endeavour to grasp this many-sidedness of thought and feeling that consists his progress, his self-culture. As a condition of this higher culture on the student's part, Wolf insisted on a feeling for the ideal. He resisted with all his power that mean habit of thought, by which he was surrounded in Halle, of looking at learning as the cow that kept the family in milk. He was fond of quoting that sentence of Aristotle, where he is explaining why drawing should form a part of all liberal education<sup>2</sup>. 'Recte studet qui sibi et vitae studet' should be our motto. Liberal studies followed in an illiberal spirit sink below any mechanical art in worth. It should be our constant endeavour to keep alive in our own bosoms a love for study. In reading with the fear of examination ('Examenscheu') before our eyes, this is impossible. 'Perverse studere qui examinibus studeant.'

<sup>1</sup> Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft, I. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Τὸ ζῆτεῖν πανταχοῦ τὸ χρήσιμον ἥκιστα ἀρμόττει τοῖς ἐλευθέρους.—Polit. VIII. 3. *North British Review*, 1865.]

Making classical study thus comprehensive, and fixing its aim thus high, Wolf descended in practice to the minutiae of grounding. He regarded all university instruction as, at most, introducing the learner to the subject; teaching him to find his own way in it. He would not load his pupils with the outpouring of his own learning. He aimed at infusing his own spirit into them, that, entering into fresh combinations in new personalities, it might strike out fresh and rich results for science. He refused, indeed, unprepared students in the *Seminarium*, requiring every one to bring with him a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin. The student must rise up to the instruction, not the instruction descend to him. He looked to the energy of the individual as the source of his progress. In the seminary all the work was done by the pupils themselves. The inspector presided and directed, like the moderator in the old universities, but did not lecture. The exercises (*Uebungen*) were of three kinds: interpretation, disputation, teaching a school-class. On an 'interpretation' day the student whose turn it was undertook not merely to render, or 'construe' his author, but to support his interpretation by reasons. He was bound to show that he had used the best that commentators offered, but that he had, by reflection and comparison, made it his own. The interpretation was to be strictly of the sense, no exposition of the beauties, of the passage; not aesthetical, but grammatical. When necessary only it might be critical of the text, *e.g.*, emendation is an admissible way of meeting a difficulty in Martial, not so in Virgil. 'You are to imagine you have before you the head form in a grammar school.' Though only one, or two at most, students were to be put on in the hour, yet every one was to prepare himself as fully as if it were his turn to interpret. The whole exercise was to be gone through in Latin, except when Wolf directed German, of which occasions he never gave notice beforehand. A whole paragraph of connected

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meaning was to be taken at once. The main drift to be first stated in few words. Then to pass to the secondary propositions; then to the words which were to be explained singly. This method to be strictly adhered to, to avoid confusion in the train of thought. The seminarist whose turn it was to interpret represented the professor for the time. When the interpreter got on tolerably, Wolf would allow him to proceed to the end of the hour without interrupting him once. But if he perceived in the performer assumption, self-conceit, or a tendency to shirk difficulties, his interference and correction were incessant. Many a seminarist who had incurred this fate, deservedly or undeservedly, 'will remember as long as he lives,' says Schulz, 'the agony of such an hour'. The disputations, also in Latin, were *vivâ voce*, but not extemporaneous. The respondent, who chose his own opponent, had eight days' notice of his theme. They were to collect all the matter they could on the subject from books, and then arrange it in writing. The opponent must select for attack main points, not errors of expression or trivial matters. He was not to linger pertinaciously on one weak point, but to pass on to the next. Two hours per week were allotted to interpretation. Disputations were held at intervals of perhaps six weeks. Wolf was far from disapproving some vehemence in these contests, and thought a disputant should take in good part all that passed. Only, they must not come to blows, arguments too *hard*. Acrimony of feeling should not be shown, such amenities as 'quisquis talia blaterat est taxandus' were improper; the individual should never be attacked. So long as disputant and opponent kept to the point, Wolf, as moderator, hardly interfered at all. It was generally a sign of dissatisfaction when he broke in on the dispute in German; though even Wolf had days on which Latin would not come fluently from his tongue. Not only the disputations, but all the

<sup>1</sup> *Erinnerungen von F. A. Wolf*, Berlin, 1836.

[*North British Review*, 1865.]

exercises in the seminary, were open to the public, and were in fact attended regularly by all the classical students. The school-lessons were given by the seminarists twice a week, in one of the schools of the Francke Institute, one in the first form, where a Greek poet was read ; the other in the third, in Latin syntax. Before going into the lesson, Wolf would give minute directions how to conduct it. The first lesson in each semester he gave himself, in the presence of the seminarists. After that he left them to go on alone. But he took care to be privately informed how the lessons had prospered, and administered praise or blame accordingly. By practice only, he was ever insisting, and not by theoretical rules, can one learn to teach. It is just like any other art. One cannot learn to make shoes by drawing them with chalk on the wall, without leather.

The *Seminarium* was one instrument, silently efficacious, by which Wolf raised classical studies in Germany. His public lectures were the more brilliant and popular instrument of his success. In his *Encyclopädie* he sketched a comprehensive scheme of philological research ; he was prepared himself to give striking examples of original treatment in a great variety of the subjects into which he had partitioned it. He lectured, independently of the *Seminarium*, fourteen hours a week in summer, and seventeen in the winter semester. He considered two lectures a day a proper average for a professor. Whoever attempts to read three hours, he would say, sinks into a mere *Heftleser*. During the twenty-three years he was at Halle, he seems to have read at least fifty different courses. Of these many were interpretations of classical authors. Among the authors read we find the *Iliad*. This course was the most frequently repeated ; ten times during the twenty-three years, i. e. every second year, for it was begun in 1785. The *Odyssey* was given three times ; the Homeric Hymns once. We find besides the Greek dramatists, Hesiod, Theognis, Pindar, Aristophanes,

Herodotus, Demosthenes, Aeschines, Plato, Xenophon, Lucian, Longinus. Aristotle only occurs once, and that the Poetics; the Gospels (Matthew and Mark) once. The usual Latin authors were also read. The subjects to which separate courses of original lectures were devoted, were as follows:—1. Encyclopaedia of Philology; 2. History of Greek Literature; each of these nine times repeated; 3. History of Latin Literature, five times; 4. Roman Antiquities, seven times; 5. Survey of Ancient History, six times; 6. Greek Antiquities, six times; 7. Composition generally; 8. Latin Composition; 9. History of Philology; 10. Principles of History; 11. General introduction to Plato's writings; 12. Introduction to reading of Homer; 13. Numismatics; 14. Ancient Geography; 15. Ancient Painting. He never printed any of these lectures; indeed, he did not write them out at length. He inserted in the Jena Literary Gazette a prohibition of any attempt to publish any of them under his name. They would be misrepresentations, he said; not intentionally, but because suggestions thrown out orally have a freedom which cannot belong to a formal written statement. But many copies were in circulation from the students' note-books, of which four or five have since been printed. None of these, say his pupils, give more than a distant notion of his incomparable manner. Sparks struck from his anvil flew into every part of Germany, and beyond it; and may be found, says Bernhardt<sup>1</sup>, in the most remote corners. He disapproved the mechanical note-taking of the German lecture-rooms, though he would occasionally dictate a sentence to be taken down, when he wished it to be thought over. Nor would he ever dictate translation, a favourite refuge of the lazy, but preferred to distribute sheets of a printed version. His lectures were all prepared, but all extempore; a few notes only before him. Occasionally, overtaken by the hour, he had to come

<sup>1</sup> Griech. Lit. I. 168.

before his class quite unprepared ; and they never thought him more fresh and genial than at those times. All voices are united as to the power and impressiveness of his delivery. Carl von Raumer, who heard him in 1803, speaks of the peculiar spell which his vast learning, keen criticism, and ardent interest in his subject threw round the hearer. Goethe, on a visit to Wolf in 1805, prevailed upon one of the daughters to conceal him, more than once, behind the hangings during a lecture. The poet has recorded, in his own untranslatable words<sup>1</sup>, that his expectations were fulfilled by 'the spontaneous deliverance of a full mind, a revelation issuing from a thorough knowledge, and diffusing itself over the audience with spirit, taste, and freedom.' Bernhardt says it rather resembled clever and witty conversation than formal teaching. Even grown-up men would fain have put themselves to school to him ; as Jacobs (the editor of the *Anthologia*), who, after he was master of the school at Gotha, formed a plan for going to Halle for a year to hear Wolf. Pupils, who became professors in their turn, even copied his singularities,—his rapid movement from the door to the desk, his constant hemming, his immovable look fixed on the text-book before him. The 'wit' of which Bernhardt speaks is not to be understood of small jokes, intended to raise a laugh along the benches. This he despised, as a man who is rich in jewels does not forge small coin. It was rather a vein of lively thought running through all he uttered. '*Les hommes n'ont jamais montré plus d'esprit, que lorsqu'ils ont badiné*' found its exemplification in Wolf. The examples by which he would illustrate a rule were not merely striking, they were of that sort which impresses itself for ever upon the memory.

His aim in lecturing was not to communicate knowledge, but to stimulate. Full of knowledge as he was, he would only suggest, point out how and when a subject could be

<sup>1</sup> Tag- und Jahres-Hefte, 1805.

studied. Hence the impossibility of setting down his lectures in black and white. He did not enunciate truths, but, starting from some far-off point already established, arranged the extant material, examined the evidence as in open court, and so, after full hearing of both sides, allowed the result to establish itself before the mental eye. One bust, and one only, ornamented his lecture-room, that of Lessing. This was symbolical of the spirit which breathed through all he said, the spirit of critical inquiry, which adheres precisely to the evidence, which discriminates with truth-loving care the certain from the probable, and scrupulously marks the exact shade of probability.

In a new course he would define the aim of the particular study in hand, mark the point from which it should be begun, and then indicate the books and other materials from which help was to be got. He generally gave a brief chronological outline of the literature, assigning his time, place, and value to every labourer in the field, in few and telling words. He marked the gaps and blanks in any province of learned investigation, suggesting them as undiscovered tracts to the enterprise of the young scholar. In interpretation lectures he would begin very slowly, dwelling long on short portions, and grammatically analyzing at length. He treated the class as beginners requiring to be initiated gradually. As the semester advanced the pace was quickened, and more was directed to be read at home. He would have each writer illustrated only by himself or contemporary writers. He laid great stress on translation, insisting on the idiom of the language into which the translation was being made. He recommended that a verbal translation should be made the basis, and gradually improved upon till a new whole was produced. He would take for his text-book the author to whom his own studies were directed, whether he was editing or reviewing, e.g., he lectured on the Homeric Hymns on occasion of Ilgen's edition (1796). This, he

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found, contributed to throw a fresh interest into the lectures.

To estimate the effort of a single mind, in proposing an aim thus lofty for classical studies, and in pushing them with so much vigour, we must remember that it was at the very crisis when the philanthropists seemed almost to have grasped their victory. They had succeeded in discrediting the study of the ancient languages, in general opinion, for the first time since the Renaissance. A reform of the grammar schools on their principles seemed imminent. Wolf represents the reaction against the new realism. His love for the investigation of antiquity was one impulse; but an antagonism to the prevalent views on education was also ever present. The presumption and ignorance of the philanthropists irritated him; their growing popularity alarmed him. He would not have conceived so completely his ideal of human culture as based on the traditions of the Greek world, had it not been brought out in sharp contrast with the school of useful knowledge. Even in 1786, the tone in which he speaks of humane studies is one of despondency. Alluding to the promise afforded by a young pupil, he writes, 'This is the only kind of solace left for us, who are occupied with matters which are in little esteem with the public. Every day sees the prospects of these studies become more and more clouded. The new hierophants now abroad desire to preserve their disciples from all tinge of literature, else they would no longer command their devotion.' As time goes on the danger passes away, and Wolf's language becomes more hopeful. He is not less strenuous in denouncing the main principle of the innovators,—'education in knowledge of the useful'; but he is forward to welcome what is true and good in their doctrines. He spoke highly of the early forerunners of Philanthropinism, Comenius and Locke. Of Rousseau's *Emile* he said it contained many good hints, especially on the treatment of the early years



of infancy and childhood. Even Trapp's *Pädagogik* he praises, as offering many practical observations on mental training. He condemned all running-down of science, and favoured attempts of the moderate eclectics, e.g. Niemeyer (*Grundsätze der Erziehung*), to adopt as much as was practicable from the philanthropists.

Notwithstanding, he brings out in later years, with increasing emphasis, the educational ideal which had been steadily growing more distinct to him. This is the pure Greek ideal; as he defines it in 1807, a purely human education, and elevation of all the powers of mind and soul to a beautiful harmony of the inner and outer man, the *ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία* of the ancients. As long as there exists in the world a generation who make this elevation their aim, so long will they turn to the ancients for instruction and encouragement in prosecuting it. The simplicity, the dignity, the grand comprehensive spirit of their works, will ever make them a source from which the human soul will draw perpetual youth. Those grand old Greek characters are to us not personages displayed upon a remote historical stage, but intimate friends whom we have known and esteemed and loved. The banishment of this ideal from German schools would be the greater mistake, inasmuch as there is a peculiar affinity between the Greek and the Teutonic mind. Wolf appeals to Goethe (*Dedication to Museum*):—

May your powerful aid be exerted to save our country from the sacrilegious hands which would tear from it the palladium of ancient learning! Be it in our language, be it in our blood, I know not, but no people of the modern world has fallen so readily in as we have with the tone of Greek poetry and oratory. We are not deterred from approaching the shrines of these heroes by the strange forms with which they surround themselves; we alone have never attempted to beautify their simplicity, to drape over their indelicacies.

Wolf's writings cannot be treated on their merits. They were strictly a part of his professional activity. He was

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eminently a teacher, not a writer. Everything he wrote, or projected writing, not excepting the celebrated *Prolegomena*, was an occasional publication arising out of some call or suggestion of his public teaching. Of this kind he printed not a little ; and for one book which he achieved he projected twenty. We shall only mention a few among these to which particular interest attaches. In 1778 he added 'Remarks,' and promised an Appendix, to a translation of Harris's *Hermes*. But the second volume, which should have contained Wolf's dissertations, never appeared. In the next year he was reading Demosthenes from the point of view of Attic law. He had hitherto relied on second-hand authorities for this branch, and was determined to do so no longer. As he read the wish grew up to show in a single specimen how the mass of material, collected by the industry of ages, on Demosthenes should be dealt with by an editor. It so happened that at this time a scheme was on foot for a collective publication of Greek classics. Körte, Wolf's excellent biographer, confounds<sup>1</sup> this with another plan, promoted or patronized by Ruhnken, for a series of Latin classics. The Greek series was to be under the editorship of C. G. Schütz, then editor of the *Jena Literary Gazette*. Both projects were of that comprehensive character which rising scholars, in the exuberance of their powers, have formed, and will continue to form, in each generation,—projects of which the wrecks lie about us in our libraries, in vain warning future adventurers of their certain fate. Of the two schemes with which Wolf was connected neither, as far as we know, produced any fruit, beyond the *Leptines*, which Wolf brought out in 1789. He intended his edition for advanced readers, not for schools. He would not have any classic read in schools which it required much antiquarian knowledge to understand. Wolf's material having been appropriated by all succeeding editors, has

<sup>1</sup> Körte, I. 252.

become pretty well known in this country in our schools and universities, though not in its original shape. A book better known among us, Böckh's Public Economy of Athens, owed its suggestion directly to Wolf's Leptines. The books both of Wolf and his pupil are not antiquarian books, but are penetrated by that tacit reference to the conditions of modern society, in which Wolf first led the way. The Leptines, at the time of its appearance, excited the attention of the learned world. It drew a complimentary letter from Heyne, who characteristically gives himself the air of knowing all that Wolf has to say, and, therefore, approving all he has said. The Leptines enjoyed that immunity from censure which is often accorded to first publications. Not, indeed, that it needed indulgence, unless it were for the warmth of its outbreaks against Reiske, the last editor of Demosthenes. Even these were forgiven to a young scholar, who, from a truer critical standpoint, condemned the system of arbitrary emendation in which the editors of the eighteenth century indulged. We may remember that Porson felt bound to speak with no less severity of Reiske on this ground. In the lapse of time Wolf himself detected his own errors, and twenty-seven years afterwards (1816) advertised a corrected edition, *ab erroribus olim commissis purgator*. But this, too, remained among unfulfilled projects.

A similar fate awaited the *Variae Lectiones* of Muretus and the *Select Dialogues* of Lucian. Of each of these undertakings Wolf brought out a vol. I., and there dropped them. In 1792 he revised the text of Herodian for the Francke press. It was too hurriedly done; he was extremely dissatisfied with his recension, and was always talking of an improved edition, but never put a hand to it. An edition of the *Tusculan Disputations*, in the same year, arose again out of the class-room. He thought this treatise much better fitted for beginners than the *Offices*, which, however, had established themselves by preference

in the schools. Wolf had an afternoon lecture on the Tusculans, which was rather a favourite of his. It was probably attended by the younger students, and he himself may have regarded it as a relaxation after other *collegia*, which required preparation. Orelli, who had a copy as taken down by some auditor, hints that Wolf had allowed himself great latitude in this lecture, with an eye to enlivening the afternoon, and that he would by no means have stood to all that he had said. Yet the extracts of the course which Orelli published (at the end of his edition, Zürich, 1829) are rich in keen remark on the force of words and phrases, from which others besides beginners may learn much. Wolf himself had no thought of publishing these Scholia, as we truly call them. What he edited was the text only; an 'egregia recensio,' in Orelli's judgment, of a book, in which, after all Bentley had done for it, still lingered (and even yet linger) not a few corruptions.

The Prolegomena to Homer (1795) had the same casual origin. The work to which he owed European fame was written without premeditation or the least anticipation of such a result. The Francke press, finding their school-Homer exhausted, asked Wolf to revise the text for a new edition. For twenty years he had had Homer, and the problem of the Homeric text, before him. Homeric criticism was an untouched soil. The scholars of the seventeenth century, who had tampered with every author, had held aloof from Homer as from sacred ground. The text was a mere 'vulgate,' formed by continued reprinting with accumulating errors from the Venetian or Florentine editions. Clarke, whose name is a byword among school-boys, but who really possessed more metrical skill than any preceding editor, had done good service in expelling some of the more gross of these errors. Ernesti made (1759) improvements on Clarke, and this text (Ernesti-Clarkianus) was in complete possession of the field. No

principle guided the editors. It was taken for granted that the ordinary canons of editing applied straight away to the Homeric text. Nor would it have been easy for any one, who had not seen the Venetian Scholia, to have discovered that it was not so. The Venetian Scholia were published by Villoison in 1788, and were immediately read with eagerness. Yet no scholar, Heyne least of all, saw in them what Wolf saw in them,—the true principle on which the text must be constituted. Even as late as 1803 we find Elmsley laying it down<sup>1</sup> that ‘the plan which is adopted by the generality of enlightened editors’ is the right one, and commending Heyne for having followed it<sup>2</sup>. The history of the Homeric text opened Wolf’s eyes to the fact that the Homeric text is a unique case; that here we cannot make it our object to approximate our book to the book as it came from the hands of the author, and that the only thing left for us is to choose one among the Alexandrian texts as our *norma*. He was thus prepared to undertake, for a mere school edition, a revolution in the text of Homer, the extent and merits of which were only slowly appreciated after a lapse of years.

As there was to be no exegetical commentary or notes of any kind, Wolf’s emendations ran the risk of being overlooked, or rejected as wanton, without some justification. This he proposed to provide in a preface, the original intention of which was simply to give an account of his method of dealing with the text. The bearing of the Prolegomena should ever be borne in mind in reading them. The Wolfian hypothesis has been treated in this country as a mere wanton paradox, the amusement of the vacant hours of a perverse ingenuity. It was really only an attempt to sketch the history of the text, with the purpose

<sup>1</sup> Ed. Rev., vol. II., p. 314.

<sup>2</sup> This error still lingers. Dindorf calls his Homer ‘*Ad optimorum librorum fidem expressa*.’ In any sense of the words ‘best manuscripts,’ the Marc. 454 must be the best, and this Dindorf has not collated.

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of showing the principle on which that text must necessarily be arranged.

The material was all at hand. He had long been in the habit of making a note of all he met with in his reading that bore on this favourite topic. His notes were mostly on single sheets or scraps of paper. When anything was to be written, these memoranda were gone through and winnowed. The views over which he was meditating were always present to him; he had but to marshal his proofs and illustrations. In the instance of Homer this material was unusually abundant. The ideas to which he was now going to give birth had been maturing for twenty years. A great deal has been written on the question of Wolf's originality. He had seen Wood's *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*; for though the essay had only 'crept out to the extent of seven copies' at home, one of those seven had found its way to Germany, and a translation had appeared at Frankfort (1773), before the book was actually published in England. Casaubon's hint, and Bentley's more confident assertion, were both known to him. On the other hand, Vico was not known to him, even in 1795. But it is unnecessary to turn over the moderns in search of a prompter; Wolf has said nothing which is not embodied in the well-known passage of Josephus<sup>1</sup> which is quoted everywhere, and which is itself the expression of a fact which was known to all the critics of the Ptolemaic age.

Be this as it may, whoever was the suggester, the suggestion had early struck root in Wolf's mind, and found it congenial soil. In 1779, while still a student at Göttingen, he had written for Heyne an exercise, which had defended some heretical paradox on Homer. In the following year he offered Nicolai, the Berlin publisher, a dissertation *On the Origin of the Homeric Poems*. Seeing that the dissertation was un-

<sup>1</sup> Cont. Apion. I. 2.

written, and the projector a youth of one-and-twenty, we cannot say that Nicolai was unwise in declining the offer. The thought, banished for a time, occurred again and again, as his studies ranged more widely over classical antiquity. Yet, as his ideas gained in distinctness, they appeared to him to lose in probability. The ardour of youthful discovery was gradually tempered by a sense of the doubtfulness of all conclusions on a point of such high antiquity. In this state of mind he happened to meet with the notion in a flimsy French book, Perrault, *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, 1690. Disgusted at finding himself in such bad company, he fell back at once on the traditional belief. He endeavoured with all his might to establish this opinion by evidence. Even after he had recurred to his original view, he continued for twelve years to assume in his public lectures the received origin of the poems. Thus it was, that once embarked on the question of the text of Homer, he found it impossible to quit it in few words. So the Preface grew into the Prolegomena, and the Prolegomena into a volume. He had begun printing at once, as if it were to cost him but a few days' writing. The whole was composed with the printer at his heels—his lectures and other official duties going on all the while. 'The fair (Leipzig) hurries a man like death!' he wrote on one proof-sheet. Marks of this haste are apparent enough in the Prolegomena.

If we measure the Prolegomena by the impression produced by them on the course of classical learning, we shall be unable to name any other single work whose influence is to be compared to theirs. It was no momentary diversion, but an abiding impulse. 'Ingens philologiae emendatio,' Böckh once (in 1834) ascribed to the Prolegomena. He might have said they had inaugurated a new epoch in philology. Paradoxes startle, die out, and are forgotten. The Prolegomena turned critical inquiry into a new direction, which it has ever since obeyed. They first



taught scholars that the resources of Greek and Latin were not exhausted when the languages were learned, but that the languages were but a step to an almost unexplored field of investigation. If, on the other hand, we measure the *Prolegomena* by the standard of the best critical essays which modern learning has given us, we shall not be able to place them in the highest rank. This is owing in part to a crudity of style, a fault not uncommon in great extempore orators. 'Each step,' writes Körte, 'is firm; each word of exact precision. The Latin is that of a man who thinks out his expression; it is at once his own and genuinely Roman.' But the excellent biographer is carried here far beyond the mark by his enthusiasm. Haste has, it appears to us, interfered greatly with clearness of style. But beyond this there is undeniably a crudity of conception. This defect was inevitable. The Homeric problem was too complicated to be capable of being thought out by the first mind which grappled with it. The question has been wrought out with much greater precision and fulness of detail since by Lachmann, Lehrs, Nitzsch, Lauer, Hermann, Köchly, La Roche; and to their writings, inferior as they are in grasp and genius to Wolf, the young scholar who intends to study Homer must now have recourse.

As a discussion of the special question, the *Prolegomena* have passed into oblivion. The book is laid aside. The author's name stands out brighter than ever, as we come more closely to discern how vast was the step he made on the way towards a true conception of the early times of Greek history. Niebuhr has been accused by Blum<sup>1</sup> of disingenuousness in not mentioning Wolf's *Prolegomena* as having suggested his idea, that the early history of Rome was founded on poems. There is no disingenuousness in the case. The fact is, that the leading ideas of Wolf's *Prolegomena* were of that

<sup>1</sup> *Einleitung in Roms alte Geschichte.*



character that they became at once, with all their consequences, the common property, not of scholars only, but of all the world. The conception we all have of popular poetry seems to us so self-evident, that our difficulty is to understand that it was not always possessed. It requires an effort to remember that for ages even scholars applied the same measure to Virgil and Tasso as to Homer; that they confounded the artificial imitation with the genuine product of the creative imagination. Even on the more special question of the origin of the Homeric poems, whatever there may be to retrench in Wolf's arguments, his main proposition has maintained itself unshaken. His views have been continually gaining ground; and as Nitzsch himself before his death became a convert, we may safely say that no scholar will again find himself able to embrace the unitarian hypothesis.

We have a curious proof of this double character of the Wolfian ideas, viz. their originality and their obviousness, in the reception which the *Prolegomena* experienced on their publication.

Wolf had wished to confine the discussion of his views to the learned world. With this intention he wrote in Latin, and obstinately resisted all the proposals made him for any German version of his argument. In spite of his precautions, however, the little literary journals were very soon up in arms. The readers of Homer, or those who wished to pass for such, were shocked, and pained, and distressed by this impious attempt to take their Homer from them. It was but a part of the Jacobinical crusade against everything which our fathers had believed, every name which they had held in honour. The clamour affected Wolf little, if at all. The public was not then such a many-headed monster as it has since become; it had not so many throats to scream with. Wolf waited to hear what the learned world would say. In Holland, which held

then the first place in learning, in England, in France, not a single voice was raised on his side. Villoison declared the book a 'literary impiety,' and is said to have regretted the publication of the Scholia, which had placed arms in the hands of the German critic. Sainte-Croix, who, by courtesy, took rank among the learned, refuted Wolf without reading his book. Fauriel, indeed, at a later time, transplanted the Wolfian idea to French soil; but in 1795 he was only twenty-two. In England, Elmsley, in 1813, could only count about 'ten men who really study the minutiae of Greek<sup>1</sup>.' Of that number Elmsley himself was confessedly among the first. But Elmsley in 1795 was only twenty-two. Even ten years later, when he wrote his review of Heyne's Homer<sup>2</sup>, he betrays a weakness as a Homeric scholar, which seems out of proportion to his strength when put forth on the dramatists. Ruhnken, then at the head of European philologists, to whom the Prolegomena were dedicated, felt himself uncomfortably shaken in his habitual notions, but was too old to catch the new point of view on which conviction depended.

If Wolf got no assent from the scholars, he got, at least, nothing but bare contradiction. The thorough investigation of the subject could not take place till a generation of younger men arose, trained in the very ideas which Wolf's own teaching set afloat. Wolf had been long removed from the scene before anything worthy of the name of a counter argument appeared.

Besides the learned, there was another class whose judgment on the subject Wolf valued, and to whose consideration he had expressly recommended it. These were the poets. Their verdict was not on the whole favourable. Wilhelm von Humboldt indeed sympathized and approved.

<sup>1</sup> A. Blomfield's *Memoir of C. J. Blomfield* (ed. 1863), vol. I. p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Ed. Rev.* July 1803.

He undertook to read the whole of Homer through again to test the hypothesis of the Prolegomena by his own impressions. Wieland, with radical levity, is said to have congratulated the world that 'we were now rid of one superstition more'; but for himself appears to have gone on believing in the unity. Flaxman, to whom Lord Spencer had shown the Prolegomena on their appearance, gave his cordial approval, and endeavoured to spread the Wolfian notions in the two English universities. Nor was his conviction that of a moment, for in 1804 he writes to a friend:—

A perfection of arts and manufactures, as described in the Odyssey, is not to be found in countries without money or commerce. The Alexandrian critics could well supply these embellishments, yet what they have done seems wonderfully cautious. The successions of critical hands through which these poems have passed, must naturally give them a sort of homogeneous surface which we judge by, rather than the nice agreement of inornate parts, in supposing they were the production of one man. The Prolegomena strongly enforce the following truth, that human excellence in art and science is the accumulated labour of ages.

Flaxman's opinion, as this extract shows, must be taken in the character of the artist, not of the critic, though his acquaintance with what had been said on Homer must have been great, if it be true that he had consulted more than 2,000 works during the composition of his Outlines. Schiller, like Walter Scott, set aside the rhapsodic origin of the poems without a hearing, as 'necessarily barbarous.' From Voss, least of all, was assent to be expected. Voss had just achieved the triumph of making Homer the public property of German readers. Through Voss's translations Homer was at this moment (1795) the rage. Voss could not admit that he had anything to learn about his poet. His very position forced him to head the cry against the Wolfian heresies. Voss indeed was probably a sincere believer. For it was precisely that uniform tone

of simplicity and nature which distinguishes the Homeric poetry from all artificial writing—it was precisely this tone which Voss had succeeded in preserving in his German version.

Of all the poets by far the most important to Wolf was the opinion of Goethe. Goethe, too, had caught the Homeric fever which Voss had originated. The images of the cycle were fermenting in his mind with such vehemence, that he meditated an original epic, to be called the *Achilleis*. At Wilhelm von Humboldt's recommendation he read the *Prolegomena*, and re-read the *Iliad* thereupon. He felt himself deeply stirred by the suggestive pages. He was carried away by the brilliant speculation which seemed opened here on the history of genius and poetic fiction. 'The theory of a collective Homer,' he wrote to Schiller, 'is favourable to my present scheme, as lending a modern bard a title to claim for himself a place among the *Homeridae*.' This is 'the broad road' which his epigram celebrates:—

Erst die Gesundheit des Mannes, der endlich vom Namen Homeros  
Kühn uns befreiend, uns auch ruft in die vollere Bahn!

In the spring of 1796 he sent Wolf a copy of *Wilhelm Meister*. In the letter which accompanied the gift, he said, 'Perhaps you will soon have from me the announcement of an epic poem, in which I do not conceal how much I am indebted to that conviction you have so firmly implanted in my mind.' Before long, however, Goethe returned to a faith in the unity, and this for the very same reason which had made him a convert to the rhapsodic origin,—conformity with his own subjective state of mind. He had embraced the new notions because they seemed 'to resolve the two epics back into the original poetic ocean, out of which I may draw at pleasure.' He returned to the old faith when the *Achilleis* was given up; he found the cyclic material no longer plastic for his purposes. Goethe's palinode is sung in the lines headed '*Homer wieder*'

Homer<sup>1</sup>.' The date would be curious; but as Goethe's works are printed at present absolutely without editorial superintendence, we have not the means of fixing it.

While the ruck of critics and poets were running down the Prolegomena as heretical novelties, a far more considerable adversary came forward with an insinuation of the opposite kind. If there was one among the poets who might have been expected to give a hearty welcome to the Wolfian ideas—one, too, whose recommendation of them would have been all-powerful with the outside world—it was Herder. Herder's services to literature, great in many directions, had been in none more conspicuous than in the light he had been the first to throw on the origin of poetical fiction. Taking up a hint first thrown out by a far greater man—Lessing—Herder had enforced and popularized the distinction between natural and artificial poetry. These discussions, and the establishment of the critical principle which Herder brought forward, were the proximate cause of that revolution in poetical taste which took place in Germany and England at the close of the last century. Immediately after bringing out the Prolegomena, Wolf had paid a visit to Jena and Weimar, and had there enjoyed the society of Goethe, of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and of Wieland, but had perceived, or imagined, that Herder had held aloof from him. A German is always ready to imagine that he is being cut; but in this instance it was not mere German susceptibility. On Wolf's return to Halle he saw in the Horen, then the leading critical monthly, a paper, headed 'Homer, Time's Favourite.' The anonymous author of the essay gave himself a supercilious air of overhauling, from *a priori* ground, the conclusions which Wolf had worked out, with modest hesitancy, on the ground of history. The writer dropped the remark by the way, that the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems had been long

<sup>1</sup> Werke, II. p. 335.

known to himself; that he had been long accustomed to regard Homer, like Thot and Hermes, as a constellation of lesser stars; that when a boy he had discovered the distinct authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey; that when travelling, not long before, in Italy, he had casually met with the newly-published Venetian Scholia, and had been astonished to find the suspicions of his childhood so strikingly confirmed. In all this we have nothing more than the omniscient trick of the modern weekly reviewer, who has learned all he affects to know from the book he is running down—a trick become so vulgarized, that we hardly now understand Wolf's indignation. We certainly should never take his mode of defence, by replying to such a critique. This he did by inserting a paragraph in the Jena Literary Gazette for October, begging the public not to decide, on such insufficient grounds as the Horen offered, a question of complicated historical evidence; and promising a German reproduction of the Prolegomena by a friend. The public laughed at the advertisement, and believed Herder, pending the appearance of the friend's book, which never appeared. The advertisement only showed that Herder had found the author's weak side. Wolf had been silent while run down as a teacher of heretical paradox, but could not bear to have his originality called in question.

Herder might possess the ear of the public, but among the learned he counted for nothing. It was notorious that he possessed neither the linguistic nor the historical knowledge requisite to form an opinion on the question. He was, in short, the modern reviewer, and accomplished in all his arts, for, if we may believe Garve, he had not even read the Prolegomena when he wrote his paper in the Horen. Wolf would have done better, as he himself acknowledged afterwards, to have taken no notice of Herder's impertinence. The case was different with Heyne. Wolf wrote to Heyne complaining of Herder's

behaviour, and begging Heyne, should he think fit, to review the *Prolegomena* in the *Göttingen Gelehrte Anzeige*, to put the Homeric question fully before the public, going, as fully as could be done in a periodical, into the arguments for and against the hypothesis. Heyne had already written his notice. It is contained in the number for 21st November, 1795. In it Heyne had coolly treated the *Prolegomena* as the 'firstfruit of the unexampled labours of Villoison.' He had gone on to say that the case had always seemed to him a very simple one; that he had always held Wolf's views in his lectures, from which he even intimated that Wolf had originally derived them. That there might be no mistake, Heyne returned to the charge in the next number for 19th December.

Wolf hated controversy, as calling him away from his proper pursuits. But it was impossible, he thought, to let this challenge pass. If any hesitation remained, it was removed by a long letter he received from Heyne, dated 28th February, 1796, which professed to be an answer to Wolf's letter of the preceding November. In this letter Heyne makes a cold compliment to Wolf on the extent of his researches; but, he adds immediately, 'so many years as I have occupied myself with Homer, it would be difficult to say anything that could be new to me.' He goes on to say that these ideas had early presented themselves to him as matter of course, for indeed they had occurred to many other readers of Homer. How early he had entertained these thoughts he could not say, but at least as early as he had read Macpherson's *Ossian*. He could not say what were his opinions as far back as 1779. Did not remember the essay on the subject which Wolf had sent in to him in that year. Recollected that he had talked with Herder on the subject in 1770. His own object in editing Homer (Heyne's Homer did not appear till 1802) was different—interpretative merely. Had he had more leisure he might have

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engaged in the historical inquiry as Wolf had done. Wolf was fortunate in not having his time so broken in upon by incessant official calls. Wolf had spoken first, got the start of him. He gladly renounced the honours of priority in his favour. Only let the truth be spoken! by whom was of little consequence. That had always been his way of thinking. His own temperament, too, was different from Wolf's. Things appeared certain to some people which looked very doubtful to others. No matter! There were many roads to heaven. Let each go his own. Throughout the letter, which is long and embarrassed, Heyne does not repeat the charge of plagiarism. But he does not withdraw it. The utmost concession he makes is, 'Had you come earlier to an understanding with me, my article in the *Anzeige* would have been expressed differently in many secondary particulars. Not that I ever say what I do not think; but what I say may be variously modified in expression.'

Such a letter was not likely to conciliate Wolf. He now resolved to make no reply to Heyne except in print. This he did in a pamphlet published in 1797, called *Letters to Heyne*. This pamphlet we only know through Körte's account, who says it is a model of polemical elegance. The general merits of the controversy are obvious enough. As occupant of a leading chair in the wealthiest and most frequented of the German universities, and manager of one of the most considerable literary reviews, Heyne, even had he been a man of ordinary learning, must have possessed great weight in the academical world. But Heyne's learning was not ordinary. He had been for years considered to stand at the head of classical learning in Germany; to have in Europe no superior but Ruhnken. Without originality or philosophical power, without any grasp of the ancient world, without any real sense for scientifically historic inquiry, he had succeeded, by the adoption of hints thrown out



by Lessing or by Winckelmann, in giving a novelty to his notes on classical books. He became the popular editor of school classics, and Heyne's editions were reprinted with avidity in Holland and England. His merits as a commentator are great, because the best commentator is the man who best adapts what others have struck out. The consideration which a conjuncture of favouring circumstances had procured him, was far beyond his real philological capacity. He had come to be thought—indeed, to think himself—the undoubted source of all the philological activity in Germany. Wolf's *Prolegomena*, dedicated not to him, but to Ruhnken, were an act of rebellion against a lawfully constituted sovereign, an altogether monstrous product, the work of one who had been an ill-conditioned student, but who might have caught up some good notions from Heyne's lectures. Heyne, we doubt not, honestly believed himself the original parent of anything there might be good in the *Prolegomena*. A letter of Heyne's has been since produced, of date 1790, in which, writing to Zoega, he speaks of the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems, and says that 'it cannot be established by historical evidence.' The fact is of no moment whichever way it be decided. Whether Heyne had previously rejected or received the rhapsodic origin, the originality of the *Prolegomena* remains the same. They are there to speak for themselves. Heyne contributed as much to them as Perrault or Wood. It is the whole conception, not the single hypothesis, which belongs to Wolf. His modern spirit of critical inquiry separates him from Heyne, as it does from Gesner, Ernesti, and the other German scholars of that century. The *Prolegomena* had the fate of all innovating books. Their real influence lay far below the superficial questions agitated in the contemporary controversy. That influence was silent and gradual, and was not fully felt till near a generation later, till Niebuhr and Ottfried Müller. Even

in 1804 (Preface to the Göschen Homer), Wolf could say of himself that 'he had few readers save those who had read to misrepresent.'

Whatever disgusts this reception of the Prolegomena may have occasioned Wolf, it did not divert him from Homer. He projected two simultaneous editions of the text, one to be accompanied with a commentary. There was to be a volume of introduction, and several volumes of notes. One edition, without commentary or notes, was all that was ever executed. It is the Göschen Homer (1804), and is remarkable for a beauty of execution little regarded at that time, or at any time, in Germany, and for correctness. Wolf boasts in the Preface to the Iliad that the two volumes do not contain a single printer's error. This exactness was attained (by Schäfer's help) in spite of repeated alterations of the adopted reading, such as almost drove the publisher to despair. While the book was printing, Wolf was not merely correcting the proof, but changing the reading again and again. He would hear nothing of commercial objections, but insisted upon ever new revises till he was quite satisfied that further improvement was impossible.

Our notice of Wolf's publication during the Halle period must be concluded by barely mentioning the Four Orations of Cicero (1801), in which he established, by an exhaustive inquiry, the suspicions of their genuineness, first broached by Markland. In the Preface to this volume he hinted that there remained among the Ciceronian orations still another speech which was really a rhetorician's production. He wished to have the amusement of seeing on what speech the guessers would pitch. But he did not make them wait long, for in the next year came out his *Oratio pro Marcello* (1802). Körte relates a curious episode in the history of Wolfian criticism. Boissonade, who was strongly against Wolf on the Homeric question, pronounced for him against the pseudo-Cicero, and wrote a

*précis* of the argument of the Marcellina for the *Journal des Débats*. It was declined, on the ground that the *Débats* was on principle against innovation. The oration has passed for ages as Cicero's ; and this journal, said the editor, 'will not swerve from the principles of Rollin and the University of Paris, who never contested the authorship of these speeches.' This, which we have on the best authority, that of Bast, who was in intimate relations with Boissonade, is probably the correct version of the story told by Von Gieslen, a literary Dane, who was in Paris in 1806, that a journal refused a notice of Wolf's essay because 'the Academy had declared the Oration Pro Marcello genuine.'

The reader of anything that Wolf published during the Halle period will judge it amiss, if he does not bear in mind all through the subordinate relation in which it stands to his oral teaching. With Wolf the written work was ever only a makeshift, only intended to supplement the spoken word. When he had to write he felt in fetters. 'A printed exposition,' he complains, 'wants the freedom one has in speaking<sup>1</sup>.' Markland, he thinks, would have done still greater things than he has, if, instead of that scrupulosity which suggested to him misgivings where others could see no cause for them, he had come into collision with other minds as a public teacher ; a remark this, founded on the fact that Markland had refused the Regius Professorship of Greek. But Wolf forgot, or did not know, that a Greek Professor in the English universities did not 'teach,' that there was, in fact, no public teaching in those seminaries, which decently shrouded the incompetency of their tutors in the privacy of a private apartment. To Wolf the pen was detestable. He wrote with great labour, polished indefatigably, and drove his publishers to despair by his never-ended corrections. Böckh, who had been his pupil, testifies to 'the pains, the anxiety, the finish he was wont to bestow on

<sup>1</sup> *I.it. Anal.*, IV. 387.

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what he wrote<sup>1</sup>.’ He never satisfied himself with anything he put on paper. His translation of the first hundred lines of the *Odyssey* cost him so much thought, that when the publishers pressed him to complete it, he said he would only do it for a ducat a line. That was the cost of the time. The ‘pride’ of which Böckh speaks was that of one who would not as he could, because he could not as he would. He was not ‘piger scribendi ferre laborem,’ but too solicitous ‘scribendi recte.’ Besides that, he had a genial enjoyment in his own pursuits, which never allowed him to regard his stores as mere material to be produced in print. He realised in himself Goethe’s axiom, that ‘the man who has life in him feels himself to be here for his own sake, not for the public.’ His dissatisfaction with his own productions was mingled with a contempt—at a later time too pronounced—for the public. ‘Does the public,’ he asks, ‘by buying our books, or oftener by leaving them unbought, imagine it acquires a right to complain that they are not finished? A much better ground of complaint would be, that an author had neglected to make his own mind complete!’ With such feelings we may rather wonder at the amount which he actually achieved, and the still larger amount he projected writing. He was never, during the Halle period, without some laborious editing on hand, while three or four more schemes were floating in his imagination. Each subject in succession engaged him vividly, and engrossed him wholly for the time. As soon as the first interest was over, his creative faculty was exhausted. Hence, of what he did publish so much is unfinished. The *Prolegomena* themselves are a fragment; the second or technical part was never written. Nor, though he lived twenty years after the publication of the Preface of 1804, did he ever return to the Homeric question again. Friedländer has

<sup>1</sup> ‘Quanta cura, quam anxie, quam subtiliter Wolfius solitus sit quae scribebat pensare.’

suggested that this was because he feared to find his belief in his own conclusions shaken ; and De Quincey says, ' He had raised a ghost he could not lay.' But it was the habit of his mind. ' The gods,' he used to say, ' take no more account of the promises of authors than they do of lovers' vows.' If they did, Wolf would have a heavy account to settle ; for the titles and contents of his unwritten books fill many pages in Körte's Life. Among other things, he wished to recall all his editions, and re-issue them in corrected recensions. Especially the Herodian and the Hesiod—notwithstanding Gaisford's favourable opinion of the latter—tormented him with the remembrance of their imperfections.

Wolf, then, must ever be looked upon as the teacher, not the writer. Even in 1796, at the height of his literary reputation, and full of Homeric schemes, he wrote of himself to Ruhnken, ' Docendo aliquanto plus quam scribendo delector.' The life of academical teacher satisfied his whole nature. From the moment this occupation was taken from him, he lost his equilibrium, and never was the same man again. A student once ventured to ask him if he really meant to deliver a course of lectures of which he had given notice on ' the black board.' ' To be sure,' was the answer, ' lecturing is necessary to my digestion!' His joy was in teaching, to be among his pupils, whether in or out of the class-room. Their delight in hearing him equalled his. Long after he had ceased to be professor, and only four years before his death, on a tour in Switzerland, a number of old pupils collected round him—he had a particular liking for the Swiss students—and nothing would serve them but that Wolf must give them a lecture on a passage in the Odyssey, just to reproduce old times. Heyne's bad manner with the students had left a deep impression on Wolf. He felt strongly the necessity of friendly sympathy between student and professor. He encouraged the young men to bring their difficulties to

him. If they were shy of coming to him, he would visit them in their lodgings. He opened to them his house, and even his library, though he occasionally paid heavily for this liberality. Hanhart, in his *Recollections of his teacher*, says that he has more than once known Wolf rebuy his own books at a book-stall, where they had been turned into money by the rascally borrower. He made excursions with the students in the vacation; he took them to the theatre when the Weimar corps—Goethe's corps—came to Lauchstedt. He generally gave a farewell supper to those pupils who were leaving the University. Though he drank with them—Wolf drank a great deal of wine and smoked hard—though he bore himself among them as an old comrade rather than a superior, he never forfeited their respect. His witty and clever talk fascinated them, while his power of sarcasm kept them in awe. Though his supper-parties sometimes did not break up till after midnight, they did not lose their character of intellectual reunions. The students knew that he disapproved excess, and that he had more than once severely condemned their drinking-bouts in his semestral addresses<sup>1</sup>. Besides liking him for his comradeship, and admiring his conversation, they paid the reverential homage of devoted pupils to his mental superiority and surpassing attainments. Everything about Wolf was real and sound. He required no 'nimbus.' He hated all affectation. 'He left donnishness,' he would say, 'to others whose learned rubbish required setting off.' 'Vornehmthun bleibe denen überlassen, die ihren gelehrten Jammer damit ausstaffiren müssen.' The enthusiasm he excited in Halle is testified on all hands. It was not confined to the pupils of his own department. Escher, Professor of International Law at Zürich, told Nüssli that the greatest help he had ever had in his professional

<sup>1</sup> 'Modo hoc memineritis, per assiduitatem lectionis et auditionis, per propriarum virium in commentando et scribendo pericula, non per computationes, ganeas, aleam et lustra, neque adeo per aquas amoenas vicini agri' (Passendorf probably), 'viam ducere ad sanctam sapientiam.'—F. A. W. ap. Arnoldt, I. 131.

studies had been Wolf's philological lectures. Wolf indeed always distinguished between his 'pupils' and his 'hearers.' When the latter left his class to go over to their own faculty, he did not lose sight of them, calling them, jokingly, 'degeneres bonarum artium.' Among his own pupils, again, he distinguished those who, as he said, 'carried the thing farther.' But three of his seminarists were especially dear to him, Heindorf, Immanuel Bekker, and August Böckh. Heindorf, a born Berliner, came recommended to him in 1794 by Spalding. Wolf from the very first took kindly to the affectionate youth, who, on his part, surrendered his whole being with the blind devotion of an idolater. Wolf became not merely his teacher, but replaced to him his father, whom he had lost. Heindorf's talents were not above the average, but his industry was extraordinary, and his disposition singly directed towards the good and the beautiful. These qualities promoted his intellectual growth, to the astonishment of his former tutors, who, when he returned home after leaving the University, said that 'Wolf had awoken in him what they never thought was there.' Wolf had set him on Plato as a congenial study. Among Wolf's thousand projects an edition of Plato was one; this was about 1797. Not that he contemplated, he said, a satisfactory edition—'justa editio.' This was a thing to dream of, but it would require a couple of generations to produce it<sup>1</sup>. Meantime, preliminary work might be done towards it. This was the origin of Heindorf's Plato, of which the first volume is dedicated to Wolf, 'ea qua parentem filius prosequitur pietate.'

Heindorf, in his turn, prepared Immanuel Bekker for the university, and sent him up in 1803. The feminine and mystic nature of Heindorf had clung with tender abandonment to the master's side. Bekker's hardy temper had more powerful attractions for Wolf. Wolf soon dis-

<sup>1</sup> As this was about 1797, the predicted edition is now, 1865, a little overdue.

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covered that the indomitable perseverance of this soul of iron shrank from no labour, was to be daunted by no difficulties. Bearing all the while the extreme of poverty with stoical impassibility, young Bekker threw himself upon the classics with the whole force of a character determined to conquer. As the teacher raised his demands, the pupil rose to meet them. No task could be proposed to him which he did not accomplish, nay, exceed. This was exactly the stuff which Wolf had long been looking for, out of which to build a philologist. Before Bekker was twenty-one, Wolf had got him placed near himself, as Inspector of the seminary and Repetent in the university.

Wolf's relations with the students seem to have been more agreeable than those with his colleagues at Halle. This is no more than a conjecture, which we cannot verify without examination of his correspondence, yet unpublished. His son-in-law passes lightly over this point; a fact in itself suspicious. Arnoldt, as usual, offers no light. The character of the man, his after-conduct in Berlin, where this character asserted itself without stint, make it certain that he was difficult to get on with. That overweening ascendancy which was gratified by the homage of pupils met with constant checks from equals. That irritation was left behind in Wolf's mind from this source may be gathered from some casual expressions. In a letter, e.g., of 1807, after he had left Halle, he is giving his reasons for declining a professorship in the new foundation of Berlin: 'When one has been doing one's best in a university for twenty-one years, one has had enough of the bitterness and jealousies of colleagueship:' 'so hat man die Bitterkeiten einer neidischen Collegenschaft zur Genüge genossen.' Great allowance may be made for his position in Halle, thoroughly disinterested and great-natured, surrounded by smaller men, with a keen sense of their personal



interests, and only half a heart in their profession. Of the corps of professors Semler is the only one with whom we find Wolf in hearty friendship. This intimacy was founded upon congenial sentiments. The two had in common the same love of truth and unshackled inquiry, the same zeal of critical research. Semler's years—he was born in 1725—removed all thought of rivalry. He welcomed in the young professor a colleague of scientific zeal in the middle of a world of academical tradesmen. In spite of Semler's many weaknesses, Wolf remained attached to him to the last, when his old friends fell off. He published a short account of Semler's last days. And when Semler died, in 1791, Wolf, as pro-rector, issued the official invitation to his public funeral, in which he did not omit to speak of him as 'verum, bonum, ac decens unice curans.'

Wilhelm von Humboldt, writing to Wolf<sup>1</sup>, condoles with him over his isolation in Halle. But if Wolf was uncomfortable with his colleagues, he was compensated by a yearly enlarging circle of distant friends. These friends knew him only by his geniality and his enthusiasm for knowledge, not by his difficult temper and haughty disdain of pretenders to learning. The impressionable mind of Wilhelm von Humboldt, athirst for acquisition, and keenly alive to every movement of ideas, yielded at the first contact to the fascination of Wolf's bold and original speculation. Von Humboldt, who had married a Miss Dacheroeden, had become early acquainted with Wolf under her father's roof, at Erfurt. He entered keenly into Wolf's Homeric Researches, read Homer incessantly with Madame von Humboldt, and seemed given up for the time to classical antiquity, under the guidance of this new master. From his literary retirement at Tezel he maintained a correspondence with Wolf, whose occasional answers he piously preserved in a

<sup>1</sup> Werke, V. 90.

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splendidly bound album, lettered 'Wolfiana.' In vacation, Wolf visited him at his country seat, and saw him oftener when Humboldt came to settle at Jena. Nothing can be further from the truth than to say that Wilhelm von Humboldt was superficial. He sought to get to the bottom of every subject he approached. But such was the eager mobility of his intelligence, that he grasped at a field of knowledge such as only superficial men ordinarily attempt to cover. He did not flit to and fro sipping each flower alternately, but everything had its turn. While it was in vogue it was all in all. Contact with Wolf threw him upon Greek antiquity as if he had found a life pursuit. He came in contact with Schiller, and Schiller drew him away into poetry and aesthetics. But though Homer was forgotten, Wolf was not. When he became minister, Von Humboldt had no object more at heart than to give Wolf an eminent sphere of labour; nor did he ever drop the tone of humble deference in which his earliest letters were written.

Even the imperial soul of Goethe had been moved for a moment, as we have seen, by the magnetic storm of Homeric investigation. The personal intercourse of Wolf and Goethe was continued to its subsidence. In 1805, Wolf spent some enjoyable days on a visit at Weimar. Goethe came once (at least) to Halle to visit Wolf, and has left on record his testimony to the instruction he derived from Wolf's conversation. In the summer of 1797, only a year before Ruhnken's death, Wolf made a journey to Holland expressly to see Ruhnken. He was accompanied by his daughter, Joanna, and a pupil named Ochsner, afterwards professor at Zürich. Ochsner ought to have performed the duty of reporter on this interesting occasion. As he did not, we cannot deny that Wolf's translation of his name, *ὀκνηρός*, is appropriate. On an article of Wolf's, written twenty years afterwards<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> De David. Ruhnkenii celebri quodam reperto literario, Lit. Anal., II. 515.

a charge has been founded against Wolf of turning against Ruhnken dead, whom living he had honoured. The charge is brought by Bake, in his preface to the *Apsines*, which he edited for the Oxford press. 'Wolf,' says Bake (a Dutchman and a disyllable), 'lacerated the memory of the dead with highly unbecoming and uncalled-for sarcasm.' Any one but a Dutchman can see, by looking at the paper in question in the *Analecta*, that Wolf is jesting. It never would have occurred to Wolf, who had so much of the kind to answer for himself, to make it a *serious* accusation against any man that he had not written something he had said in print he intended to write. And of Ruhnken we could prove, were it necessary, that Wolf always expressed himself with the reverence every scholar feels for one of the greatest names in classical learning.

In the list of Wolf's correspondents are two English names, Butler and Falconer, but their letters are not published. One glimpse we obtain of him directly from an English source, but not during the Halle period. In the summer of 1813, E. V. Blomfield, then fellow of Emanuel, paid a visit to Prussia, which had been long closed to English travellers. One of the first objects of his tour was to acquaint himself with the state of German scholarship, for which he was qualified by a knowledge of the language, then a rare accomplishment. On his return he sent a few notes of what he had learned to the *Museum Criticum*. They are meagre enough. But we may gather from them that Blomfield had become aware of the fact, probably not understood in this country before, that F. A. Wolf occupied, in the opinion of his countrymen, the highest place in classical philology<sup>1</sup>.

The list of his correspondents is so large, that we should be inclined to think that Wolf had too much, rather than too little of this kind of intercourse on his

<sup>1</sup> *Mus. Crit.* I. 374; II. 524.

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hands. The central situation of Halle, too, close to Jena and Leipzig, conveniently near Weimar and Berlin, must have brought him many visitors. And to the disposition to be hospitable, which he had always had, were now added the means. His salary, for the two professorships, had been gradually raised to 2,100 thalers, exclusive of fees. Besides this he had a pension as foreign member of the Berlin Academy, which had grown from 200 to 900 thalers. Altogether, his situation at Halle was one with which he may well have felt thoroughly satisfied. That he did so feel, his repeated refusals to accept the calls which poured in from all quarters are sufficient proof. Some of these invitations were set aside at once; others not without much self-conflict and consultation with friends. One, to Leyden, was especially tempting. The curators offered him a chair of 'Greek Language and Antiquities,' vacated by Luzac's involuntary resignation. The fame of Leyden,—Ruhnken was still living—the wealth of its libraries and literary appliances, exercised a powerful attraction. Wolf took time to consider, and set his daughters to learn Dutch. Voss, whom he had consulted, wrote to him, 'Ruhnken's letter is quite affecting. But were I the invited, I should act upon the old saying, "He who sits comfortable should sit still." I should stay where I was, and write to Berlin to demand a rise of 1,000 thalers in my salary.' On the other hand, Spalding, who confessed that he did not know what patriotism was, strongly urged his acceptance. The confusion of political affairs in Holland, and the great expensiveness of Leyden, seem to have been the determining motives to his refusal. It turned out fortunately; for Luzac, who had appealed against the curators to the States-General, got his professorship back again. An invitation to Copenhagen, to be Director-in-Chief of Secondary Instruction in Denmark, with a salary of 1,800 thalers, Wolf actually accepted. This fell through, owing

to some *tracasseries*, which Körte cannot explain. In the great intellectual movement in Bavaria, in the first years of the century, Wolf was not overlooked. Hegel was induced to leave Jena for Nürnberg, and the magnificent offer was made to Wolf of a seat in the Academy of Sciences at Munich, with a pension of 4,500 florins, and next to nothing to do but to write what he liked.

Wolf decided notwithstanding to remain at Halle, little dreaming of the impending catastrophe which was to sweep away professors, students, and university in one common ruin. He declined the Munich call in 1805. In August 1806 Prussia declared war against Napoleon. It took Napoleon just six weeks to annihilate the Prussian army. The valley of the Saale became the theatre of the short and decisive campaign. Halle was occupied by one of the main Prussian corps. Wolf had full opportunity of seeing what these swaggering patriots were like. It is remarkable that Hegel at Jena, and Wolf at Halle, both foresaw what would inevitably happen, while every one around them was exulting in the assurance of an easy victory. Wolf incurred for the moment great obloquy on account of his 'unpatriotic' sentiments. One of his colleagues sent his little boy to him every morning with some great news, adding on one occasion, 'The Prussians are conquering, and will conquer!' 'My lad,' said Wolf, 'you have not learnt your tenses; the Prussians are conquering, have conquered, and will conquer.' But Wolf was overruled. The University threw itself passionately into the anti-Gallican movement. In spite of his opposition, it joined the town of Halle in an appeal for a subscription for clothing for a Prussian regiment. This appeal, couched in terms which Wolf thought highly unbecoming a university, was circulated in the papers, and, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy. On the morning of the 17th October, impelled by curiosity to see war, Wolf had gone out early into

the quarters of Duke Eugene of Württemberg before the town. He immediately perceived that something was wrong, retired hastily and barricaded his house. By 11 a.m. the French were in the town. Wolf, alone in the house, with his daughter and a kitchen-maid, awaited their fate. More than one attempt was made to force an entrance, in vain. Order was speedily restored, thanks to the excellence of French discipline, and the regular quartering parties began to go round. Several applicants were sent away. At last they committed themselves to a *sapeur* whose manner Wolf thought promising. Notwithstanding his blood-stained and fire-eating appearance, he behaved with such courtesy to the young lady, that he was installed in Wolf's lecture-room. She asked him where the Emperor was. 'L'Empereur, mademoiselle, où il est? il est ici, il est là, il est partout!'

Having thus fortunately escaped individual peril, Wolf was necessarily involved in the general proscription which the university had brought upon itself. On the 20th October, an order of the day, issued by General Ménard, the commanding officer, suspended the lectures, and sent all the students to their homes with French passes. A stroke of the pen thus deprived Wolf at once of his means of subsistence and his occupation. It was a mysterious crisis, such as happens in few lives. From this moment forward nothing would go straight with him. He had fallen out with fortune, and was never reconciled with her.

*Berlin, 1807-1824.*—Goethe at this critical moment came forward with advice. It was, as Goethe's advice usually was, the very best that could have been given. 'Use this enforced leisure to *write*.' Unfortunately, like most good advice, it was particularly unpalatable. During the winter indeed of 1806-7, Wolf occupied himself, *per otia Gallica*, as he said, with his *Encyclopädie*. To this leisure we probably owe the grand fragment with which

the Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft opens. But early in the spring he left for Berlin, which became his residence from this time forward. The prospect at first was gloomy. He was reduced from affluence to poverty, from a settled occupation, which had become necessary for him, to an uncertain expectation. A roomy house and garden was ill exchanged for a lodging in a noisy street (No. 10, Dorotheenstrasse), where the partitions were so thin that what went on in the next room was necessarily heard. But this was only temporary. As Prussia slowly recovered from the blow of Jena, the prospect brightened. The policy of the Government was to compensate their country for its loss of territory by urging its moral and intellectual development. A university was to be created at Berlin, and to be filled with celebrities drawn from every part of Germany. Wilhelm von Humboldt was in the Ministry of Education. Under these circumstances, not only would there be a place for Wolf, but it was certain that one of the foremost places would be laid at his feet. He was only forty-eight, in the possession of sound health, and the full vigour of his faculties, and here was opening to him the prospect of a more brilliant career upon a wider theatre. A reign of intellect was being inaugurated in Berlin. At Halle he had had a hard struggle to create an appreciation for his subject in a confined circle. Now, the most intellectual capital in Europe was waiting to catch instruction from his lips. The man who when young had never lost a chance now threw away a certainty of success.

We are not going to write in detail the sad history of the wilfulness of genius. We shall invoke no muse to sing the wrath of this Achilles. The truth, however, ought to be told for the sake of the lesson which it conveys. Wolf had no self-knowledge. Far from having the perfectly-poised self-estimate of Goethe, he had not even

the ordinary judgment of average men of the world. Long accustomed to feel himself the first man in a village, he thought he was to continue to hold the same place in Berlin. Impulsive and enthusiastic, his vanity and ambition ran away with him. He would not have a professorship. Well, he would have a professorship, but would not be tied to the duties of it like the other professors. He would hold his seat and pension in the Academy, but he would not be bound by the same obligations as the other academicians. The reason of this coquetry with duties which he could perform better than any one else, was that he secretly wished to be intrusted with functions which he could not perform at all. He wanted to enter the Government, of course in the department of Education. He secretly wished this, but would not say so. Von Humboldt divined his wish, and endeavoured to gratify it. He met with great opposition from influential persons, from all around. It was unprecedented, and might be inconvenient to introduce into a department a man of fifty, not bred to the civil service; above all, a man who, like Wolf, had ideas of his own. Von Humboldt persisted. It was, in his eyes, of such importance to have Wolf's aid in organising the superior instruction, that all other considerations ought to give way. He prevailed; we suspect he employed his personal influence with the King on this occasion. An exceptional place was created for Wolf, in order to give play to his knowledge and experience in classical training. He was named Director of the Scientific Delegacy of the Department of Public Instruction, besides being a member of the department itself. But this did not please Wolf. Nothing would have pleased him, except being absolute. He did not understand being member of a consultative board. He had no deference for the opinions of others. He wanted to override his colleagues in the department, as he had overridden his colleagues at Halle. He spurned



at official etiquette. In this miserable display of fractiousness and vanity, Von Humboldt showed himself truly magnanimous. Superior to all petty considerations, he waived all affronts, and overlooked all irregularities, for the sake of preserving to the State Wolf's talents. Wolf, not knowing what he wanted, or what was good for him, like a child, was crying to be *Staatsrath*. He complained, most unjustly, that Von Stein would have made him *Staatsrath*, and that Von Humboldt stood in his way. 'Do you know what it is, my dear fellow,' was Humboldt's soothing reply, 'to be *Staatsrath* in a Department? If you did, you would not desire it. Ask Süvern if he has been able to do a single thing on his own account this whole summer. You would be overwhelmed with writing and official business. I have created for you a position in which you are at hand to give your advice; you have nothing to do, and yet are secure of your salary however little you do. As *Director* you have a rank above a *Staatsrath*; as member of the department you have equal rank with the *Staatsräthe*, without their burdensome duties.' Wolf suffered himself to be named Director of the Delegacy,—a delegacy which consisted of men so distinguished as L. Spalding, Schleiermacher, Tralles, Bernhardt, and Erman. But hardly had he entered upon his new duties when he withdrew from them. He would not resign, but he would not act. He retired to his house, and, like Lord Chatham in the inn at Marlborough, declared that the state of his health did not allow him to attend the sittings. In truth, there was disease of body; an obstinate ague hung about him all the summer of 1809 and the following winter, and a constant disorder or dissatisfaction of mind, discontent with himself, with his circumstances, with everybody around him. His gathering spleen was vented promiscuously upon institutions, arrangements, persons. Yet there was greatness of mind even in his frowardness. There was always truth

in his criticisms, even when most ill-timed, or ill-judged in the measure of their severity. In his personal censures he never condescended to petty spite, though he might be harsh, and, as in the case of Heindorf, even cruel. He was prolific in throwing out ideas of what might be done, all of them admirable, but he himself would be the first to thwart any attempt to realise them. He wanted to have a philological *Seminar* on the same plan as that with which he had worked such wonders at Halle, but on a larger scale. A philological seminary was established. But one of the provisions in its statutes displeased him, and he declined to have anything to do with it.

Wolf had now had rope enough, and he had completely succeeded in strangling his own reputation. The patience of the officials was exhausted. But the Philistines were now strong enough to turn upon Samson and bind him. Upon one point they were determined: not to have so impracticable a man as a colleague in any department of administration. The only thing that could be done with him was to make him lecture. He was fit for nothing but to be a professor. So he ended in the very thing which in his first pride he had most disdained, in his going back to his old work of lecturing, and being tied up by a stringent regulation to deliver his lectures or be mulcted of his stipend. The triumph of the red-tapists was complete. Their predictions were verified to the letter. Wolf's wilfulness furnished the bureaux with a convincing proof of their creed, that the man of ideas is an inferior being, not to be trusted with the real business of life. Blissful *Beamtenthum* may long point a moral from Wolf's history. We can easily forgive him for having wrecked his own prospects. It is more difficult to get over the injury he has done the cause, by having furnished in his conduct so signal a confirmation of the popular prejudice as to the unpractical character of learning.

Thus ignominiously ended Wolf's administrative career.

[illegible]

The Plato, advertised with much pomp, went no farther than a title-page full of promises; for the edition of the *Phaedo* (1811), and that of the *Euthyphro*, *Apology*, and *Crito* (1820), did not belong to *the* Plato, but were only texts for the use of schools. Literature, too, had ceased to be a healthy occupation, and become but another material for embroiling him with his friends. His insupportable peremptoriness alienated them one by one. He engaged with Buttman to start a new classical journal, the *Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft*. But with Wolf copartnership was impossible. His associates must be his slaves, or at best his tools. He led off in the first number of the *Museum* with a masterly paper, and then retired in dudgeon. He would have nothing more to do with it. We are involuntarily reminded of the scenes between Hegel and Varnhagen von Ense on the committee of redaction of the *Berliner Jahrbücher*. Hegel, too, was domineering and pertinacious—‘tyrannised,’ to use a Berlin expression, and had more than once nearly ruined the enterprise. But Hegel knew how to be beaten, and to yield, and continued to the last to lend a hearty support to the periodical of his school. Wolf quarrelled with Buttman; he quarrelled also with the gentle and submissive Heindorf. Heindorf’s offence was the heinous one of having edited Plato. Finding that the master went on promising and did nothing towards the edition, Heindorf ventured on an edition of his own, humbly professing that it was only a stop-gap till *the* edition should make its appearance. For this Wolf fell upon him with savage ferocity, the more cruel because Heindorf was known to be dying. ‘Ce chagrin philosophe est un peu trop sauvage!’ This onfall called forth a violent invective in a pamphlet said to be the joint production of Buttman, Schleiermacher, Schneider, Niebuhr, and Böckh, in which Wolf’s arrogance was retorted with insult, and his ‘literary bankruptcy’ exposed to scorn and contempt. It was not

well done, notwithstanding the constellation of names connected with it; so at least Zelter reported to Goethe<sup>1</sup>. Yet, taken together with the odium accumulated on all sides, it produced an evident impression. He pretended not to have read it, and refused to answer it on that ground—‘Weil ich solche Art Wische nicht zu lesen pflege!’ He became more and more withdrawn; the ‘distinguished Eremite,’ Schleiermacher nicknamed him. Zelter describes him as rather subdued by the universal howl. ‘You would be vastly amused if you could see the Isegrimm just now. There are a few who take his part; but he is abused and run down to such a degree, that he cannot help feeling a little uneasiness. He looks like washed leather, and puts up with a good deal that would have been once intolerable to him<sup>2</sup>.’ The dedication of the *Analecta* is the outpouring of a sore and wounded egotism; out of place in the front of a volume of classical criticism, but a curious page of mental revelation. Even in the middle of a critical article—one on Horace—he cannot restrain himself from outbreaks such as this:—‘... even if it had been otherwise worth the while of a scholar such as Lambinus to vex himself to death about the misrendering of a couple of words, when there is so much besides in this world out of joint.’ The punishment he inflicted on Schleiermacher for his share in the pamphlet is given with much better temper—almost with Porson’s quietness. It consisted in printing a single sentence of the *Phaedo* side by side with Schleiermacher’s German version, marking the errors—almost as many as there are words—by italics. Schleiermacher’s weakness as a translator of Plato could not be more severely exposed.

For this lamentable displacement of genius there was to be no remedy but the final remedy of all. Wolf’s health had been gradually giving way for some time. In 1822 he

<sup>1</sup> Zelter to Goethe, 20th October, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Zelter to Goethe, II. 328.

had a serious attack of illness. He celebrated his birthday, 15th February, 1824, with the presentiment that it was the last. His physician ordered a southern climate, and recommended Nice. On his applying for the necessary leave of absence, the answer was that it would be granted on the usual condition,—the withdrawal of half the salary. This was to deprive him of the means of going at all, for Wolf had saved nothing. But by a direct application to the King, the special indulgence of leave of absence on full pay was obtained. So certain did he make that his petition would be granted, that he had started without waiting for an answer, and the leave, together with his passport, overtook him at Frankfort. He left Berlin on the 14th April, saying, 'I will either return strong and sound, or lay my bones in classic soil.' He took the route of Strassburg and Lyons, having friends or pupils to see at almost every place he stopped at. He halted a week at the country-seat of the Faure family at St. Peray, where everything was done that could contribute to soothe and cheer the visibly declining strength, additionally tried by the heat and hurry of a rapid journey. At Montpellier he was still able to go about and see everything. His own imprudent management of himself precipitated the catastrophe. At Cette he insisted on bathing in the sea, that he might feel the Mediterranean. Impatient to get to the end of his journey, he would not be diverted from going through to Marseilles from Avignon in one day, though he had to get up at three a.m. to do it. Arrived at Marseilles, on the very next day he would go out to see the town. A fearful mistral (19th July) could not keep him within doors. He would bathe, and would drink not much wine, but quantities of iced water, and eat *confitures*. Diarrhoea and other dangerous symptoms set in, which he met with more baths and more iced water. On the 8th August he died. He was buried in classic ground—the old Phocæan Massilia. All attempts to

discover, in 1852, the site of his grave in the cemetery were fruitless. Instead of a monument on the site, a marble bust, by Heidel, was placed to his memory by the Association of German Philologists in the *aula* of the University of Halle.

In personal appearance Wolf had an imposing, dignified, somewhat imperious air. He was slightly above the middle size, broad-shouldered, deep-chested; hands and feet well proportioned. A capacious forehead, prominent eye-brow, searching blue eye, combined to express keenness and force of mind. The lips betrayed the interplay of good-humour and raillery, without any trace of the cynicism which unhappily appeared in his conduct at one period of his life. For in Wolf the social man was rarely disturbed by the crosses which vexed the existence of the public man. In his life-career he was a disappointed man; and his deliberate views of men and things were soured by his disappointment. But in social life his powerful nature resumed its sway; his intellect then retained, of the griefs of the professor, only a caustic tinge, which gave poignancy to his wit. He must, we think, have been a difficult person to live with, as are all men of precise habits, and prodigious attention in organising detail. He was separated from his wife in 1802, by mutual consent, she taking the eldest and youngest daughter, Wolf the second, Wilhelmina, afterwards married to W. Körte, Wolf's biographer. Körte, who is evidently on his father-in-law's side, says that Wolf's friends approved of the separation. We should like to hear the women's account of the matter, to apply Sydney Smith's well-known saying. Of domestic unhappiness it is idle for persons outside to judge; though Körte is not reserved, scarcely delicate, in the revelations which he permits himself. Wolf must have been a petty tyrant, exacting, without being harsh or inconsiderate. He was, e. g. so avaricious of his time that he would make his

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appointments to minutes, and he expected others to be punctual to the moment, while he refused himself to be bound by his own engagement. He expected cleanliness and order in the house, and yet was habitually careless in his own person. He had been trained when young in habits of rigid economy ; he had in his nature a disposition to expensive furnishings. Instead of balancing each other, these opposite inclinations alternately ruled him, and led to laughable contradictions in conduct. His household seldom had enough of the necessary, often an abundance of the superfluous. He liked the society of women ; with clever or educated women the sarcasm of his wit, and the despotism of his temper, were laid aside, or merged in the deep sympathies of his nature which they brought out. With these he never overstepped the line which separates raillery from sneer. His memory was inexhaustible in traits of character and anecdotes of the persons he had lived with ; especially of the originals which university life in the old time tended to produce. He never gave himself airs on the strength of his reputation ; persons were known to have been with him months at a time without finding out that they had to do with one of the most learned men of the day. Yet at times he would express his personal feelings with an emphasis which shocked weaker natures. He used to chuckle immensely over Bentley's striking out as spurious the words of Terence, 'Adversus nemini, Nunquam praeponens se illis.' His hatred of affectation was conspicuous in either direction. He would not assume to be what he was not ; nor would he affect modesty. The conversation once turned in his presence on a German dictionary of great pretensions, which was in high favour. Wolf showed, giving examples, that it was nothing beyond one of the ordinary second-hand compilations. The lady of the house, thinking to disarm the severity of the critic, said, among other things, 'And you cannot think, professor, what a high esteem the



author has for you.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'for his opinion of me my man has good reason; his lexicon is not the less a scrubby book on that account.' He hated letter-writing, but when he did write, wrote carefully. The letters of female correspondents he would keep for months open on his desk among his papers, and read them over and over again. Other letters he left for years unanswered. There is a vast collection of letters in the Berlin library, but they are entirely letters to Wolf. Of his own letters a few are published in the Schütz collection. They turn on personal affairs, and are biographically of great interest, but do not enter on classical topics. None of Wolf's books convey an impression of what he was. His letters, if they could be recovered, and if there were enough of them, might do so. His greatest work were his pupils, and, directly or indirectly, through them the whole school of German philologists of the nineteenth century.

*North British Review*, 1865.]

## XI.

### OXFORD STUDIES.

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[*Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

THE Oxford Reform Act is now in operation. It has not yet had time to fulfil or to disappoint the hopes of its promoters or the fears of its opponents. But, within and without, there is a pause of expectation, balanced equally between hope and fear. A favourable moment is thus offered, not for reviving the discussion, but for reviewing the situation. Of the settlement of details, of the adjustment of interests, both ourselves and Parliament may well be weary. In that thankless and irritating, though indispensable labour, the great principles at stake are apt to slide out of view. But the theoretical preacher, who prudently retires from the din of debates, or the jostling of divisions, may be welcomed back again by the very parties to whom, in the hour of actual conflict, he had seemed but a babbling sophist. We do not now come forward as advocates or accusers; we do not propose to criticise the new measure. If we assume the chair of the judge, it is not in any self-sufficient spirit, but for the sake of imposing on ourselves the restraint of moderation, of abstinence from controversy; and also because that is now the only platform from which anything that deserves to be said ought to be offered. But when we ask our readers to rise above the petty and personal interests of the hour, we are not going to lose sight of facts. We are not writing a romance of an academic Utopia, to gain the cheap triumph of pointing out the

shortcomings of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. We have far too pressing a sense and experience of Oxford as it is, to wish to be speculating *tanquam in aliena republica*. We aim not at the reform or overthrow of existing institutions, but desire to see them attain their full stature and elevation. But though weary of controversy, and declining to gossip away for ever the doctrines of life, the sober discussion of our prospects cannot be said to be closed. It is more than ever incumbent on thoughtful men, whose sphere lies in the Universities, to review their own views, to realise the connexion of those bodies with the nation, and to draw from careful, and continued, study of the national problem, more enlarged conceptions of the duties, the powers, the glorious opportunities opening to us. Such discussion is practical in the best sense. It is a platform on which hostile parties may meet as friends, and forget that they belong to a party. Nothing more distinguishes the man of insight from the mere partisan than this: that the effort to understand his opponent's ground brings out his own distinctly to his eye. In the attempt to grasp the opposite principle, we correct and extend our own. Is there any Oxford M.A. of fair mind, who would not say that during the last four years of discussion, his ideas on the duties of a University have not been considerably enlarged and modified? With much still of blind prejudice and uninformed tenacity among the mass, there are many hopeful symptoms.

Indeed, whatever may have been the case when we came to the voting paper, where the dominant party naturally used its numerical superiority without mercy, in the out-of-door discussion a fairer spirit is discernible. There, we divide less into two political parties,—there we find that the real opponents in this place are not so much the Conservatives against the Reformers, as the thoughtful and improvable against the inert, immovable

mass,—there the haughty Radical finds that not all the political wisdom of the University is centered in the score or so members of his own coterie; there the loyal Tory learns that his Liberal friend is as cautious and conservative as himself; and both together, the thinking and reasonable men of both parties, should open their eyes to the truth, that the real enemies of both are the unthinking and the narrow-minded, the self-called practical men,—the men who resist alteration as such, not because they perceive that its scope will be mischievous, but because they cannot comprehend its scope at all,—the men who ridicule Reform as visionary, and cry down Reformers as theorists and doctrinaires,—men to whom history opens her pages in vain, for they have settled their principles and have nothing to learn,—men whose only argument is precedent, yet who are wholly ignorant of the past in which that precedent originated,—men whose term of abuse is ‘German,’ and yet have less than a child’s knowledge of the nature of German institutions. They assume to themselves to be the practical men, and their only claim to the title is never to have looked at a demonstration or a theory. Such men are our real foes. Entrenched in the highest posts, and backed by numbers, they present our great difficulty in dealing with our arrangements from within. Assuredly the House of Commons is not an assembly in which such principles as are involved in our case can be best scrutinized, yet external aid is indispensable to deal with such an impracticable mass.

But with the select class of independent and reasonable men, the epoch of discussion is very far from being closed, if for this reason only, that the very case under consideration is taking a more extensive form. The accidents of a division, last session, removed for us one principal obstacle, not prematurely indeed, but before we were expecting it, and before, at the ordinary rate at

which public opinion travels, we could otherwise have got it. Opinion has scarcely yet had time to follow out the immense practical benefit which the restoration of our connexion with the nation at large may be to the spirit and substance of our education itself. Amid the rapid growth and development of population and of wealth, amid the diffusion and improvement of the lower departments of education, the Universities have narrowed in influence, have decayed in numbers, and (till recently) become paralyzed in any power of elevating the character or expanding the intellect. A subject so wide is far beyond the present limits. We propose to do no more than to consider the character of the education at present given in the University. We do not profess to advance anything new on a subject on which so much has been already said and written, and on which the utmost to which any one can aspire is to invigorate the connexion between our actual arrangements, and the principles on which they rest. We shall—

First, lay down the general conditions under which alone the higher education in a University can be efficient at the present day ; and

Secondly, consider what arrangements of our studies, examinations, etc. can be made, so as best to forward such conditions.

### I.

The first and indispensable condition of the efficiency of the higher education is an intellectual activity, general, pervading, sustained ; and that this activity be directed upon the central and proper object of human knowledge.

It must be an energetic action of intellect, not a mere intellectual power, which may be found in societies the most sluggish and unimproving. It must be pervading ; not the monopoly of a few leading minds—a state of things which is too apt to keep down talent and to discourage

the diffident. It must be sustained—self-sustaining ; not dependent on the casual excitement of some great occasions ; not blown into bursts of flame by topics or controversies imported from without, but fed with its own subject from within. But while not taking the colour and form of the fleeting circumstances of the day, it must be closely allied with the general intellect of the nation ; it must participate in, if it will lead, the movement of thought through the country. The University must be the intellectual capital of the country, attracting to itself, not all the talent, but all the speculative intellect. It should be an independent body, fenced round by its own privileges—prescriptive rights too sacred to be easily invaded—with its own annals and code of laws. But political independence is of less consequence to it than social. It should have sufficient social status for its honours and dignities to be in themselves rewards, and that its members should not be under the temptation to secure for themselves other positions, political or ecclesiastical, to which their academical place would then rank as subordinate. If there be not some proportion between the prizes which public life, or the professions, and those which the University itself, offer, the former will always draw off the highest talent, and leave only the second-rate and mediocre for academic labours. This measure of independence may be secured by incorporation, if on a sufficiently large scale, and does not absolutely require a provincial site. Yet such a locality is, on the whole, preferable to a metropolitan one, though it was not unnatural in the founders of the London University to choose the capital for their institution. They saw the evils of the isolation of Oxford and Cambridge from the existing spirit of the nation, and with the view of re-opening the long-closed connexion between the English world and University education, placed themselves in London, where the pressure of material interests and the

intrusion of the other manifold relations of that complicated life have deadened the purely academic life. Individuals may rise above such influences anywhere, but there is no corporate mental activity. The London University has been crushed under the superior weight of metropolitan life. A university should be situated, like the poet's garden, 'Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it.'

That this mental activity should be associated does not mean only that it should be defended from external attack or interruption by an *esprit du corps*. It is required, in order that it may efficiently teach. For the higher education differs from the primary in this important respect, that the higher education is communicated from the teacher to the taught, by influence, by sympathy, by contact of mind with mind. In teaching the elements of grammar or geometry, as in teaching an art, the teacher lays down rules, and sees that the pupil remembers and conforms to them. The process is mechanical. The memory only and the lower faculties of the understanding are called into play on both sides—pupil and teacher alike. But it is otherwise in the higher spheres of mind. There, the teacher must act with his whole mind, on the pupil's whole mind. He does not then teach rules, not because rules are not framed in the highest parts of subjects, but because no rules or formulae can reach the faculties of mind there addressed. Therefore, in the higher education no teaching can be dogmatic. The instructor does not lay down principles, he initiates into methods; he is himself an investigator, and he is inviting the pupil to accompany him on his road; he does not go down to the pupil's level, but he assumes the pupil to his. Not, indeed, that the best mind at twenty can see with the distinctness, or embrace with the grasp, of matured intellect, but its mode of apprehension is (when rightly led) the same in kind; he is conscious that he is dealing

with realities, not with words—that he is now among truths, and not merely among the things which men have said about truths. He begins to perceive that books and systems are not things to be learned in themselves, but are only so many different object-glasses through which we can look at things.

In advancing this as a description of the higher instruction, we are aware that we are saying, not indeed what is doubtful, but what is liable to be misunderstood, and, still more, to be misrepresented. It may be necessary, therefore, to say that we are not advocating a vague philosophism as the educational medium. What we have advanced is not mysticism, nor transcendentalism, no, nor Hegelianism; nor yet are we advocating the prescribed cultus, 'the worship of the beautiful and the true.' Seriously, the 'indefinite' in philosophy, 'views' in history and politics, 'theories' in physical science, are equally, and on the same grounds, improper in teaching. But there is a difference between the elementary and the higher branches of each of these subjects. When the elementary, which can be taught as rule and dogmatically, has been passed, we arrive at those parts of the subject where experiment and discovery in the physical, and speculation in the moral sciences begin. This is the very vital sphere of the higher education. Nor until the learner reaches this sphere does he arrive at the final stage of his training. To say that he must not be introduced to it till the foundation has been solidly laid in the distinct inculcation and apprehension of the fundamental ideas of the science, is to assert a truism. But a University which confines itself to the elements of the sciences really repudiates its function, and becomes a school. The education which stops where rules and formulae end, is not only imperfect in respect of the knowledge which it conveys of the object, but imperfect in respect of the training of the mind which it accomplishes.



It has not called into play the higher powers of the intellect at all ; it has not communicated an impulse to the original and independent exercise of the judging and discriminating faculties ; but until it has done this, the labour spent in acquiring the rudiments is so much thrown away. The elements of any knowledge are not that knowledge, they are only the road to it. But to suppose that when you have passed through the beaten road, you launch into a land where all is cloud and mist, that when the elementary is transcended, all is vague and undefinable, is a supposition that could only be entertained by those who never arrived there. It is true that the helps and guidance which definitions ready made to the hands have so far afforded us begin to fail, but it is just in that failure that consists the superior gymnastic of this stage. The mind is then beginning to test its own powers of discernment, then only beginning truly to *know*. The meaning and bearing, the ground and principle of the notions of which the understanding has been hitherto recipient, begin to unfold themselves in their mutual relations, and the foundations and symmetry of the whole structure to stand revealed. It has been said that where rules end, genius begins. This is true, but is not to be understood as implying that because rules end, a teacher can do no more. On the contrary, it is precisely there that the utility of the best instructor begins. All scholars will recognise this distinction in their own subject. When grammar, and lexicon, and metrical canon have done all they can for us, then begins the discipline for the sake of which the earlier school labour was put upon us at all, then commences the influence of the critical tact, the fine practised taste of the classical teacher. Genius, it is true, can in this sphere do most for the few, but training can do much for the many. This province belongs not only to the εὐφυής, but also to the γεγυμνασμένος. In the sciences,

moral and physical, there is a province corresponding to this. Nor is there any more vagueness or uncertainty attaching to an apprehension in the higher philosophy, than there is to a perception of cultivated taste in poetry, or a judgment of sage experience in politics. The truth is, that as it is only those who are not scholars themselves who question the utility of classical studies, so it is only those who are untrained in philosophy, who accuse the transcendental of indefiniteness. The analogy holds throughout. For as the contemners of classical scholarship would be right, if scholarship stopped with the rudiments of the language—with grammar, syntax, and prosody, with the laws of construction and accent,—stopped, in short, where with the majority of school-educated Englishmen it does stop,—then it would be true that the spending six or eight years in painfully acquiring two languages is an egregious folly. Just so it is with logic. The logic of the schools, a certain more or less arbitrary collection of formal laws of reasoning, is the grammar of the higher moral or physical sciences. But the whole utility of this grammar is annihilated, if it be not followed up by an advance into those sciences. Logic is indispensable as the preliminary of Philosophy; it is useless if Philosophy be not contemplated as the apex of the education which Logic inaugurates. As the grammar-school system, by which the rudiments of Latin and Greek were painfully inflicted through eight barren years, was a monstrous and truncated phenomenon, when its proper complement, the higher philology, was cut off by the incapacity of the college tutor; so the school logic has been in a preposterous situation since the University schools ceased to afford the higher philosophical teaching, in which alone the art of logic found its use and application.

That the learner then should ascend into the higher regions of his subject, is required to the end that the

higher faculties of his mind should be reached. It is also required to the end that the instructor should put forth the vigour of *his* mind. We can only usefully teach where our interest is fresh and our knowledge enlarging. No one now will dispute that the aim of education is less to inform the mind, than to exercise and call out the faculties. This is true of every stage of education ; but it is less so of the very lowest, and holds good in an increasing ratio as we ascend to the highest stage of the educational process. Children must be shown objects. Till a certain quantity of common observation has been made and stored up, the child's mind has no materials to act upon. When the powers of observation and imagination have been awakened, we aim at strengthening the reasoning faculty, by arithmetic or geometry ; that of generalisation, by history or natural history. When we come, finally, to cultivate the higher powers of reflection or consciousness, or the intuitions of the Reason, the media of this discipline are neither so patent nor so universally possessed. No one can be a qualified instructor in this province of Philosophy, whose own thoughts are not actively and habitually conversant with these speculations. Equally is this the case in the highest generalizations of moral, political, and economic science, where it is indispensable that the constant testing of the principle by its inductive base should be maintained. The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, i.e. when it has lost its connexion with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching. It becomes information, it is no longer knowledge. The tree has no longer its root in the soil : it has become a withered trunk. This is why we cannot teach from our recollections, however trustworthy they may be. The higher education can no more be committed to memory, and learnt by rote or by books, than religion can be transmitted by tradition or by a document. A vital

faith is communicated immediately by spirit to spirit. And so, the philosophical temper,—the last acquisition and the highest reward of the intellectual course,—can only be communicated by the mind which possesses it. In the almost total abeyance of the higher studies in this country, we have come to regard this scientific spirit as purely the gift of nature, and are unaware of the extent to which culture can create and command it. True, it cannot be conveyed to all. Men of intelligence there are who seem wanting in the organ of philosophical power. There must be aptitude on the part of the recipient. But that is no more than is required for the communication of religious or moral truth. And there is no reason for thinking that philosophy, which is only a just and perfect judgment on the bearings and relations of knowledge, should not be as generally attainable as a wise judgment in practical matters is. And should our Universities, ceasing to be schools of grammar and mathematics, resume their proper functions, it will be found that a far larger proportion of minds than we now suspect, are capable of arriving at this stage of progress. For be it again repeated, it is not a knowledge, but a discipline, that is required; not science, but the scientific habit; not erudition, but scholarship. And those who have not leisure to amass stores of knowledge, to master in detail the facts of science, may yet acquire the power of scientific insight, if the opportunity is afforded them. It is the want of this discernment, and the absence of the proper cultivation of it, which produces that deluge of crude speculation and vague mysticism which pervades the philosophical and religious literature of the day, and which is sometimes wrongly ascribed to the importation of Philosophy itself, and its recent unreasonable intrusion on our practical good sense. The business of the highest education is, not to check, but to regulate this movement; not to prohibit speculation,

but to supply the discipline which alone can safely wield it.

It is then necessary to the existence of a higher or academical education, that there exist a scientific and philosophical activity ; that this be organized in an institution ; that by position, endowments, privileges, the institution and its members be sustained in a social independence. It remains to mention one condition of the utility of such an intellectual society, and that is its connexion with the State ; for it is possible for such an institution to be organized with the view of giving some peculiar bent or mould of its own to the minds of youth, as, e. g. the Society of Jesus, which avowedly sought to stereotype intellect in antagonism to the progressive course of philosophy. But the University must be in intimate connexion with the general movement of the world, and its connexion with the State must be determined by the relation of the intellectual activity which the University enshrines and incorporates, to the general national activity ; for a University is not to be considered an incorporation of teachers only, but one for the support and nurture of the higher intellect of the country. In order even to teach, the teachers must be themselves learners, and in progress, in the great school which our own age is to each of us, as we come to understand its spirit and progress. They should be independent, then, but not isolated ; they must be in sympathy and quick communion with the general movement of national mind—indeed, they will be themselves no small part of it ; they will at least embody and represent that movement ; they will at once show and control it ; through them it will find its full vent. In its University the national mind will work and live as its proper organ ; here only will it fully develope itself. As the condition of social, and to some extent political, independence, is necessary to prevent material interests from stifling and absorbing studies, so the condition of sympathy with the

general mind is necessary, both to sustain the required activity, and to make the University a proper seminary for the education of the national youth. The nation does not hire a number of learned men to teach its children; it educates them itself through an organ into which its own best intellect, its scientific genius, is regularly drafted. This education is, in short nothing but the free action of life and society, localized, economized, and brought to bear.

This will perhaps seem to some fanciful and far-fetched, but it is really the substantial ground of the right, and the measure, of legislative interference. It is a principle well enough understood among us in its practical shape, because in that shape none has been more strenuously resisted by a party, of whom most are found within the Universities. On the claim of legal independence, as it is technically defended, we say nothing at present; but the intellectual isolation, in which Oxford at least has for many generations found herself, in which she has forfeited her usefulness and shipwrecked her power, has its defenders. The fact of the estrangement between the University and the world without, between the endowed and privileged educating body and the nation which has endowed and privileged it, and preserves to it the exclusive right of bestowing certificates of education,—this fact is not only not denied but gloried in. ‘The academical establishments of some parts of Europe,’ says Dugald Stewart, ‘are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of mankind is borne along.’ What is cast upon us as heavy censure from without is taken up from within as our highest title to respect. Now, waiving the question as to which party, the University or the national movement, be right, one thing must be admitted, viz. that the severance

between them is an unfortunate schism. If the great expansion of science, literature, and art, which has taken place in the country at large be really a part of the great European progress in civilization, then we, who have resisted it for two centuries step by step, are blamable for not having pressed eagerly in its wake. If, on the other hand, the ancient ways in which we still struggle to stand are the right ways, and the world without us is spinning down the grooves of change from bad to worse, then must we suspect that we have not done our duty in leavening the mass, and being in possession of the key of knowledge, have not opened wide enough the gates of the temple of truth. We have had in our hands unchallenged the higher education of the nation, on the direction and efficiency of which depends the direction of all the subordinate, primary and secondary ; if these have taken a wrong direction, or sought out mistaken methods, it is from our neglect alone that the error began. But whichever alternative be true, it imports to the national welfare that the schism be closed without loss of time ; be this to be done by reconverting the nation to the academical system, or be ours the nobler part to have to confess a mistake, and to admit within our precincts, by a *postliminium*, all that is good, and true, and sound out of the wealth of knowledge that has been accumulating at our gates.

Not, indeed, that the University should be dependent on the mere popular fancy, the fashion of the day. It should be in harmony with the nation, not with the mob ; national, not popular. Without entering into the question whether popular teaching, such as given in mechanics' institutes, or evening lectures, be useful, or merely an amusement, such is not to be the character of university teaching. Indeed, the position we are assigning to the University is the very opposite pole to the superficial. It might with more justice be objected to us that we aim too high, than that we popularize too much. It requires but



little acquaintance with the history of philosophy and science to know that the progress of movement and discovery begins at the top, and works downward. The creed of the few philosophic minds in one age becomes by the law of social progress the creed of the mass of educated men in the next age ; and in the following, if not artificially checked, is diffused through the mass. The leading minds in each age, who are the first to make the discovery or propound the idea, or rather who from their position as possessors of the wisdom of the past, are enabled first to discern and interpret the ever-ripening growth, the harvest of time (for discoveries are '*potius temporis partus quam ingenii*,'), so far from having been acceptable to the popular taste, are usually alienated or disregarded, persecuted, proscribed, or ridiculed, according as the humour of the times is sternly serious, feebly decorous, or childishly frivolous. If the University, then, be in vital connexion with the national intellect, if it take the position above assigned it as the organ and expression of the national movement, it would be more likely to be found unpopular, and to be misunderstood from its advanced view, than tending to sciolism and superficial knowledge. For it is possible for a society of scholars, philosophers, and naturalists to be out of sympathy with the mind of the country, by being greatly before it, or greatly behind it. The former situation may be seen at this moment in Germany, in the department of speculative philosophy. There the political repression consequent on 1848-50 has checked the general development on those subjects, and left the leading minds apparently high and dry above tide-mark : a state of things which is often mistaken for a reaction of thought towards some form or other of the past. But in the English Universities the separation has taken place below. We first fell into arrear of the great movement of metaphysics and physics at the end of the seventeenth century, and before the close of the eighteenth



century the current literature and the general level of science had risen above our mark. Not till this neap-tide at Oxford, and till the standard of attainment with us had fallen below the average attainment of general education, did the reaction within begin. In the first twenty-five years of the present century our standard was gradually raised. Recent improvements have done more ; but they have all been limited by the prevailing idea of bringing up a University education to the level of the best education now extant in the country. They have successively introduced, between 1793 and 1848, mathematics, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, political economy, Sanskrit, and the modern languages of Europe. The new branches of knowledge, after they had struggled into being, and established themselves without, were received, no matter how reluctantly and ungraciously, first into the University precincts, and in 1850 some of them into her *curriculum*. All this, however, even when it shall have been fully done, is but the first step towards regaining our position. Even supposing that all these branches of knowledge, instead of being but barely represented in the University, could be taught here, it would but be bringing us up to the level of pursuit and attainment without. It would only be making us into a place of miscellaneous accomplishment. 'Such an idea of a University,' it has been said, 'is to consider it a sort of bazaar or pantech-nicon, in which wares of all kinds are heaped together for sale in stalls independent of each other, and that to save the purchasers the trouble of running about from shop to shop ; or an hotel or lodging-house, where all professions and classes are at liberty to congregate, each of them strange to each, and each about its own work or pleasure.' We might have incorporated all the principal branches of science pursued in the country, but there would still remain the final step to take. We should then be reinstated on an equality with the average education ; it would

still remain that we should re-enter on the domain of Philosophy which has so long been abandoned to chance occupants. Until we have done this, until we have replaced ourselves on the pedestal of the highest science, and re-absorbed into our system the minds that create and lead thought, we shall not have recovered the influences and conditions necessary to the higher education.

If then we seem to coincide with a class of objectors who are dissatisfied with that idea of a University which would make it a great open school of all the useful arts and popular sciences, it is a coincidence from a diametrically opposite point of view. Those who remember the sneers with which the old Universities greeted the establishment of the London University, as a 'new-fangled radical scheme of pantology,' may measure the progress of opinion, by noting how differently they were then received, from what was felt by all educated men, when in the present year, Lord Derby attempted to jeer at science in the presence of the British Association. The classicist scorners, from their miserable rag of Latin writing and logic, looked then with the contempt of ignorance on all the wonders of the new learning. According to our view of a University, the whole body of sciences, inductive and exact, forms the indispensable groundwork, but only the groundwork, of that liberal education which it is the business of a University to provide. In the positions which each of the two parties in that controversy occupied, there was a point of right on either side. The classicists rightly maintained the principle of a liberal education *versus* useful knowledge; though the classical languages in their hands had ceased to be adequate instruments of such liberal culture. The friends of useful knowledge, on the other hand, saw clearly enough the grand error of the public schools and Universities, in shutting out the great bulk of generally accessible knowledge, and bringing up their *élèves* like Plato's men in the cave. They compared

the learned languages with the physical sciences or mathematics, as acquisitions, and saw that the utility of the one was unlimited, of the other very narrow indeed. They did not know that the classical system in its origin was not a mere communication of the grammar of a couple of dead languages, but had comprehended a complete cultivation of mind, an expansion of the faculties adequate to the whole field of knowledge. It had dwindled in time into a cramping pedantry, under which the herd of students learnt nothing, a few only of the better sort acquired taste and skill in composition, but were utterly left out of the whole region of thought in which their contemporaries were occupied. University men in those days published essays or sermons, neatly worded, with a classical allusion or two happily introduced; but they ceased to have anything to say to the world without. Like those who, when Galileo's telescope was first produced, refused to look through it, they declined to know anything of the new movement, content with asserting in their rational moments, that it was all superficialities, glitter and show, and humbug; or, when irritated, that it was materialist, godless, atheistical. As the movement advanced, triumphant contempt was succeeded by sorrowful lamentation over the decay of 'sound learning.' All England was represented as rushing madly to folly and ruin, and Oxford as the one spot where the true old principles of English education were still understood. 'We are about,' it was said, in 1840, 'to take precisely the same step in advance to ruin which was made at Athens by the first appearance of the foreign sophists<sup>1</sup>.' And in one respect these cries of despair did not exaggerate. They did not exaggerate the greatness of the crisis. It was, and is, a crisis in the history of the higher education in this country. Now, first, after two centuries of unbroken practice, not a reform, but a

<sup>1</sup> Sewell, W., *Introduction to Plato*, 1841.

revolution in the system of our secondary education is in progress. The controversy between the impugners of an exclusively classical education, and the favourers of the modern sciences, is not an episode of that revolution ; it contains the very pith of it, but it contains it in a somewhat narrow and distorted form. It is not a little curious, in reviewing the controversy on classical education which has been going on for the last fifty years, to note that though the inevitable progress of things is gradually but silently giving the preponderance to the modern sciences, the advantage in the controversy has, till quite lately, been with the defenders of classical studies. The untenable position of the public schools and Universities has been supported by the classicists on a true principle, while the sound cause of scientific knowledge has been mostly argued by the naturalists on a false one. The classicists have not only written well, and brought out in a clear light many of the secondary benefits of the dead language training, but they have held to the fundamental idea of intellectual culture as the great end of education. Their error lies in their not understanding that the study of antiquity, of the past, even when much more profound than it usually is, cannot now convey that culture. Their opponents, on the other hand, in the free possession and enjoyment of the wonderful field of real knowledge, have lost sight of the truth, that for the purposes of education, knowledge is only a means,—a means to intellectual development. They will stake the issue on the comparative utility of the Classics and of Science, whereas they ought to place it on the comparative fitness of the two subjects to expand the powers, to qualify for philosophical and comprehensive view. In short, they confound life with education, and forget, or know not, that though a useful and practical life may be the end of education, yet that the perfection of education consists in the perfection and enlargement of the intellect *per se*. While the men of

science continue to declare the educational use of science to be what Bacon most justly pronounced its practical end, viz. its employment to command the powers of the material world, they offer an easy victory to the classicists, who rightly stand up for the principle of mental cultivation. As soon as the classicists extend their view of mental cultivation, and admit the philosophical and speculative development as a much higher type of that cultivation than the mere æsthetic perfection at which they now aim, they will see that the study of a few writers who may be models of literary taste is quite inadequate to bestow that cultivation.

The 'Classical education' controversy—the cause 'Things *v.* Words'—merges in a much more extensive one. We have said that the present is a crisis or revolution in the higher education, agreeing in this with those who dread or deplore the change they daily see effecting itself. To understand it fully, we must recur to what was just now laid down on the connexion of education with the actual progress of thought in the nation at large. The lower branches of education differ in this respect from the higher, that in the latter, nothing can be arbitrary. Where training and strengthening the faculties only are the objects, many different studies may, in different ways, serve the purpose, and where one school may employ mathematics, another may employ logic, or oral disputations, or repetitions, with the same happy results. But when disciplinal studies have done their best, and we come to those whose purpose is to liberalize or expand the mind, here we have no discretion, no latitude of choice. The end here is the cultivation of mind in itself, for its own sake; the nurture and growth of the mind to the full proportions; no mere training of particular faculties to be employed in special services. To this end there is but one means, the end being the harmonious development of the intelligence,—a given rational nature

with unvarying properties. The means are nothing less than all the extant knowledge of the age in which we happen to live ; a variable quantity and material. Intelligence is relative to its object. If we fix our aim steadily on a perfect culture, a philosophical comprehensiveness of thought, we cannot afford to ignore any important class of ascertained facts ; for a liberal culture is not the knowledge of facts, but intellectual grasp—not a collective acquaintance with many sciences, but a harmonious survey of knowledge, in all its parts, as a whole : and the liberal teacher is so, not by virtue of an elaborate acquaintance with the details of any one branch, but by his just and methodical combination of the principles of all. Such words as ‘profound,’ ‘thorough,’ are apt to mislead us on this subject. A man is said to have a ‘thorough’ knowledge of his subject when he knows it in all its details ; but also he is a ‘profound’ man, who knows the fundamental principles of all knowledge in their mutual bearings and relations. In this sense, nothing can be known profoundly, if known independently. If we have not a view of the universe of things, if we do not conceive of Man, Nature, and God, taken together ; then, however perfect our acquaintance with any one province, it seems it cannot be a profound knowledge. So that these words, ‘deep,’ ‘thorough,’ etc., have a good and true sense when said of knowledge in two very opposite directions ; when all the facts and cases are distinctly possessed, on the one hand ; on the other, when they are properly built into a scientific structure. A complete or perfect knowledge, then, will require both those conditions, must be thorough in both senses. And, be it observed, mere generalization will not do. It is not enough that we systematize, methodize, theorize. Nothing less than *the* system which explains all systems, the theory which places all the facts, the universal method, must be thought of. It is true, indeed, that general views, even baseless ones, are more

liberalizing than the study of particular facts. Even a false system elevates the thoughts; but to be general without being exact, to systematize without reference to facts, this is to be superficial. In some countries and periods, this tendency has ruled the national mind, and has possessed itself of the higher education. In France, the impulse given, when about thirty years ago the University and philosophical studies began to raise their head for the first time since their *de facto* suppression under the despotism of Louis XIV, was in this spirit. The literature and educated men of that country are characterized by habits of rapid generalisation, a power of looking at things in masses, and speaking of them in the dialect of philosophy. But being based on no complete knowledge or solid acquisition of any kind, this habit is essentially false and misleading, and indeed is little more than a brilliant imposture. Liberal education in France is not yet considered worth having for its own sake, or as a qualification for *life*; it is wholly subordinate to the purpose of shining in society; only so much of it is attained as shall serve as a qualification for *conversation*, and no accomplishment is so showy and dazzling as the easy and habitual use of the language of philosophical culture. The fact that society demands for its currency this cheap and spurious imitation of the true metal, while it warns us of a danger, at the same time renders the homage of hypocrisy to virtue. Allow education any play at all, begin to impart knowledge, and the mind will systematize it. If you are not prepared with the true and all-comprehensive method, you must expect to see a partial, hasty, one-sided, superficial philosophy spring up; for philosophy there will be, if there is knowledge at all. But it is a mistake to suppose, as is sometimes done, that this superficiality of French secondary education is owing to its not being conducted as our own is, on the basis of the ancient languages; to a want, in short, of the grounding



in Greek which our grammar-schools give. On the contrary, its superficiality is owing to its being exclusively a language training instead of a science training; the difference between it and our own being only that they employ a modern literature, and the terminology of the philosophy of the day, while we employ an ancient language and literature. Their University education is undoubtedly superficial and inferior in its aim to ours; but it is more expeditious, and answers its purpose, such as that is, with perhaps fifty per cent. of the students. Ours aims higher, but is so ill-constructed and slovenly, that a very small proportion of the students go far enough in Greek to derive any benefit, even a superficial one, from what they learn of it.

The liberal education, then, which it is the office of a University to supply, being this enlargement or illumination of mind—this mental breadth—what Bacon<sup>1</sup> calls ‘Universality,’ it is necessary that it be real: i. e. that it be based on knowledge, that it be a comprehensive view of science, and not a mere acquaintance with the terminology of science. On the one hand, an education in facts, in some one or more special art or science, is not liberal education at all; on the other, the mere habit or power of taking general views, universal notions as learnt from literature, is a hollow and spurious liberalizing of the mind. Such notions are to it, abstractions—mere words. To teach the sciences only is not an education at all; it is only a communication of knowledge. An education by literature does in some measure liberalize the mind, but it is at second-hand, through other men’s thoughts, and in the way of tradition; it is a fallacious fabric, a sophistical power of words, rather than an eternal possession of truth and reality. ‘Real speculative knowledge demands the combination of the two ingredients, right reason and facts

<sup>1</sup> If any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he does not consider that from thence all professions are supplied.—*Advancement of Learning*.



to reason upon. Invention, acuteness, connexion of thought, are necessary, on the one hand, for the progress of philosophical knowledge; and, on the other hand, the precise and steady application of these faculties to facts well known and clearly conceived<sup>1</sup>. A University must aim at compassing a complete cycle of knowledge; it must embrace the more important sciences under all the three branches, physical, mathematical, moral; but it does not aim at teaching these in and for themselves. Nor even does it teach them solely for the discipline which the exact learning of any one thing carries with it. The former supposition, that the sciences were to be taught as so much useful knowledge, has been an error attending many of our recent attempts at University reform. That knowledge is taught chiefly for the sake of the discipline of learning it, is the equally imperfect view<sup>2</sup> of their opponents. The sciences must be cultivated by a University, but only as a means and material of that science of sciences which is to follow upon them, and in the acquisition of which a University education consists. To this the sciences are introductory, but not only as preparatory discipline, as *progymnasmata*, but as being the substance and body of which philosophy is the spirit and animating soul. What the facts of a single science are to that systematic arrangement of them which makes them into a science, that the complexus of all the sciences is to the great Method, the architectonic science, which arranges all knowledge in one harmonious structure, appointing its place, assigning its value, and arranging in a regular series each incorporate branch. 'There is a method which consists in placing one or more particular things or notions in subordination either to a pre-con-

<sup>1</sup> Whewell, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Introduction.

<sup>2</sup> Some expressions of Sir W. Hamilton (e.g. *Discourses*, etc., Appendix, p. 674) might be produced as seeming to favour this view; but a reference to other parts of his papers on the subject of education will show that he places intellectual discipline in proper subordination to the higher effect of philosophical training.

ceived universal idea, or to some lower form of the latter—some class or order which derives its intellectual significance and scientific worth from being an ascending step towards the universal. Without this master-thought there can be no true *method*; and according as the general conception more or less clearly manifests itself throughout all the particulars, as their connexion and bond of unity, according as the light of the *idea* is freely diffused through and completely illumines the aggregate mass, the method is more or less perfect<sup>1</sup>. Many other secondary purposes may be served by a University; it may be the home and nurse of learned men, it may promote the progress of science, it may qualify for the learned professions. None of these are its true or primary purpose. If science be promoted by a University, well and good; but such promotion is not to be required of it. Academies or learned societies are for the furtherance of special sciences. In France, the Institute performs this office well, even while the University is extremely deficient. The promotion of their science is the sole end of such societies; but in a University every science sinks into a means to a worthier end—the cultivation of mind. This is the one use to which it puts knowledge—the light in which it regards science. The products of a University are not inventions, improvements, discoveries, novel speculations, books, but the fully educated man; the *περὶ πάντων πεπαιδευμένος*. Its one great achievement is that philosophical spirit which has been finely described as ‘un talent acquis par le travail, et par l’habitude, pour juger sainement de toutes les choses du monde. C’est une intelligence à qui rien n’échappe, une force de raisonnement que rien ne peut ébranler, un goût sûr et réfléchi de tout ce qu’il y a de bon ou de vicieux dans la nature. C’est la règle unique du vrai et du beau<sup>2</sup>.’

<sup>1</sup> S. T. Coleridge in *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

<sup>2</sup> Abbé Nauze, *Des Rapports que les Belles Lettres et les Sciences ont entr’elles*, quoted by J. H. Newman, *Lectures*, p. 395.

A perfect liberal education and the formation of a good judgment or philosophical temper are identical, and it is for the sake of this greatest and noblest of human products, that an institution for the higher education employs knowledge. 'Philosophy is reason exercised on knowledge; the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed, not in themselves, but as relative terms, suggesting a multitude of correlatives, and gradually, by successive combinations, converging one and all to their true centre<sup>1</sup>.' A University must be founded on Philosophy, and Philosophy must be founded on adequate knowledge, and no knowledge is adequate that does not compass all the great groups of facts which history and experience or experiment have accumulated and classified. Speculation, to be vital, must be in immediate contact with the facts about which it is occupied, and it is a well-established fact in the history of liberal education, that the periods in which the theory and the practice of it have made the greatest improvement, have been periods immediately succeeding some of the great discoveries in science, or some of the great impulses to the study of facts<sup>2</sup>. A new impulse to the observation of nature, revived attention to historical and antiquarian

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Newman, *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford*, p. 289. The substance of this sermon has been repeated by the author in the *Discourses on University Education addressed to the Catholics of Dublin*. (See particularly Discourses 5 and 6.) The author, writing down to an uneducated and prejudiced audience, to whom party terms are almost the only intelligible language, endeavours from time to time to adapt his meaning, and to apologise for having formed just views of education before he became a Catholic. These adaptations, however, have not been suffered to mar the admirable clearness and breadth with which he delivers the principles.

<sup>2</sup> That logical method improves not by the study of mind but by the study of nature, has been observed by several writers. See Whewell, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Introduction; and Poste, *Translation of the Posterior Analytics*, Introduction. That improvements in education follow improvements in logical method has lately been insisted on by Whewell, *Lecture at the Royal Institution*, p. 7, thus very much modifying the opinions on the subject he had expressed in 1837, in his *Principles of University Education*, p. 24, etc.

*Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

research, has always had a tendency to rekindle speculative studies, and the revival of speculation has next acted on the educational practice of Europe. Three such epochs specially distinguish themselves. The philosophical teaching of Aristotle summed up the collected civil experience and natural knowledge of free Greece, and on the philosophical arrangements of the peripatetic schools were founded the earliest Universities or liberal schools of Greece and Western Asia, in which the old Greek semi-military education was expanded into an organized system of human culture. The great Universities of Western Europe took their rise or their greatness in the keenly speculative period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, itself the reflection and reaction of thought on the masses of knowledge which time had been re-collecting or re-discovering, and which political circumstances then first made available as new material. Lastly, the *Novum Organon*, and the Method of Descartes, improved philosophical methods, were thrown up very early in the revival of physical knowledge. And if the new speculative philosophy to which they have given birth has not penetrated our Universities, it is only because it has been excluded by the strong arm in possession, and we have shut out too, as long as we could, the physical knowledge on which it is based. On the continent, however, before the great German University development of recent times, it was remarked by Crousaz, that a great improvement in the established modes of academical education had been brought about by the 'Art de Penser'.<sup>1</sup> The same law of the progress of thought, and its action on educational systems, may be discerned in the history of particular countries, or of special subjects; e.g. the celebrity of Bologna in the twelfth century consequent on the revival by Irnerius of civil law studies. It may be sufficient at

<sup>1</sup> Crousaz, *Logic*, Preface, quoted by Dugald Stewart, *Prelim. Diss. Works*, vol. I. p. 163.

present to have pointed to the general fact of the sequence—science, speculation, educational impulse—in the history of civilization, which, indeed, is that of education; for education is only the natural result of the instinct to communicate our culture; an instinct active in proportion as the culture is vigorous and enlarged. An accomplishment, or a skill, its possessor desires to monopolize; talent excites admiration, not sympathy. Enlargement of mind, as of character, seeks to propagate itself; the more that share it, the greater our gain. Intellect attracts intellect in proportion to its capacity: there is a freemasonry of intelligence, as such; even while we are young, we are conscious of this before we can comprehend it. The young are worshippers of talent and condemn learning, yet they feel the power of genius and intellect; and, as Alcibiades held Socrates's robe, for the virtue that went out from him, the most intelligent pupil seeks the most intellectual instructor.

To establish the true theory of liberal education, it is important to note this historical sequence. And not only does the discovery of new fact originate activity of thought, but that activity of thought can only be true and just, where it is in vital and permanent connexion with the knowledge on which it is engaged. But speculation has a fatal tendency to overstep this limit, to wander away from its subject, to turn back on itself, to become speculation on speculation. From a philosophy it becomes a philosophical literature. From an harmonious arrangement of actually possessed and extant knowledge, it becomes a series of conjectures of possible systems, not determined by the facts, but determined only by the nature of the systems which went before. In this state, speculative philosophy, or, as it should rather be called, conjectural systematizing, is most unfit for the educational medium. And it is through this retroversion of thought on itself that an age of high cultivation can be succeeded

by one in which civilization stands still, and the education which depends on it sinks into inaction. Turning to history, we may mark two great periods at which this annihilation of mental activity by itself, and the consequent loss of the higher education, has occurred. One such epoch may be found in contrasting the fifth with the middle and close of the fourth century of the Christian era, though in this instance the case is so complicated with other conditions, that we cannot stay to disentangle our point of illustration. The second is more generally known, the silencing of the Latin philosophy by itself, and the consequent decay of University life which had arisen with it, till it was a second time re-invigorated at the classical revival, or the restoration to the world of a new material for thought and observation. Whether the present mighty German speculative activity, splendidly as it is now exerting its force as the lever of all thought, and the determinator of the higher education wherever such education exists, not in Germany only, but throughout Europe; whether this movement will finish by a similar suicidal end, or will be saved by continually maintaining its connexion with life and nature; as this is a future contingency, it cannot be cited in instance on either side. It has been from an observation of such periods of the decline of speculation, when it has begun to be theoretical merely, that some writers, not adverse to freedom of thought as such, have condemned philosophy as an unfit medium of education. Such a sentence is just only of philosophy when it has ceased to be a true analysis and harmony of knowledge in its real relations, and has become a notional form; but it is false in theory, for without a just philosophy there can be no perfect education. It is false in fact, for history shows us that discoveries of new fields of fact have only stimulated liberal study through the impulse which they have given to inquiry and speculation.

If we turn to the history of our own University, to see how far that bears out the principle now maintained, viz. that the fate of the higher education in any country is intimately associated with the progress and fortunes of philosophy in that country, or that liberal education depends on the state of free knowledge ; we shall find, in our recent history, signal confirmation of that law. It is true that the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries supply no less certain evidence of its truth. The reason we do not now appeal to this epoch is, that the philosophical history of that period is so little generally known, and so erroneously conceived, in this country, that we should only embarrass our argument by the introduction of so much fresh disputable matter. It would be of no use to appeal to the rise and fall of the scholastic philosophy ; when, owing to the narrow theological medium through which our history is looked at, all the intellectual product of the times before the Reformation is only thought of as so much cobweb and rubbish, and the epochs of its energy and decay are involved in one contemptuous neglect. For this reason, we pass over the wonderful purely philosophical out-throw of the thirteenth century ; the mixed philosophical and literary revival accompanying the Wycliff struggle ; the suppression of which was the death-blow of the medieval type of University life, and threw back English civilization for two centuries. The next revival was the classical *renaissance* ; a purely literary and artistic movement. This reached its acme about the reign of Henry VII, and first years of Henry VIII. It had its first birth indeed earlier, soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, and did not expire till towards the middle of the sixteenth century, in the religious troubles of the close of Henry's reign. Out of this impulse sprang the colleges ; some of them into being ; all of them into the preponderating element in the University : though as usual the institutional change was not effected till the



intellectual force which occasioned it was already past its meridian vigour. The classical revival was not a local or temporary phenomenon, it was European; and so far from originating in this country, it was communicated to us from Italy through Paris, and by the patronage of the noble and wealthy found its way into Oxford and Cambridge. It was the movement of the day, finding its home and sphere in the Universities. The rapidity and success with which it superseded other studies, at Oxford especially, which on this occasion took the lead, contrast with the slowness with which it won its way in Paris, against the logicians, or in Germany, against the *viri obscuri*. This is to be ascribed to its having been taken up by the colleges, old and new, which were just then rising into social consideration, and which by the timely adoption of the new studies obtained an entire ascendancy over the monastic *hospitia*, as well as over the University schools, which clung to the old learning, and shared its fall. We must not overrate the positive acquirements of that age of Oxford<sup>1</sup>. Compared with what has since been reached, they are but the attempts of children. Compared with contemporary Italy, they lagged far behind. It is sufficient that all the life-blood that was in circulation was flowing freely through the University veins. The only subject which at that time had power to give cultivation was the remains of ancient learning. The life of the old scholastic studies was fled, and all the wisest and most enlarged minds, as Fox and Wolsey, saw the necessity of adopting the new studies as the basis of education. The Church, indeed, was not to be led by the wise or liberal,

<sup>1</sup> We cannot, in our limits, adduce evidence, and must confine ourselves to results. If we quote the well-known passage from Erasmus's letter, dated Oxford, December 1497, it is to qualify his exaggerating compliment. Our argument is only on the free participation of Oxford in the movement, and does not turn on the amount of philological knowledge actually reached. 'Mirum est dictu, quam hic passim, quam dense veterum librorum seges efflorescat; tantum eruditionis non illius protritæ ac trivialis, sed reconditæ, exactæ, antiquæ, Latinæ Græcæque, ut jam Italiam nisi visendi gratia non multum desideres.'



and clung tenaciously to the old, not because they were the better, but because they were the accustomed. Thus, when classical studies were first introduced, and succeeded philosophy in the academic *curriculum*, they owed their immense superiority to their accidental relations to that particular philosophy, not to their essential fitness for education. In the first place, that philosophy had entirely lost all life and meaning; it was no longer an organic structure of free thought, it was petrified into a soulless orthodoxy. The secular arm had been engaged to kill the Wycliff movement, and that last upthrow of Latin philosophy was amply avenged in its fall, by seeing the triumphant party seal their own death-warrant in the act. The principles of the scholastic philosophy lost their hold on the general mind, which sought out now an entirely new direction, and found it in the Greek and Latin classics, on which it eagerly fastened. The classical revival we have called a literary movement, as distinct from the previous direction of thought, which was philosophical; but it contained in it a truly speculative germ. We are not alluding to the mystical Platonism of Ficinus, and the disputes between the Aristotelians and the Platonists, which broke out in the bosom of the new studies. These scarcely penetrated to England; but the study of heathen literature led to an entirely new mode of viewing things. It called men to a new standing point from which to observe the external world. Though literary and not philosophical, it shifted reason from the catholic starting point to another, from which, as soon as things were looked at and speculated on, an entirely new philosophical direction was given. Thus, historically, classical studies were not adopted into the higher education, as the result of a long and varied academical experience. They began in defiance of that experience; they rushed in, as it were, *in vacuum*, to fill the void, where a philosophy, which had lost its root in science, had ceased to be. It was not ripe

wisdom, but barbarism, which gave the classics the surprising power which they undoubtedly exercised over the whole intellect of that age. They were the new discovery to which the whole attention of Europe was turned. For it may be well asked, how came it that the classics were only turned out when they were, viz. at the end of the fifteenth century? Had not men had the best of them in their hands for centuries? And, as for the rest, they knew well enough where to look for them, when they wanted them. The usual supposition, that the classics and classical taste were imported into the West from Constantinople on its fall, is no true account of this revolution in thought. The objects were old enough, but the eyes to see them had been wanting. It would be more than a mere metaphor to say that the mind of Europe was in the stage of the boy's mind, when, after toiling through grammar and parsing, the graces and beauties of composition first begin to dawn on him; but as soon as, in and through the perceptions of taste, the ideas of the ancient world began to open to Europe, a speculative interest began to arise out of the literary. The classics, then, came in and established themselves on a totally different ground from that on which their retention can now be maintained. They came in neither as language nor as philology, but as a revelation of a whole new cycle of ideas. They must always retain a singular value; but they can never again be adequate to engage the whole active thought of the civilized world, till it shall re-enter that period of infancy in which it was at the time of the revival. When literature and art are the highest intellectual objects cultivated by a people, it argues a great weakness in the mental power of the nation, either generally, or in the particular age of which we are speaking. The classics must always have a subordinate part: they never can have an exclusive occupation of any institution professing to give a culture adequate to our existing

knowledge of the universe, and its material and spiritual laws.

This period, then, of Oxford Studies, which we may say terminated with the commencement of the agitation of the matter of the King's divorce, was the latest era in our history, at which we find Oxford in the full enjoyment of all the extant culture. Behind the Italian Universities, scarcely behind Paris, but in either instance, only so far behind as England in general had, in the baronial wars, relapsed towards barbarism. Whatever speculative activity, whatever knowledge existed in the kingdom, was fully possessed, employed, in the University, was educative there. How the disastrous years that ensued,—the remainder of Henry's reign, those of Edward VI and Mary—blighted all culture, crushed all spirit, and checked progress,—*expulsis sapientiae professoribus, atque omni bona arte in exilium acta*,—it is beside the present purpose to bring forward. This, too, was the period of the deepest degradation for the Universities—materially, morally, intellectually. Their numbers fell off, their property lay at the King's mercy, all independent spirit was broken, and education was reduced to enforcing conformity to the Six articles which Henry had declared to be the standard of truth. Gardiner, as Chancellor of Cambridge, wrote to the Vice-Chancellor 'that the King's gracious Majesty had, by the inspyracion of the Holy Ghost, composed all matters of religion,' and exhorting the teachers not to 'spend your philosophy about sounds, but take that which is set forth to you<sup>1</sup>.' When twenty years of tranquillity and order had restored the possibility of intellectual life, we find two results. First, that taste, poetry, and literature, were the first intellectual fruit to revive after the moral pestilence which had desolated the nation. The reign of Elizabeth produced accordingly a rich

<sup>1</sup> Ellis, *Original Letters*, 2nd Series, quot. ap. Huber, *English Universities*, I. p. 267.

*Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

harvest of poetry and general literature, but it was not till the beginning of the next century that speculative thought and the severer studies again raised their heads. Secondly, that the movement of the national mind is carried on no longer within the Universities, but without them. From that time to the present, the Universities have ceased to originate, to rule, even to respond to, or be affected by, such intellectual activity as the nation has possessed. The whole of that sphere of thought in which a liberal training consists, or by which it can be accomplished, has been abandoned by them. So far as it has gone on at all, it has gone on without them. Ever since Henry VIII's first interference with opinion here, the Universities have been kept in dependence by the State; under Elizabeth, and under James and Charles, the fetters were drawn tighter and tighter, and education, starved by its severance from the living current of thought and opinion, gradually died out. Much has been said and written in the late controversies on the 'independence' of the Universities of the civil power. That we should have the management of our own affairs, and the regulation of our own studies, has been contended for as a sacred principle. Most justly; and much more precious still, as the one great condition, without which we cannot fulfil our functions as national teachers, is independence of thought. Our deprivation of this great prerogative has told with equally fatal force on the University from which philosophy has been banished, and on literature without, in which speculation has gone on without the discipline and cultivation which should have regulated, controlled, balanced it. It is not, certainly, the business of a University to provide a national literature. But in some sort it is responsible for its defects. A grave defect of taste or principle in the current literature of an age, is argument of a fault in the higher education which is administered. In the characteristics of our popular literature, in its aimlessness,

its mixture of strength and sophistry, its vague baseless theorizing, in the utter absence of the true philosophical spirit, we must recognize the want of the harmonizing hand of liberal culture. Rude, native strength there is in plenty. This we owe to our freedom. Direction and purpose there is none; for the sacred central fire has been extinguished, and we go about sticking up lights in corners. What Fichte, writing in 1794, said of the Prussians, is very applicable to ourselves now: 'Whilst within the circle which common experience has drawn around us, men take larger views, and pass more accurate judgments than in any former period; the majority are completely misled, as soon as they take a single step beyond this limit.' Such philosophical teaching as the nation has had, has come to it from without in the profound silence of its proper teachers. Cartesianism, Locke, the Scotch school, German influences, all these have in turn moved and swayed and affected the life and thought of successive generations, while Oxford has had nothing to say on the subject, has condemned, rejected, and finally ended by unconsciously adopting a residuum of each into its modicum of logic, the only shape in which it retained any fragment of philosophy.

We would not be thought harsh or unjust to 'alma mater.' Many excellent influences flowed from Oxford, many good men imbibed wisdom and holy inspiration, if not from her studies, at least from their own studies within her precincts, even during this long period of her captivity. In another connexion it may be our pleasing task to point out some of these; we speak now of one point only, though that the vital one—of liberal education. On a calm survey of our history, it must be admitted, however surprising the fact to those who have never so considered it, that from the time that Henry VIII violently crushed learning here, till quite recent times, viz till the Examination Statute of 1804, Oxford had ceased

from the proper functions of a University, had ceased to be a school of liberal culture on a philosophical basis, was restricted to an inferior sphere, and exerted only casual, secondary, incidental influences. Were we now passing a judgment, or awarding praise or censure, it would be easy to show that the blame was wholly with the Government, which had gagged the University, and not the University itself, which had but the choice of submission or destruction. Every true friend of Oxford must own with gratitude the service rendered towards recovering our liberty by Sir W. Hamilton, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*. The light thrown by his articles on the position and duties of a University has contributed much to the enlightenment of the public mind on a subject, of which the history and principles had almost passed into oblivion. The tone of those articles, however, was hostile to a degree it would probably not have been, had the venerated writer sufficiently remembered that we were not the causes of our own imbecility. The King and Parliament had tied our hands, and made a theological and philosophical school an impossibility ; they had left us nothing but school books. The counts of the indictment, therefore, against Oxford were perfectly just, but it was laid against the wrong parties.

But we are not offering criticism or awarding reproof ; we are endeavouring to trace one effect to its causes. The revival under Elizabeth extended to letters only, and even this very imperfectly ; in the higher branches what little was taught did not go beyond the rudiments. What Whitgift was to Cambridge, Laud was, a little later, to Oxford. Both of them men of the narrowest views as to the nature and claims of the intellect, wholly intent on making the Universities political tools, subservient to the maintenance of the existing state of things. Stability was, indeed, to both a primary object ; Whitgift, looking backwards, might well dread a repetition of the violent

oscillations of 1540-62 ; Laud, looking forwards, could not but be conscious of the thick-coming storm. The measures then taken in the cause of order, security, and permanence, had the effect of drying up the very springs of our life, and cut us off from giving or receiving from the nation at large a healthy intellectual impulse. Then was laid the foundation of that fatal divorce between the Universities and the national mind, which has lasted ever since. This alienation reached its acme, politically, about the middle of the last century, when Oxford had become identified with the sullen and anti-national Jacobite faction ; morally and intellectually, about the close of the century, when it can scarcely be said that the University gave any education at all. We sustained our very existence by means of our political connexion and our landed property, and had altogether lost our hold on the national mind. Speaking only of Oxford, and omitting exceptional instances, such as the prelections of Sanderson on Moral Philosophy in 1643, or those of Blackstone on English Law in 1754, we may say, that from the Laudian Statutes of 1636, till the First Examination Statute of 1801, the University *curriculum* became more and more narrow, the efficiency of what remained, less and less. Those very statutes, indeed, still remained to testify to a comprehensive and elaborate scheme of liberal culture, erected on a philosophical survey of the whole field of human knowledge in a distant age, but of which not only were the regulations disused, but the very meaning and import was no longer understood by the academies themselves. The very idea of a complete or liberal education had long been altogether lost, and of course the means and appliances thereto could no longer be wielded, or the different stages of proficiency marked. These degrees (*gradus*), indeed, were maintained, but they only denoted social status, or determined academic precedence ; even in the humbler province of mental discipline, the



eighteenth century performed still less than the seventeenth. In the seventeenth, the oral disputations both required some training, and put it publicly to proof; at a later period these were allowed to become bare forms; a mere shred of the old logic was dogmatically taught, no longer understood either by the teacher or the learner. Oxford's aim had dwindled to teaching the classics; but even here it may be affirmed that the standard of attainment was deplorably low, for, as a discipline, the mere construction of sentences is very imperfect unless accompanied by composition. But Latin composition was hardly taught at all in the University; the few tutors of colleges who had a competent acquaintance with the text of the classics, confined their instructions to hearing a class construe a Greek or Latin author. What this instruction amounted to, Mr. Fynes Clinton has recorded; writing in 1823 he says: 'When I first went to Oxford (in 1799) Greek learning was perhaps at the lowest point of degradation; during the seven years of my residence there, four of them as an undergraduate, I never received a syllable of instruction concerning Greek accents, or Greek metres, or the idiom of Greek sentences; in short, no information on any one point of grammar, or syntax, or metre; those subjects were never named to me<sup>1</sup>.' Yet Christ Church, under Cyril Jackson, was probably more efficiently tutored than any other college at the same date. Oxford, in fact, was become a mere grammar-school, and a bad classical school, inasmuch as the tutors of colleges were, on the average, inferior scholars to the head-masters of public schools. A well-taught boy from such a school could learn nothing in a tutor's lecture-room, and by being classed with the half-taught and the untaught, and in the general absence of all supervision or motive, he probably lost ground; indeed in taste and general reading, if not in scholarship, the *élite* of the

<sup>1</sup> Fynes Clinton, *Autobiography*, p. 230.



students were probably superior to the Dons, whom they looked down upon as ignorant, lazy, and somewhat sensual pedants. No responsibilities were acknowledged towards the undergraduate; college emoluments were 'preferment,' the private freeholds of independent gentlemen. The reaction came from the very extremity of the disease. Had Oxford, deprived of the power to give a universal culture, maintained reputation and efficiency as a classical school, or taught any one branch well, as Cambridge did mathematics, no great complaint would have been made. For the demand for liberal education by the educated classes is liable to the same great obstacle as the demand for primary education by the working classes; when they are without it, when it does not exist among them, they do not feel the need of it. The nation then did not expect of the University that it should give the higher cultivation, for it knew not of any such thing; but as soon as Oxford training was felt to be sensibly below the average school training which did exist out of Oxford, then the evil was begun to be met, though its extent was very far from being appreciated.

This movement, which commenced about the beginning of the present century, following the progress of opinion out of doors, went through two stages. In the first twenty-eight or thirty years the object was to restore to Oxford a disciplinal power in an efficient classical training analogous to that which was working vigorously, by means of mathematics, at Cambridge; and to supplement language, which was felt to be inferior to mathematics as a discipline, Logic was now revived. Logic was almost a lost art at Oxford. When Copleston (Bishop of Llandaff) was appointed tutor of Oriel, he found, to his great perplexity, that he had to lecture in logic, which had just been prescribed by the statute of 1801. Before the statute 'the tutors of each college had lectured their pupils in whatever they thought fit, without reference

to any examination but their own. Logic was by the greater part regarded as a system of useless or obsolete subtleties, to be laid on the same shelf with astrology and alchemy. Mr. Copleston accordingly, having received no instruction in it (at Corpus College), and having no living help to apply to, collected and read all the books he could meet with that professed to treat of it. From this chaos of loose materials, mixed with rubbish, he formed in his own mind a coherent system, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Disciplinal studies thus successfully restored, the next great question was the enlargement of the *curriculum*. It was now admitted that, for a part at least of its students, the Oxford training discharged its duty as an invigorator of the faculties, but it failed in the extent and nature of the knowledge it imparted. It was felt both within and without that there must be something wrong about an education which totally neglected all the vast stores of useful knowledge, scientific and historical, which were in possession and daily use by all but academically educated men. We have pointed out already the mixture of truth and error which this stage of the reform contained. How it was right as to its demand for the incorporation of the new knowledge, wrong as to the ground on which it urged its claim, viz. the useful and practical character of those branches of information. In this question the University is still engaged. The examination statute of 1850, which erected two new schools, having been a somewhat awkward attempt, as all first attempts must be, to satisfy this demand, time, experience, and further discussion are wanted before we shall be able rightly to assimilate the new studies. At the time we adopted them we scarcely knew the full meaning of what we were doing. We felt that we could not be without them, yet we did not know why we wanted them. Some, who opposed the

<sup>1</sup> *Remains of Bishop Copleston*. By R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, 1834.

statute, thought it was a deep-laid scheme of the scientific men to crush sound classical education; others, who favoured it, thought it was a concession to a cry of the day, which only wanted quieting by yielding to it, and are still sanguine that the new subjects will subside into their former insignificance. All are clear that our present position is not final, and that something is still required to harmonize and adapt our practice. A careful consideration of the old academical system prior to the classical *renaissance*, and of the practice of the Greek Universities, from which it was derived, is required to familiarize us with that principle which can alone give light and method to our heterogeneous practice, and enable us confidently to take the next and final step, and restore to the country a truly normal school of liberal education, affording a perfect human culture, disciplining the reason, refining the taste, embracing all knowledge, including all the sciences, no longer jostling against, or anathematized by theology, but in their proper subordination to it as the master science, derived from them, and reflecting back on them life and purpose. This will be the most difficult of all the steps we have had to make. In what we have hitherto done, we have had opinion from without to guide and urge us on. Public opinion has now nearly pushed on education in Oxford (speaking of our studies only, and not of our management, in which very much remains to be done) to the level of its own light and requirements on the subject. It has nearly got what it wants of us, and will not force us much further. It found us simply receiving the youth and sending them away again at the end of three years without any teaching at all, but what they gave each other and themselves. It forced us, first, to continue or improve the work of the classical schools, and Oxford became forthwith an advanced grammar-school, where young men were continued at boys' lessons. It then obliged us to incorporate a variety of arts and sciences, and we are now

on the way, we trust, to become an institute where much useful and practical knowledge may be well and solidly taught. But neither the training nor the information, neither the disciplinal nor the practical studies, will satisfy the requirements of a perfect human culture, till there be reared upon them, as the roof and crown towards which all the parts of the building converge, a true and informing Philosophy. If we should make this attempt, it is certain that we shall no longer have the support of the public opinion that has helped us so far; it is very probable that it may turn against us. Useful acquirement and a vigorous discipline limit the horizon of the best popular idea of education. Enlargement or enlightenment of mind it does not conceive as an object. Perhaps it cannot. Περιττὰ, καὶ θαυμαστὰ, καὶ χαλεπὰ, καὶ δαιμόνια, ἄχρηστα δέ must perhaps ever remain the popular conception of philosophical and theological principles.

There are, however, two grounds for hope that this crowning triumph of education may still be won by the Universities of this country. First, there exists a kind of perception of the value of mental enlargement, not at all on its true grounds as valuable in itself and for eternity, but for its practical utility. To this the Indian Civil Service reporters appeal when they say: 'It is undoubtedly desirable that the Civil servant of the Company should enter on his duties while still young; but it is also desirable that he should have received the best, the most liberal, the most finished education that his native country provides. Such an education is the best preparation for every calling which requires the exercise of the higher powers of the mind.' And Mr. Roundell Palmer goes still further<sup>1</sup>: 'Of the value of an academical education even in a strictly professional point of view, when given on a sufficiently comprehensive system, I entertain no doubt. Superior mental cultivation tells very much in every pro-

<sup>1</sup> *Suggestions, &c.*, published by Committee of Tutors' Association, p. 21.

fession ; it enlarges the views, improves the judgment, and obtains for its possessor consideration and influence in the ordinary intercourse of mankind. It may not introduce a man to business at the beginning of his career, but when he has begun to rise, it helps him to advance more rapidly than he otherwise could ; it adorns and dignifies his success ; and it qualifies him for any elevation in the social scale to which that success may lead.' More theoretically, but to the same purpose, Mr. Davison wrote<sup>1</sup> : 'Of the intellectual powers, the judgment is that which takes the foremost lead in life. How to form it to the two habits it ought to possess, exactness and vigour, is the problem. It would be ignorant presumption so much as to hint at any routine of method by which these qualities may with certainty be imparted to every or any understanding. Still we may safely lay it down that they are not to be got by any "gatherer of simples," but are the combined essence and extracts of many different things, drawn from much varied reading and discipline first, and observation afterwards. For if there be a single intelligible point on this head, it is, that a man who has been trained to think upon one subject, or for one subject only, will never be a good judge even in that one ; whereas the enlargement of his circle gives him increased knowledge and power in a rapidly increasing ratio. So much do ideas act, not as solitary units, but by grouping and combination ; and so clearly do all the things that fall within the proper province of the same faculty of the mind, intertwine with and support each other. Judgment lives as it were by comparison and discrimination. Be it understood that by "judgment" is now meant, not that homely, useful quality of intellect that guards a person from committing mistakes to the injury of his fortunes or common reputation ; but that master principle of business, literature and talent, which gives him strength in any subject he chooses

<sup>1</sup> *Remains of T. Davison*, quoted by J. H. Newman, *Discourses, &c.*, p. 276. *Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

to grapple with, and enables him to seize the strong point in it.’ What Davison in this passage calls ‘judgment’ is what we have called the philosophical spirit,—a power of judging of every object or event on its true ground and nature, and not from some casual association, accident, prejudice, or the habits and conventionalities of the day. The means he proposes for the formation of such a power are inadequate for the full development of it, but it is enough for our present purpose to show that the practical bearing and utility of an enlarged understanding are sufficiently recognised. And this superiority is one which will be increasingly felt and recognised as civilization advances and education spreads.” Empirical knowledge is a power as against ignorance ; but a mere empirical knowledge will not avail against the more perfect machinery of a scientific knowledge. Our national excellences have been all of the material, mechanical, practical sort ; good sense, vigour, determination, readiness. And with these we have triumphed in competition with nations which have been deficient in them. But already we are beginning to find our wealth, population, and materials too vast for our capacities of system. We have no system in anything ; our affairs go on by dint of our practical sense ; a stupid precedent supplying on all occasions the place of method. We are unable to organize our labour market or our commerce ; to codify our law ; to administer any one department on a principle of management ; and every Act of Parliament that is passed presents a laughable array of puzzling contradictions. We can build more solidly, durably, quickly, than at any former time, but we have no architecture ; we add room to room, but we cannot lay out an interior. All our arts of design are become mere copyings from patterns. We have brave and enduring soldiers ; officers of resolution and skill, but no generalship. We have the stores and supplies of war in profusion ; no capacity for

organizing a commissariat. There is a corresponding deficiency in our education. We have some excellent discipline, in practical life, in public schooling, in the energy of our trade ; we have no systematic education. All this is beginning to be understood and felt ; and there is a remedy. The necessary tendency of advancing civilization is to divide and subdivide the applications, as of labour, so of thought. The professions tend to split up into branches ; and skill in one becomes more and more incompatible with skill in another. The more a subject has been explored, the more time does it take each succeeding student to follow the steps of his predecessors. To prevent the disabling effects of this speciality of pursuit, it becomes the more requisite to secure at starting a breadth of cultivation, a scientific formation of mind, a concert of the intellectual faculties. There is an organization of thought as well as of labour. What is wanted is to get this recognized as the proper remedy ; and to have it understood that this commanding superiority, this enlargement of mind, this grasp of things as they are, this clear-sightedness, sagacity, philosophical reach of mind, is to a great degree communicable by training. We, indeed, are far from estimating this power by its applicability. Mental enlargement we know to be self-valuable, not useful ; but if it can be introduced to notice under colour of being useful in life, so be it, so only that it is introduced. The difficulty is to get the thing recognized at all by those who have it not. Cleverness, talent, skill, fluency, memory, all these are understood and rated in the market. A cultivated mind, just because it is above all price, is apt to be overlooked altogether. It argues some discernment, and a considerable degree of education, in a society in which such gifts are even appreciated as useful. And let it once establish itself, even under false pretences, such is its marvellous ascendancy, that, like refined manners, it will conquer and propagate and extend itself by sympathy, by



imitation, above all, by education. In this subject eminently, it is true that the beginning is everything. Comprehensive intellect is nothing in any given sphere of society, until the persons of whom that society consists can be brought to see that such a thing exists. Once its existence understood, and then, like law, or like conscience, which indeed is nothing but a comprehensive understanding of moral relations, its right to judge and decide is admitted as of course. In this way it is that all diffusion of elementary education is, distantly, yet eventually, a step towards the restoration of the higher. Whether or no Government should, or should not, make primary education compulsory, one good effect at least results from its being left to win its way slowly and unassisted; viz. that its progress and improvement are purely due to an experimental conviction, on the part of the population, of its usefulness in life. It is thus put on the footing of a social privilege, rather than of a legal obligation; but if its perceived utility be a sufficient leverage to erect and extend primary education, its force will be tenfold greater in elevating and developing it. And as the development of primary is into secondary education, so that of secondary is into liberal education. So far then is a tendency to, or demand for, useful knowledge, from being in rivalry with liberal culture, that it is its necessary harbinger and provocative. Useful knowledge is, indeed, the true rival of the classical system, of an exclusively literary training, with its dilettante criticism, its fastidious taste, its affected scorn of the practical. Or again, the masculine good sense of the usefully-trained man turns with instinctive aversion from a mere notional and fantastic philosophy—a philosophy of cobwebs, of distinction and definition—from a mere speculative literature; but a true and living knowledge, and only such a knowledge of things can be extensively useful, feels the necessity of philosophical view just in proportion to its extent and



profundity. As our acquaintance with the facts of any subject has a tendency to form itself into a science of that subject, so a science has a tendency to carry itself on into the fundamental science of knowing and being, on which its own principles depend. A science, in fact, is a philosophy of its own subject, and this is the way in which a single science, without a knowledge of any other, may, by itself, often go a great way to supply the place of a proper philosophical culture. Some sciences are more, some less philosophical: thus, while the classificatory sciences do not even admit of being reasoned, such a science as Astronomy, on the other hand, rises above the level of a disciplinal study, habituating as it were the mind to grasp the illimitable realms of space by a simple principle; and has thus, in Cambridge education, almost served the purpose of a philosophy.

Our other ground of hope for the restitution of philosophical studies in Oxford, lies in the progress they have recently made within the University. The Oxford examination system has remarkably exemplified the tendency of mental activity, not only to improve its own method, but to expand into some sort of philosophical speculation. In this instance, it is literature and logic which have developed into philosophy. It is not so much that the standard of attainment for honours has risen, as that the quality of attainment has altered. The examination intended by the original statute was one in *Literae humaniores* exclusively; for though *Literae humaniores* were defined (inaccurately to be sure) to include 'moral and political science so far as derivable from the ancient writers,' yet the framers certainly contemplated nothing more than the reading of treatises of Aristotle, Plato, or Cicero. Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, said to have been introduced by Shepherd, soon became the favourite book; but it was read as so much Greek, the sense of the words so far followed, or

sometimes drawn out as a logical exercise into syllogistic form. The same was the case with Logic, though, in this case, the Greek treatises were too difficult to be construed, even by the average scholarship of those days, and logic was studied in a Latin manual, compiled from the Latin school-followers of Aristotle. But it was read in the same meagre way, some facility being acquired in the application of the technical rules, without any attempt to penetrate the principles. Meanwhile scholarship went on rapidly rising, and though the number of Greek authors usually read by candidates for honours became contracted, yet this was owing to, and was compensated by, the concentration of attention on the very choicest writers, and the greater accuracy with which their words were weighed. As the language became more facile, the substance of books so pregnant with instruction as the Greek poets and historians could not but gain on the attention. The theory of the Greek drama, its purport and history; the principles of ancient art, poetic, rhetoric, were intelligently studied. Aristotle soon riveted attention in a peculiar way; and from this time a history of the study of Aristotle in the University is a history of University improvement. We may distinguish four periods through which the study of Aristotle has passed in Oxford in the last half century. 1. The first, which we have just alluded to, we may call the *scholar's* period. The Rhetoric, Poetic, and Ethics alone were used and mastered as a portion of Greek literature, as Sophocles or Demosthenes might be. Of this period Cardwell's edition may be taken as the representative, though not published till 1830, which was well into the second period. 2. This was the *common sense* age, springing from reaction against the mere technical or verbal style of the preceding period. Archbishop Whately, with great naturalness and originality, applied common sense to elucidate the old logic, and breathed life into the dry bones of Aldrich, which, he very success-

fully showed, were not the mere nonsense they had been assumed to be. The Ethics were now discovered to be an eminently practical treatise ; so far from being a string of syllogistic technicalities written in good Greek, they came home to our business and bosoms, and told us of the commonest things we were doing every day of our lives. Common sense was the only interpreter : everything was plain and easy, except a few passages, which were mere exploded subtleties ; indeed it was rather a superficial book than otherwise, and not by any means equal in depth to Butler's Sermons. These were the days of John and Thomas, making coats, and mending shoes (about this there is a great deal in Aristotle), of riding, cricket, and mixing puddings. It was much such a conception of Aristotle as Cicero had of Greek philosophy ; it was an experimental study of a collection of moral precepts, or rather a subjective assimilation than an objective study of them. Mr. Sewell saw in the Platonic Socrates and the sophists the noble resistance of Oxford to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr. Oakley saw in the Ethics an adumbration of the Catholic system. ' The earlier part of the ecclesiastical polity of Hooker is to the political view of Aristotle what the Analogy and Sermons of Bishop Butler are to his ethical ; a Christian commentary showing how these subjects may be vindicated from profane uses<sup>1</sup>. ' The account of habit, and the dependence of intellectual discernment on moral goodness, were felt to be peculiarly valuable, and brave efforts were made to find ' conscience ' in the sixth book, but with doubtful success ; for while some said it was there as plain as a pike-staff, others thought that this was an idea which Aristotle, not having enjoyed the full light of revelation, could not, of course, have had. 3. Reaction against the practical and common sense interpreters produced the *third*, which we

<sup>1</sup> *Remarks on Aristotelian and Platonic Ethics as a branch of the studies pursued in the University of Oxford*, by the Rev. Frederick Oakley.

*Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

shall call the *critical* school. Formal logic was the pet study of this period. Abp. Whately was laughed out of court for an ignoramus, and Sir W. Hamilton reigned in the schools. The Organon (of Aristotle) was fairly attempted, and it began to be thought that the way to understand the Ethics was by comparison with other parts of the author. Reconciling passages was much in vogue; tabular arrangements and harmonising of different parts, but all in a dry, textual, logical way, were the principal methods used by the private tutors, who now acquired the ascendant, and the real direction of the studies of the University. The college tutor was now more than ever behind, and could in no degree supply the information required. This critical period was not itself scientific, but it did eminent service in preparing the way for the *fourth*, or *scientific* period, on which we have already entered. The former period amassed passages, familiarised us with the text, collated authorities; thus it served as the proper critical introduction to an enlightened teaching of Aristotle, when an eminence was gained from which a survey of the whole Aristotelian system could be taken, and its proper place be assigned it in relation to the general course of philosophy. So utterly had the Aristotelian tradition perished in Oxford among the tutors, that it may be questioned if five-and-twenty years ago there was one tutor, unless we except Dr. Hampden, who understood that philosophy as a whole, or could have expounded rightly any one of the more profound metaphysical or ethical doctrines of that system, in the way in which the best private tutors are in the habit of doing now. No doubt very essential aid in this work of re-discovery has been derived from Germany, but German philosophy would have been as dead a letter to us in respect to Aristotle, as it is in respect of its application to the canonical books, if there had not existed an active spirit of inquiry on the subject within. For the Aristotelian movement with us has not been a mere anti-

quarian's question, it is a real philosophical revival ; it may have taken the shape of comment, or interpretation of a document, yet, as we know some of the most vital religious questions may assume the same form, so our intellectual movement has not been the less real for having in its early stage attached itself to the resuscitation of Greek philosophy.

## II.

This brings us naturally to the second division of our subject, in which we propose to offer some practical suggestions for the further promotion of the good work so happily inaugurated here. And if we have been at all successful in showing that the course of things here, during the past half century, has been one of steady progress, and in one direction ; and that direction no arbitrarily selected one ; but that the movement being a real one, it is obeying the laws of the general intellectual movement, and tending more and more to be brought within its orbit ; if this be accepted, it will follow that the practical measures to be adopted fall under one simple principle,—the removal, cautious but timely, of the impediments to the improvement which is accomplishing itself. Here is no dangerous overthrow of what exists, no violent measures required, no remodelling of our education from without. The really living power in Oxford lies, whatever indications may be thought adverse, at this moment, in the movement of speculative thought in the place. True, the Tories, joined with the Tractarians, are in an immense numerical majority here ; but as the Tractarians do not realise their own principles with the vivid instinct with which their present leader does, and in consequence often fall off from their allegiance to him on the side of liberal measures, the numerical feebleness of the liberal party is, in some measure, masked. But we do not wish to speak or to provoke the thought of party

division at this moment. Our object is only to show how an intellectual impulse which already exists, and which is of itself capable of regenerating University education, may be practically assisted towards taking further effect on our existing institutions and arrangements for the promotion of study.

That the Examination Statute of 1850 is imperfect in detail, and must be without loss of time retouched, is felt already by the tutors. That its principle of incorporating the new studies, and more precisely defining and limiting the old, was good, has been implied in what we have said. In considering the examinations, the candidates for honours and the pass-men must always be spoken of separately. And first, of the examinations for honours.

One felt evil here is the ambiguous character of the 'Literae Humaniores' honour. The old First class in 'Literae Humaniores' attained its high value from its being the one and only test to which the student was subject through his whole career. He was examined, and examined once only, over the whole ground of his previous studies, and a mark set upon him which determined, not only for the University, but, in a great measure, for life, his intellectual calibre and standing. But since this honour has been divided with Moderations, and co-ordinated with other honours in three other schools, it is obvious that the classical First, though it may imply a higher attainment, is in a great measure shorn of its ancient splendour. In a great measure, we say, for it still ranks above every other species of first class. But not merely is it thus depreciated in current extrinsic value; there is a growing uncertainty *what* intrinsic value in the man that honour-rank denotes. This uncertainty was growing up before 1850. As long as the University *curriculum* was purely classical, or contained a mere nominal quantity of memorial logic, it was a well-understood stamp, which indicated the whole intellectual power

and capacity of the student as exhibited through ancient language and literature. The only element of variation at that period was, that the honour was, like other things in life, equally open to idle talent and dull industry. And the exercise of a little discretion by the examiners was enough to strike a balance between the two, and reduce the variation from this double element to a minimum. But as philosophical studies gained the great development of which we have spoken, not only did the divarication between ability and work continually widen, but a new element of uncertainty came in, in the difference between taste and scholarship on the one hand, and attainment in Aristotle (science, it was called) on the other. This was sought to be met by compensation, i.e. allowing high attainment, either in Aristotle only, or in language only, with moderate competence in the other portion of the subject, to obtain the honour of the first class. But as the study of Aristotle continued to grow and overshadow, and threaten to swamp 'scholarship' altogether, it was endeavoured (in 1850) to provide a refuge for that subject by detaching it from the old, and erecting an examination in language only. But as there was no intention of surrendering the principle of 'classical education,' instead of putting the language and literature examination side by side with the old *Literae Humaniores* examination, and leaving an option between them, the language School was made into a previous examination at an earlier part of the student's course. And this is the present system. Now, besides the blemishes which arose from compromise in this scheme, such as that 'divinity' was, unnecessarily, to quiet the High Church party, and, 'logic' preposterously, to satisfy the old Tories, intruded into the Moderation school; besides these blots, which might have been avoided, there are other and grave inconveniences in the present arrangement, for which no one is to blame, but which experience has made felt. The *Literae Huma-*



niores honour is made more ambiguous than ever by the very subdivision which was intended to relieve it. It is no longer the one test and stamp of classical attainment; for with the immense development which philosophy has attained within the limits of the study of ancient literature, that combination of qualities has been entirely and for ever dispersed, never to be again reunited. On the other hand, it is not a purely philosophical examination, for besides the modicum (very imperfectly taught and learnt) of History, which the Literae Humaniores examination includes, a considerable amount of Scholarship is still required. Latin composition, even though not exacted by the Statute, was retained by the first examiners under the new Statute, and has been continued ever since. This requirement, and the maintenance of Scholarship generally, however anomalous it may seem, was, we think, not without reason; since, as long as the philosophy studied is exclusively, as by the present Statute it is, the Greek originals, it would be *false* indeed to examine in Aristotle and Plato (and the same will apply to Thucydides and Tacitus), without exacting full competence in the language in which they are written. The language is in such writers inseparable from the matter.

The next inconvenience felt under the present arrangement is the too close crowding of the two examinations, the Moderation and the final Literae Humaniores examination. The examination in language occurs too early in the student's career to allow of his having derived anything like the culture which classical training is intended and is able to confer; while the time—about one year and a-half, which remains after Moderations—is now well ascertained to be too short to allow of a proper and well-digested course of moral science. Science and Scholarship were separated to ease the student for honours of the burden of carrying on two hetero-



geneous courses at the same time. It is now felt that time was itself an element indispensable in the cultivating effect of both subjects ; especially in philosophical studies, a certain time is necessary to gain a firm grasp of the ideas. Were the object only the reading and getting up of three or four books, the time, measured by the quantity, might well have seemed enough ;—but when what is to be done is to rise to a new range of thought, and to get oneself tolerably at home in it, a long time is lost at the commencement before anything like a ray of light appears ; and the last six months, just the time which the new Statute has cut off, was probably the time in which (under the old) the student's progress was most decisive. Thus Moderations and the Final School, instead of relieving, are mutually destroying each other.

A third inconvenience, sensibly felt, yet of which, for obvious reasons, it is difficult for those who feel it most to speak, is the incompetency and varying views of examiners in the School of Philosophy. This had been a growing evil in the last days of the old Statute ; it is evident *a priori* that it will become more and more so in proportion as the subject of examination becomes special ; indeed, the very fact that the new Statute has restrained and specialised the subjects in the School of Literae Humaniores must remove from our remark any appearance of presumption or impertinence ; for when the field of labour has become so divided, it can be no imputation on the talents or general attainments of any man who attained a first class under the old system, that he has not dedicated himself specially to the Greek philosophers, when, perhaps, he has been successfully cultivating theology, or law, or some other branch of general knowledge. Yet such is the expansion which the moral and logical sciences have just now attained, and such the proficiency of the best students

in them—and others by foregoing Moderation honours can join in the race with the best,—that general ability alone will no longer be a sufficient qualification for an examiner in this School. A classical examiner, insufficiently versed in Greek philosophy, or having an average textual knowledge of one or two treatises of Aristotle, is entirely at a loss in judging the philosophical power of a candidate who has been carefully trained by an eminent private tutor. To a given question the examiner expects a given answer, or the words of a given passage of Aristotle. If he does not receive that, he puts aside anything else that may be offered by the examinee as irrelevant, and observes, that ‘he does not know his books;’ whereas the case might be that he not only ‘knew’ them, but understood them too, and for that very reason explained, and did not merely repeat, them. Owing to this want of special study, and of a just appreciation of the claims of this particular subject, there is a constant struggle on the part of classical examiners to go back to the old system of general literature, or, worse still, to restrict examinations to a call for a memorial and unintelligent repetition of the contents of given books. We very often hear much eloquent declamation against substituting ‘loose and vague generalities’ for ‘exact knowledge,’ all being too often set down as loose and vague which the speaker does not recognise as the identical words of one of the authorised text-books. Whatever may be the value of book knowledge in historical matter, and we would give full weight to Dr. Whewell’s<sup>1</sup> excellent remarks on the cultivation of the memory, extending it even to defence of *cram*, it is the very distinction of philosophical study as the highest power of culture, that it is nothing if it be not an understanding study. The one and only test of proficiency in this study which can be of any use, is one which

<sup>1</sup> *Cambridge Education*, Art. 110.

can ascertain how far the candidate's own understanding has operated on, and has assimilated, his materials. If he only reproduces what he has read in his book, or heard from a professor, the result is equally valueless. It is sometimes said that it is as easy to cram general views as to cram special statements; undoubtedly it is; but what an examiner ought to call out, is neither general views nor special statements as such, but the examinee himself. So far from its being possible to cram 'generalities' in such a way as to deceive an examiner, there is no way in which a candidate will more certainly expose himself than in essaying language which he has not verified. A single written answer might escape detection; but in a long paper, which took four or five hours to write out, such a thing would be impossible. A *viva voce* examination would instantly unmask such an imposture; for (as Whewell says) 'one or two very simple questions will at once ascertain whether the student really understands the language which he pretends to translate, or the reasoning which he pretends to give.' The high character of the instruction afforded by the best private tutors, and the public lectures on Logic and Moral Philosophy, the increased study of such books as Mill's Logic, and the influence within the Schools themselves of the author of the *Prolegomena Logica*, have all tended to raise the standard of the philosophical examinations to the present high level; the examinations have been pushed up by the attainments of the candidates, but they can now expand no further in the same direction, unless the candidates can obtain a longer time for preparation, and unless every encouragement be given to full development of the subject by the style of the examinations.

Such are some of the defects in the working of the present system of examination for honours. What remedies in detail should be adopted to meet them, is a very perplexing question. If we venture to offer one or

two suggestions, it is with great diffidence, and with the full belief that better may yet be devised. But if our principle be a just one, viz. that Oxford studies are now in the stage of transition from literature and language to philosophy, and that in the latter subject will in future reside the true life and culture of our education; if we are about to rise from a *ludus literarius*, from a school of taste, and expression and composition, and the art of reasoning, from rhetoric, and logic, and poetic, into a University based on the faculty of a completely equipped philosophy; if we are to pass from amusement, from the graces and accomplishments and preliminaries, to teach a real knowledge of things in their causes, it will follow that the subject which demands our first care, and to the interests of which all others must be postponed, is the Philosophy School. The subject of this School must be more distinctly defined, rhetoric and poetic struck out; 'dialectica' so explained as to exclude such parts of logic as the Prior Analytics and the scholastic logic. The questions should be printed, both that the examiners may be held closely to the definition when made, and that the students may be continually reminded of the range within which the topics of examination lie. The practice of examining in books instead of in subjects, which is an abuse of the Statute even as it stands<sup>1</sup>, should be corrected, and the book subordinated to the subject, instead of the subject lost sight of in the book, as at present. The title of the School would require to be changed. A difficulty will occur about the History. But though in time, if the importance of single subjects should gain ground, and their subdivision consequently become

<sup>1</sup> The Statute defines 'Literae Humaniores' as comprising the following subjects: 'Per literas humaniores quoad ad hanc scholam attinet, intelligimus non tantum linguas Graecam et Latinam, sed et historias Graecam et Romanam (eas videlicet quae antiquae habentur), et quae ad historiam pertinent, chronologiam, geographiam, antiquitates, rhetoricam quoque et poeticam; moralem insuper et politicam scientiam, quatenus a scriptoribus veteribus derivanda sint, etc. ;' it goes on, however, afterwards to speak of books.

necessary, ancient history would have to be transferred to the present History School, and made a third optional period in that School, yet the time is not ripe for that change. The study of ancient history in Oxford is very greatly in arrear of that of ancient philosophy. The private tutors have not taken up the subject to any extent, and there are no public lectures corresponding to those of Professors Wall and Wilson. As to the books to be used in the Philosophical School, at present probably no improvement could be made upon the Nicomachean Ethics and the Politics of Aristotle, and the Republic of Plato. But whether these or any other systematic treatises be used, the systems are not to be taught in themselves, but as so many successive points in the history of human thought developing itself in speculation. Only in this way can systems of philosophy become the basis of a positive science, and offer a real object to human inquiry. A system is a fact in the history of philosophy; a real fact connected with other preceding and subsequent facts; the nature and extent of its relations to such precedents and subsequents is the only positive knowledge which we can extract from ancient systems. It then becomes a question where our philosophical students should stop; at the Graeco-roman philosophy, or at the Neo-platonist, or at the Medieval? or should they be invited into the vast field of modern speculation? Here, perhaps, a plan recently introduced in the School of Modern History might be borrowed with advantage. The outline of the history of philosophy from the earliest Greek schools down to (say) Kant, might be required of all candidates (for honours) in this School, and then some of the leading philosophical developments might be enumerated, one or more of which the candidates might be expected to prepare minutely from the original sources. The anomalous practice, which is still not quite disused in this School, of coupling Butler's Sermons with

Aristotle's Ethics, as though there was some peculiar affinity between the two, can only tend to confound the student's conception of the nature of the science he is studying. If English ethics in the eighteenth century were admitted as a legitimate subject in the School, then Butler would occupy his own proper place—an important one—in that series. Taken as he is now, the solitary modern philosopher who figures in the examination papers, he not only assumes an importance to which he is no way entitled, but fosters a very erroneous notion that the Sermons and the Ethics taken together somehow make up an orthodox system of morals. The Christian bishop corrects the Heathen. The particular lacuna in the Aristotelian system which Butler is (or was) supposed to supply, is the doctrine of Conscience ; a supposition wholly illusory. When Butler was introduced into that School (by Dr. Hampden, Fellow of Butler's College), it was as a protest against the rigid pedantry which prohibited all English reading. Now that the reason has ceased, the interloper might fairly be excluded. Logic should, as now, be taken up as a subject, not in any treatise ; but the first book of the *Novum Organum*, from the genuine philosophical spirit which inspires it, more thoroughly perhaps than any other modern book, might be made an exception. To preserve uniformity of practice in the conduct of the examinations, adherence to the subjects as defined, and a stability of the standard of attainment required for the several classes, the examinations should be placed under the supervision of Boards, as recommended by the Royal Commission. Above all, it is imperatively required that the examiners should be selected as specially qualified. At present, under the procuratorial nomination, these appointments go the round of the College tutors. The tutors of the Proctor's college naturally expect to have the examinerships which fall to him divided amongst them. The appointment should be vested in persons as far as

possible removed from College interests, and capable of selecting out of the whole University the persons best qualified in the respective subjects of each School. These Boards of Curators should not, we are inclined to think, be the same with the proposed Board (or Boards) of Studies. They should be small, consisting of two, or at most three, members, and have no other function to perform but this one of nominating the examiners. They might be either permanent, or nominated every year *ad hoc*, by the Boards of Studies.

The grand difficulty here is the distribution of the different subjects among the Schools, and the adjustment of the Schools to the whole academic course. This difficulty is occasioned by the variety of studies claiming recognition, compared with the short time—three years—into which they are to be crammed; and also by a conflict of opinion as to the relative claims of the different branches. The suggestions we have made above might, if they approve themselves to the University, be adopted at once; on this part of the arrangement any suggestions must be prospective merely. For according to the view we have taken, the present state of our studies is essentially a transition state; a very hopeful state, we would add, for it is a progressive improvement intimately connected with the general progress of the country. We cannot precipitate this transition; all we can do is, by setting steadily before us our real situation, to adopt such arrangements from time to time as may facilitate the movement. All such expedients must be considered as temporary only; no thought can be entertained of restoring at once a *studium generale*, whose studies shall exactly square with the perfect theoretical division and order of the whole province of knowledge. As to the first point, then, the conflicting claims of different branches of study. And here we have to adjust two distinct cases of divided interests. First, there are the claims of the classical languages, against the



claims of the new subjects. And, secondly, the claims of general cultivation against that of professional preparation. We cannot concur in the opinion entertained by some that cultivation commensurate with the range of the human intellect can be given by means of literature. It is true, we may distinguish between the old 'classical scholar,' who rose no higher than to be a man of taste in poetry and the fine arts, and the modern 'philology,' with its laborious inductions and profound æsthetical criticism, etc. This study, indeed, possesses in the science of Comparative Philology, on which Classical Philology must now be necessarily based, a positive science, which illuminates it with a philosophical light of its own. Comparative Philology thus renders to classical studies the same service which the Civil Law did to the erudite scholars of the seventeenth century, or, as we said above, Physical Astronomy may do to a Cambridge mathematical course, supply the want to the student of a genuine and entire positive philosophy. But a philology even of this enlarged kind is after all but a special subject,—a magnificent subject indeed, but not the sun and centre of the system of knowledge. Philology taken at its widest must always borrow many of the principles it uses from a science higher and more comprehensive than itself. That scientific philosophy, which ultimately supplies the principles of all other knowledge, can never be displaced from its lawful position, without producing an ill-balanced, imperfect system of education. At the same time a purely scientific education, without the emollient graces and amenities of literature, is apt to generate a harsh, unpliant character to the intellect. Such a character we often see in the Scotch; an intellect of admirable vigour and solidity, but unwieldy and offensive in its social manifestations. These views would not be satisfied by the adjustment of Schools offered by the Commissioners. They propose that general studies, which they identify, according to the error



of the age, with classical literature, should terminate with the first examination ; and that after this, special studies should begin, one of these special branches to be Philology. Any arrangements of subjects into 'schools,' should keep in view the making the Philosophical School the centre of attraction. Into this it should endeavour to bring all, to this it should assign its highest rewards, and for this it should allow as much time as possible. The Philosophical School might be postponed to the latest possible period before the B.A. degree ; and honours in that School should exempt the student from the obligation to pass in any other. It ought to be exclusively an honour examination ; a 'pass' philosophy being a wholly nugatory affair. We might contemplate the distant prospect of making honours in that School a *sine quâ non* condition for becoming a candidate for College Fellowships, all such, at least, as were not appropriated by Statute to the special studies. In what part of the course, then, should the classical honours come ? This is a great difficulty ; we confess ourselves unable to suggest anything better than the present arrangement, which places them at the end of the second year of residence. To palliate some of the felt evils of that arrangement, honours should not be allowed to be gained in that examination (Moderations) later than the ninth term from matriculation ; but then residence should commence in the term subsequent to matriculation, and Responsions should be shifted back to the close of the first term of residence. This is, after all, but a lame conclusion ; but the real truth is that for a double course of study, which is to embrace both classics and philosophy, three years is too small an allowance of time. Moderations and the final examination are, it is now complained, spoiling each other. The real truth is, that the subjects of philology and philosophy, have, since the establishment of the examination system, acquired such dimensions on our hands, that we cannot pack both of them into a space

of time formerly filled by the mere shadow—the bare image, of one of them. Look back on the golden days when the student, an honour student even, his Little-go past, had an endless vista of time to lounge through his eight or ten books in. How much better they could be read! When we had nothing to do, we did it well; now *inopes nos copia fecit*. Two vast and inexhaustible subjects have risen up among us, just discovered in all their wonderful proportions, and we are obliged to shut up our study of each just at the moment when we are beginning to appropriate and substantiate them. Is it visionary to hope that a solution of the dilemma may be found in an enlargement of the time? That, in order to ripen the golden fruit, an additional year may be added to the academic course, and the present nominal four years may become really four? We know, indeed, that the current of opinion appears at present to set strongly the other way; and that even three years is grudged as too much to be wasted on useless studies. Merchants, solicitors, fathers of the middle class in general, who design their sons for business, want them away at twenty years of age, and would not like that they should ‘lose any more time’ before beginning life. Now, so far from complaining of this state of public opinion as erroneous, our hopes for the future of liberal University education arise from its being so general and well-founded. Under the old Oxford system, while nothing, or nothing but Greek and Latin, was taught, while the only habits acquired or encouraged by the authorities were those most adverse to success in practical or professional life, viz. idle, dissipated, dandified habits, and the peculiar incapacities for business or action which were supposed to constitute the gentleman, this aversion for Oxford was not only natural, but right and wise. But let it once be felt that Oxford can teach something more than Latin writing and the gentlemanly vices—that a real, palpable, and practical superiority of

character and intellect can be acquired here—and the same well-judging class who withheld their sons from the contamination of rakish gentlemen commoners, and the scandalous neglect of classical tutors, will grudge neither time nor cost for the purchase of such superiorities. It must be admitted, indeed, that the middle classes in England are far too intent on show, on outside, on wealth and its appurtenances. But is not one great cause of this the absence of any counterbalancing moral and intellectual vigour in the clerical and educated class? By their fruits shall ye know them. Had the Universities maintained a power of turning out a better stamp of man, wealth would never have become the one absorbing idea that it has become with the middle class. Respectability has usurped the honours of virtue, chiefly from this very poisoning of the sources of the higher education. But it was a just and not a false sentiment at bottom which has kept the middle classes away from Oxford as it then existed, ‘a slaughter-house of intellect.’ And the same cause, a thorough moral and intellectual reform, to which we may hopefully look for an increase of our numbers, will also enable us to enlarge the time, such enlargement being absolutely required for a proper performance of the process of education. Let confidence be restored in us, and we shall find them not only willing to come, but willing to stay longer. Besides, the extra year need not be all so much added; it might fairly be subtracted in part from school-time. Let only the school-work be properly taken up and carried on by the tutor, and not be as it is at present, when the sixth form of a good school finds that, in exchanging lesson for lecture, he has gone back a couple of years in the standard of requirement. Besides this, we may fairly look to the still growing elevation of the quality of instruction afforded by the grammar-schools. When the other great schools shall do what Rugby,

almost alone, at present does, and when two years of such more advanced instruction as a high class of lecturers, combined under a professor of Comparative Philology in the University can alone give, shall have been added, the Moderation Examination (for honours) would then go far towards doing as much as need be done in this inferior division of liberal education. There would then remain two whole years for the philosophical course; and in this course, as the history of Greek philosophy and Greek authors would form so considerable an element, a still further expansion of the language portion of the earlier division of the general course would be gained by the way.

On the conduct of the first examination—Moderations—it may be remarked that it should differ from the final, in being on books, rather than on subjects. This results from the very nature of literature, that the book, in all its individuality, as the embodiment in a highly artificial shape of the substance of a great mind, is the primary object of attention. This precious part of our education ought not to be lost, and happily it is the part which is best understood and most perfectly carried out at present. All that is necessary here is to guard against that abusive tendency to which all book examination and preparation from time to time leans, to look to the bare recollection of the contents of the book. The examination should be carefully directed to testing the scholar's progress in taste and discernment, by translation, interpretation, comment, imitation. To these ends attentive reading is an indispensable means. But attentive reading should be left to the catechetical instructor to enforce. The examination should not itself descend to test it. Here again the regular publication of the questions and exercises would serve as a safeguard to the examinations, and a beacon to the students and the tutors. It is hardly necessary to observe that logic and divinity, as wholly heterogeneous

man, should be excluded from this School. Indeed, if scholarship, as is to be hoped, continues to expand, it will no doubt come to seem to our successors as ludicrous that the same examiners should examine in logic and in Greek, as it does now to us that before 1825 the same persons should have examined in mathematics and physics, and in the *Literae Humaniores*. Individuals here and there may be qualified, but it is impossible to expect a regular supply of examiners who have made sufficient study of two such distinct subjects. The only subject, as distinct from books, which this School should include is philology and universal grammar.

On this scheme we should have a complete curriculum of general studies, divided into two stages. In the first stage the *Literae Humaniores*, in a select list of the best Greek and Latin authors, but illuminated by the initiatory philosophies of grammar and philology. In the second stage a general philosophy of the laws of knowledge, but based on a combination of the recorded history of speculative thought (especially the Greek epoch) with the extant condition of the special sciences. In this way our general course would be a complete liberal culture, uniting the speculative vigour of the middle age University with the humane polish and elegant studies of the classical revival. By restricting and subordinating the latter to the former it would avoid the enervating effects of literature as an exclusive pursuit; by connecting the philosophy with the actual data of the sciences, moral and natural, it will be secured from that spurious logical development in which it has at various times lost its credit. When this was once done it would remain to define the place of special studies. Here, again, we are not going to propose any immediate change in the recently adopted arrangements. Time must be given for natural studies to grow up and effect a lodgment in Oxford, under cover of the present confessedly imperfect framework. But the principle

which, in conformity with the general views we have taken, should be maintained, is to restrict our special schools to that intermediate ground which lies in each subject, between general culture and purely practical knowledge—to those portions of special branches, in short, which may be called semi-professional. We cannot better explain what we mean than by quoting the clear statement of what this ground is in medicine, given by Dr. Acland.

‘A complete school of medicine is impossible here, but a school for the branches of knowledge, introductory to the study of practical medicine, could be carried on here with success. At the outset of his studies in the great hospitals, the medical student has his mind distracted by the multiplicity of subjects which must be taken up at once. Often he has to attend four or five lectures in a day, on various subjects, besides his hospital hours; by the time these are over he is so worn out that he has no time or energy to arrange what he has heard, still less to inquire further and examine books illustrative of the lectures. Now if these subjects were divided into partially professional and wholly professional, and the former could be disposed of while in residence at Oxford, how great would be the gain to the student. For these studies he would have the quiet of this place instead of the hurry and bustle of the hospital; his mind would be fixed on comparatively few subjects, which he would have time to master thoroughly<sup>1</sup>.’

To engraft this semi-professional medical training on the general course might be the object to which the Physical School should be directed, aided as it will be by the appliances of the new Museum. And this purpose, as a preparatory training for students in medicine, is perhaps all that the Physical School here could attempt. For there is little hope that these studies, ultimately destined though they are to revolutionize opinion on some of the

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Dr. Jacobson on the Extension of Education*, by Dr. Acland.

most prevalent points of speculation, can be largely pursued by non-medical students. But even 'the presence of a set of intelligent young men, actively engaged in the pursuit of natural knowledge as a truth and a reality,' will be of no inconsiderable benefit to the general students, while from mixture with the students in philosophy, the tendencies of professional study to narrowness and one-sidedness would be usefully corrected. In the internal arrangements of this School it might be as well if the mechanical philosophy were separated into a sub-department of its own, and candidates allowed to pass on either subject apart from the other.

What the Physical School in Oxford might do for the medical student, that the History School might do for the law student, as semi-professional and preparatory to the practitioner's chambers. The only modifications necessary to bring the School, as it is now worked, into this position, are 1. That it should not attempt to cover so much historical ground. This will be effected in great measure by the excellent resolution lately adopted of allowing the candidate for honours to select some one period or event of narrow compass, in combination with a general outline of English history. 2. The substitution of the Civil for English law. This is a point of great importance, as involving two of the principles now contended for: first that the School, as a Law School, should not be strictly professional, but only preparatory to the proper professional studies; secondly, that the school, as a portion of a university training, should include a liberal and enlarging element. This the Civil law is in a most eminent degree, while English law is just the reverse. Indeed the antipathy which common law lawyers have usually shown to the Roman law, speaks their own condemnation, and is one of the most striking exemplifications of Hobbes's dictum, that 'when reason is against a man, he will be against reason.' But the very direct



practical benefits which would accrue not only to the individual practitioner and to the profession, but to the whole system of English society—mightily influenced as that is by the maxims and practice of the courts of law and the rights of property—from some foundation of enlightened jurisprudence being laid, before taking to the arbitrary technicalities which in our law books simulate the form of abstract general maxims, are far too numerous to be mentioned here. Indeed, the desuetude and even direct discouragement of the academical study of the Roman law during the last two centuries has been a concurrent cause with the neglect of philosophy, of that contracted habit of the national mind to which this country owes at once its success and its littleness; its success in the practical employments of commerce, its incapacity for enlarged views either of national welfare, or of foreign policy. The same superstition of Puritanism, which in the seventeenth century proscribed the speculative theology and philosophy as being popish, operated too against the imperial constitutions, which were tainted by their Roman origin. Thus religious bigotry concurred with the old anti-hierarchical traditions of the Inns of Court in expelling from our academical course two of the most enlightening and liberalizing studies which it had contained.

For the general student in the History School, however, a more valuable scientific element even than the civil code is offered by political economy. Indeed, history, unless combined with a study of the positive laws of human welfare, is little better than a portion of elegant literature. It is void of any instructive power, and sinks into an amusement, into curious research, or at best becomes so much information for conversational purposes. This subject we may hope to see grow upon this School. It should not be treated as a special subject, which, like Roman law, may or may not be known. It should be



understood to be *the* theoretical science of history, and should be required of all candidates, except the law students, who have not time for it. Besides the vital connexion of this subject with history, this science is especially the home growth of Britain. It is the only science of which it can be said that the principles have been discovered and extended chiefly by Englishmen; the best books on it are written in the English language, and the very facts themselves on which its inductions are based have been supplied by the mercantile and industrial development of Great Britain. The treatise of Ricardo is almost the perfection of a logically reasoned science applied to an adequate collection of carefully examined phenomena.

The two remaining subjects which exist as special studies by the side of our general course, are theology and mathematics. The present Theological School, as a voluntary examination without honours, has been a failure; it might be made effective by either (1) establishing honours in it, or (2) allowing it to count for one of the two Schools in which every candidate for the first degree must at present pass. Against the first alternative there is a very strong feeling in Oxford; and though many of the reasons offered in justification of that feeling are untenable, we are not disposed to think it at present expedient to establish such honours. We have alluded to one cause of the decay of the professional study of theology, and so far as philosophy has suffered from the same evils, and has been resuscitated by the examination system, no doubt competition and honorary rewards would have the same efficiency in the kindred study of theology. Nor do we doubt that such a revived study would be highly useful, not only in the clerical profession, but to the nation at large. The divisions, schisms, and parties by which we are torn, may have their violence restrained and their rancour assuaged by a spirit of charity and a

sentiment of tolerance. But such a temper, however estimable, can, at most, but still the surface, it cannot reach the seat of the disease. An enlightened study of speculative theology, so far from creating difference, alleviates it; it transfers it at least from the regions of passion and political interests to that of calm debate, and instead of mutually anathematizing sects, we have the calmer dissensions of the schools. The spirit of sectarianism, which has got so fearful a hold over the English and still more over the Scotch portion of the kingdom, and forms in itself a new evil engendered upon the original evil of schism, is not so much the effect of want of charity as of ignorance. For this a revived professional study of divinity would be a direct remedy; but, under present circumstances, it would be altogether impossible to institute a sound and enlightened study of scientific theology in Oxford. It would be restricted to a blind getting up of the divinity of the seventeenth century which Dr. Pusey still wishes to enforce as the standard of the English Church. The reading of such writers, thoroughly sectarian in spirit, offensively polemic in tone, and in whose treatment theology is degraded to a justification of the peculiar politics, home and foreign, at that time pursued by the court of England, could but serve to foster and perpetuate the very evil under which we labour. We must wait till philosophical studies have had time and scope among us. As Greek literature has paved the way for the philosophical revival, so the latter will be propædæutic to a revived study of Christian antiquity. At present our divinity is too much bound up with passions and party-feelings to be a subject of intellectual treatment; we might, however, look forward to the establishment of a competitive examination in the subject of ecclesiastical history solely. This might at a distant time develop into a School of doctrinal theology.

We now come to the last of the Schools in special

subjects, viz. the Mathematical School. The utility of mathematics, as it is a much debated, is supposed by many educated men to be a debatable point. It is not so to anything like the extent usually thus assumed; but as we cannot enter on the controversy here, and are under the necessity of dogmatizing, we shall refer at once to our fundamental principle. On that principle, viz. a general cultivation divided into two stages, first, a preparatory discipline of the faculties, and second, education proper, or the expansion of the intellect by putting it in possession of a theoretic philosophy commensurate with knowledge;—the place of pure mathematics in such a scheme is immediately determined. They are a disciplinal study only, and must belong exclusively to the preparatory course. Here their place is by the side of language and literature; whether as a training for Philosophy they rank below the *Literae Humaniores*, or, as Plato places them, above,—for this is a debatable point,—is not material, but they ought to accompany language studies. As disciplinal studies they operate not directly in strengthening the reasoning power, but on the power of attention, of holding steadily to an abstract conception, and thinking and reasoning about it. In this way they are the proper propedeutic to Philosophy, and in an eminent way *the* discipline for it (*τὰ μαθήματα*). But this character belongs only, or chiefly, to Arithmetic and Geometry, or the direct treatment of the conceptions of space. In the indirect or analytic method, in which a symbolical notation is substituted for the conception, the very circumstance which gives it its vast superiority as an instrument of discovery or invention, renders it inferior as a mental exercise. The method of notation, indeed, as a wonderful device for abridging or expediting processes of proof, deserves to be learnt as a portion of useful knowledge; but the *language* once acquired, it has no educational value; nay, the habit of confining the intellect to

such studies is positively injurious to it. In conformity with these views we would, 1. not give honours in mathematics later than the end of the second year from matriculation. The senior mathematical scholarships which exist at present, open to B.A.'s, would be useful for the exceptional cases of a decided turn for these pursuits, and might do something to sustain the higher branches of the subject, if that be thought an object. 2. Require elementary geometry as a *sine quâ non* for passing the previous examination (Responsions). It should be four instead of two books of Euclid, and fresh problems should be always set and required; the habit of following the ready-made proof as given in the book is a very inferior exercise of thought. It would be a far better exercise for the learner to be limited to the most rudimentary propositions of the science, and taught how to prove them himself, than to learn six books of Euclid in the way in which they are mostly learnt; the truth, indeed, is, that in the slovenly way in which the two books are now taught and learnt, the reasoning is scarcely followed or apprehended; not that the demonstrations are wholly learnt off; it is a mixture of the two processes; the reasoning is partially apprehended, the gaps supplied by dint of memory.

Should the suggestions of the Indian Civil Service Commission be carried out, and should it be found possible to give the requisite instruction in Oxford, a special School might be instituted for Indian candidates, honours in which might not only dispense the successful candidate from the second examination proposed in the report, but might confer precedence to the appointments in the Service. /

But should the whole scheme of University studies ever come to be revised on a sound and just view of education, we think the propriety of establishing honours in the special or bye-subjects would be regarded as doubtful. A

University should teach, should encourage, all the chief branches of human knowledge. Agreed: but it should teach and encourage them subordinately; 1st, subordinately to its own general course of liberal study; 2nd, subordinately to the future professional study of them. To the professional corps, medical, legal, etc., must be left to ascertain and to certify the fitness of a candidate to become a practitioner. This a University honour could not prove, for the subject would not be followed far enough; and for general purposes special studies should never entitle to University honours, inasmuch as for those purposes they have no value in and for themselves, and only derive it from their being the substratum for philosophy. At the same time, to drive the incapable or the unwilling into the Philosophy School would be worse than useless; we should wish, if possible, to see the Philosophy School reserved as the only honour examination (i. e. at the final examinations for the B.A. degree), and as solely an honour examination. Those who succeeded in obtaining at least a fourth class in this School to be entitled to the B.A. degree; those who failed, or did not compete for honours in this School, to be required to pass in any two other Schools.

While we are thus endeavouring to perfect and attune a complicated scheme of examinations, it should ever be borne in mind that the utility of examinations is entirely to be judged of by their effect on our studies. It is, indeed, true that all the vast steps towards improvement made in the last half century have been the direct consequences of the Examination Statute, and it is no unnatural inference, that we have but to make the system yet more searching, to put on the screw tighter and tighter, to attain still further success. This, however, is not the case; there is in the very nature of intellectual pursuits an absolute limit to the stimulus which examination can give. We have no wish, indeed, to appear to give any sanction

to that popular cry which quashed the civil service reform last session, and which, under pretext of a 'character' test, seeks to preserve patronage, favouritism, and all the worst abuses of old Toryism. We utterly reject the preposterous claim put forward by a party among the fellows of colleges, that fellowships and collegiate offices are the freeholds of the present holders, who may live like gentlemen, performing no duties, owing no responsibilities<sup>1</sup>. But, disowning all participation in this cry against the intellectual tests, yet all who are acquainted with the working of examinations are aware that the system may be overdone. The beneficial stimulus which examination can give to study is in an inverse ratio to the quality of intellectual exertion required. In the lowest stages of learning even instruction proceeds by question and answer, and compulsory examination is the only mode of enforcing the smallest amount of acquisition. At the other end of the scale of intellect, the highest genius and the most fully instructed mind would be incapable of producing a specimen of itself within a given time and upon a given demand. Between these points is the range where a voluntary competition may be usefully brought to bear. Examinations are sometimes spoken of as a necessary evil; they are not so; they are a positive good, when guided by two principles: first, that the examination is instituted for the sake of testing with what success the study has been pursued, and not the study pursued that it may be examined into; and, secondly, that the thing an examination is to scrutinize is proficiency, not preparation. That all attempts to supply the want of genuine comprehension of the subject by the appropriation of others' thoughts on the subject, are an imposture to be detected, not an effort to be rewarded. For, strange as it may be thought, so much more painful is the

<sup>1</sup> See *Objections to the Government Scheme*, by Charles Neate, M.A., Fellow of Oriel, 1854.

effort to comprehend than that to attend; that most minds will go through ten times the amount of mechanical labour in learning *memoriter* that which it would involve no labour at all to apprehend or perceive. They save thereby the peculiar pains attending a voluntary exertion of the mind's activity, and purchase that exemption at the easier rate of a laborious, fatiguing, uninformative passivity. Besides these abuses to which they may lead, examinations may become evils by their too frequent recurrence. The stagnant lethargy of the old days enjoyed one supreme privilege, which the system that woke us to life has robbed us of for ever. In the then undisturbed repose of academic leisure, the student had, at least, the full fruition of thought and books. He had time to *read*. 'Deep self-possession, an intense repose,' could do for the higher faculties what no 'getting up' of books ever can do. 'There is a source of power,' it has been beautifully remarked<sup>1</sup>, 'almost peculiar to youth and youthful circumstances, that not always are we called upon to seek, sometimes, and in childhood above all, are we sought :'

There are powers,  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
And we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

Such a condition, however enviable it may be, was obviously a sacrifice of the many for the benefit of the few. It is no argument against education that the greatest genius is always self-nurtured. We should, however, be on our guard that we do not now reverse the case, and sacrifice the best minds to the necessity of stimulating the many. We must not over-examine or over-lecture the honour men. We should, for them, rather have one great examination distinctly planned to try the quality of their intellect, than be continually probing the extent of their information or acquirements. We do not want to turn out poets or

<sup>1</sup> De Quincey, *Autobiography*, vol. I. p. 115.

*Oxford Essays*, 1855.]

philosophers. If such persons are of any use, nature will provide them. But we can and ought to set before ourselves and the students, a high ideal of intellectual expansion and cultivation, and to remember ourselves and inculcate on others, that intellectual character, and not the acquisition of facts, is the true preparation for life. For this it may be questioned whether the bustle, and stir, which accompanies our intellectual activity here, be not unfavourable; it partakes more of hurry than of energy. 'No great intellectual thing,' it has been said<sup>1</sup>, 'was ever done by great effort.' There is an overwork caused by the ambitious desire of doing great or clever things, and the hope of accomplishing them by immense efforts. 'Hope as vain as it is pernicious; not only making men overwork themselves, but rendering all the work they do unwholesome to them.' The truth is, that this is not, with us in Oxford, an intellectual over-excitement; it is a moral defect. But though a moral defect, it is a consequence of the degradation of our studies, of our being occupied with the trivial, with mere school lessons, and not with the one object which can permanently engage and sustain the intellect. The best and most zealous teachers and pupils accordingly endeavour to make up for the want of the true inward energy of philosophical pursuit by a spurious activity in the endeavour to embrace many things. We have no faith in our own method, and, consequently, can inspire none. Other minor causes of this unwholesome and feverish pulse there are. The short period of an eight weeks' term, an arrangement which has probably no parallel in any other University, makes it impossible to lecture on a great subject with that steady, patient, thorough procedure which is requisite to let it make its due impression on the mind. And yet with our present mental temperament we find the eight weeks quite enough to jade and exhaust the spirits, and make the vacation

<sup>1</sup> Ruskin's *Pre-Raphaelism*, p. 11.



welcome. There is to be added, too, the lamentable waste of energy in Oxford, necessary to overcome the dull passive resistance which every tutor of high aims is nearly sure to encounter within his own college, as well as without. Within his college, perhaps solitary, doing all the work, and attracting all the ill-will; without, met by the cold repulse of authorities devoid of sympathy for any intellectual pursuit.

We have detained our readers so long in attempting to trace the history of the studies of the University, and in ascertaining how our method of study and our system of teaching and examining affects and is capable of affecting those who are candidates for honours, that we must forbear to give the attention we should wish to pay to the position of those students who do not aspire beyond the ordinary degree. They form a class equally important, and far more numerous; and the responsibility which the care of their training and discipline involves must always weigh heavily on those who wish that the education of the University should be for minds of every capacity, and at every stage of culture, what it might be, and ought to be. We prefer leaving this great branch of our subject wholly untouched, to treating it in a hurried and unsatisfactory manner. How the great mass of students should be made to receive what a University should be fitted to afford them is a problem too vast, and a source of anxiety and reflection too deep, to be investigated at the close of lengthened observations on other matters.

*Oxford Essays, 1855.]*

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